The Boston Weekly Globe.

VOL. XII.—NO. 5. BOSTON, TUESDAY MORNING, JANUARY 29, 1884. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

THE POINT OF PERIL.

Clerical Discussion on the Gay Head Disaster.

Severe Criticism of Captain Wright by Rev. Mr. Butler of New Bedford.

Not an Act of God, but Owing to Man's Incapacity.

NEW BEDFORD, January 27.—The tenth day after the wreck of the City of Columbus has come and gone, with patrols upon the shores of the Vineyard and vessels cruising about the sound, and not one body of all the sixty-eight victims who yet remain to be heard from has been recovered. The conviction is fast becoming fixed that the list of those over whose graves their friends will be permitted to perform the last sad rites is already complete, but there is a faint hope yet.

Yesterday afternoon a man on the shore at Gay Head saw what looked like a body floating off Bass ledge, quite a distance out. As soon as possible a boat and crew put off for it, but before it could be reached the tide had carried it away.

People at Gay Head say that the diver who went down from the Scott, with the wrecking crew yesterday, was observed to remain under water several hours. He must have examined thoroughly the wreck and the bottom about it, but as he went to New London on the Scott without coming ashore, there are no details known. The wrecking crew took away the chains and anchors of the Columbus. A trunk which has been in charge of Light-keeper Pease, at Gay Head, was yesterday identified as that of Mrs. Davis of Lynn. It will be sent to Boston to the office of the State detectives.

There were two excursions to Gay Head from here today. The tug Hunt carried some seventy-five persons, who went from curiosity. It was a beautiful day, and a fine view of the wreck, which has not changed in appearance at all, was offered. Landing at the wharf the excursionists wandered up and down the beach and came away with their arms full of driftwood and splinters, which still line the shore for miles in the neighborhood of the disaster. The tug Nellie carried a smaller and a quieter little group of those who have been unwearied and unremitting in their sad and self-imposed duty of doing their utmost to recover any trace of the friends who went down on the fatal night and were seen no more. They were not many—some eight or ten—and their quest was fruitless. Late in the afternoon they returned weary and discouraged, and with the added doubt of another disappointment added to their tottering hopes.

VINEYARD HAVEN, January 28.—Up to this morning no additional bodies from the City of Columbus have been found on the shores of the island. About 150 cases of boots and shoes and a number of packages of other merchandise have been picked up around the shore. No one has appeared to claim them. Officers Seaver and Innis of the State force still remain on the island, collecting the trunks and personal effects of the passengers. They report no cases of theft or wrongdoing thus far detected.

QUESTIONS OF RESPONSIBILITY.

A Sermon on the Wreck—"Christian Fidelity Until Past the Point of Peril"—Captain Wright's Desertion of His Post.

NEW BEDFORD, January 27.—The announcement that Rev. S. Wright Butler was to preach a sermon upon the Gay Head catastrophe attracted a great congregation to the North Baptist Church today. The subject was "Christian fidelity until past the point of peril," from the text, Matthew xx., 40: "What, would ye not watch with me one hour?" These were the words of reproach, said Mr. Butler, which Jesus gave to his disciples, whose lack of interest in him, whose inability to appreciate the impending tragedy of Gethsemane, left them off their guard and indifferent to the portentous possibilities of the hour. These words have later use, and seem as an unuttered reproach of the scores of perished ones hurled to a terrible death without warning, without necessity, without the shadow of a reason.

"But how came this awful calamity to occur?" the questioner will ask. "How came papa and mamma to be drowned?" the orphan will ask.

What sent the City of Columbus on the rocks? What turned our tugs for piloting ships of commerce and our passenger steamers for a week into floating hearses, our city into a morgue, our hotels into homes of wailing, our streets into highways for the dead, and our thoughts to drift with floating corpses in the ice fringe of our harbor islands? What was the reason for this disaster? There is a reason, and shall we not seek it? Shall such a cost of human life be thrown upon our shores and we not seek to gain instruction and warning? Shall we be so chastened and learn nothing, or shall we dismiss the lesson that is somewhere in this event, though a false sentimentality that dare not speak the warning lest somebody be made the object of reflection?

The Sea Will Not Give Up Its Dead

to those who wring helpless hands or shed tears as salt as itself into it. To the interest of the living, and fidelity to the future, as a matter of self-preservation, we are untrue, reckless, traitorous to the future safety of the travellers by sea, if we fail to ask, and, in tones that will demand and have answer, Who is responsible and what is the reason for the wreck and disaster to the City of Columbus? Was it in any fault of the mechanism of the steamer? Was she unwieldy? Did her seams part? Were there flaws in her propeller blades that broke under the strain of the sea? Did her rudder chains part and leave her helpless and unmanageable? No; she was complete in model, in hull, in motor and in guiding mechanism. She was as good a ship as John Roach, the builder of the Pilgrim, could construct. The fires were glowing in her furnaces, the compasses were faithful in her binnacle. Was it in a storm when the tornado's breath washes up the brine; when the tempest in its wrath neutralizes the power of man and mechanism, and hurls a steamer as a yawl? No. No vessel made a port to avoid the gale. Crafts, trusting only to their canvas, were out with her that night. With her iron hull, the gigantic cylinders unstrained under easy steam, so says the engineer, carried her along. She drove upon the rocks in the unimpaired, unbroken wholeness of her hull and stableness of her thousand power engines. "A stately ship, with all her bravery of tackle trim."

Was her way hidden from the stars or shore by blanketing mists or shroud of snow? No. The moon, just past her full, rose at 10.37 that night and cast off her lanes of beams across the sea. The rim of the land was plainly seen, even too plain, so plain as to give the steersman a warning thought; unusually near it seemed. On every point of land the friendly beacons beamed plainly, while from the cliff whose fatal projection lay right in the path of this wayward, misguided, wretchedly neglected steamer, less than three-fifths of a mile away, burned

As Fine a Light as Shines in the World,

which sends its warning flash for thirty miles to sea. "All was working well," were the captain's words when he left the deck; when next he returned all was going ill.

Awful! agonizing! deadly! the responsibility for the loss of the City of Columbus, in its widest apportionment, is limited to four men, the captain, the second mate (Harding), the quartermaster and the lookout. When we remember that the duty of the bow watchman is not at all to direct the vessel's course, but to report objects as they come to view in her path, and that he did report in person to the second mate in the pilot house, the buoy he saw in the steamer's path, and that the quartermaster's business was simply to watch his compass, to be the automaton, the mechanical subject of the deck watch, then the responsibility for the disaster comes down to the two in authority. If the second mate was at his post whose responsibility and authority were paramount during his watch, which began at 1.45, from seven to ten miles above the point of disaster, and if Captain Wright, whose responsibility and authority never cease during the voyage, from beginning to end, was sleeping in his room, which is accountable?

Captain Wright is a brave, true, tried man. Thirty-one years of seamanship have toughened him for watching and grappling with every exigency of the sea. Ninety-one voyages he made in a previous steamer without accident. A man alert, conscientious (but yet a man), one to whom there goes out sympathy in his burden of self-conscious responsibility for this awful, irreparable disaster. He leaves the city of Boston at 3 p. m. of Thursday, master and dictator of as fine a ship in all its appointments as sails the seas, with a full crew and valuable cargo with him, and upon him are all the privileges, perquisites and powers of the captaincy. Out of multitudes of experienced seafaring men he is elected. Over a crew of forty-eight he is set in authority. Absolute, unquestioned,

Dictatorial Powers Clothe Him,

for he is to be the head, the brain, the guide, the director of the whole. In his hands are placed the destiny of death or the destination at Savannah of 106 souls. All are subordinate to him. No being on that ship is as marked as he. He has the compliment of the confidence of his employers in the ratio of salary paid him. The lookout, whose station is on the bow, mid spray or snow, in chill and wet, receives $1. The common seaman, coal-heaver, the stoker, all receive $1 and no perquisites, no annuities, while the captain receives $5 and all the attention and attendance that every resource of the ship can supply. The owners mark him with a broad gilt band upon his cap, as the man they have chosen because of proven worth, and the landsmen and the helpless women and little children look up to him with mild awe and assured confidence that all is well because the captain, the head, will see that they are kept safe.

Around the threatening cape he brings the ship and living freight across treacherous shoals. His watchful eye finds out the thread of the crooked channel. Ten hours of serious responsibility, made lighter by passing over the same ground once a week, is met and faithfully discharged. There must have been, as we know human nature, a satisfaction as his ship and her now sleeping hundred and a quarter turns her prow into the widening path of Vineyard Sound. One hour more and the last point of peril will be passed, and the head of the ship may rest for days. A straight, unimpeded course lies open to the Georgia coast. Will he, the head, the eye, watch that one hour? If he will all is assured. He may be weary, but six score unconscious sleeping human beings are below, between decks, asking him, "Wilt thou watch with us one hour?" There may be no good reason, in the captain's judgment, for them to ask it, but there is no good reason in his need of rest, for he should not grant it. Is he cold? He himself says the pilot house was warmed by steam, and no one need leave it to get warm. Does he require another coat? a cup of coffee? The speaking tube connects with the steward's room, and

All is at His Command.

One point of peril remains to be passed. He "did not consider it such." We know it was such. It is such a little inconvenience to secure so much. "Wilt thou not watch with them an hour?"

No one has a right to charge criminal intent or reckless carelessness upon any not living to answer. Harding's life went out with the 100, and those whom he took with him as a result of his want of capability or trustworthiness, call it as you will. This captain, with a vessel valued at $300,000 and with 126 human lives, leaned upon a sapling which was not competent to trust when a steamer with a man at the wheel, in going ten miles, goes three and one-half miles from her usual course to find a wreck upon a reef. There are other causes than winds and tides. This wreck and death are not to be placed to an act of God or the Devil's Bridge, but to a man's incapacity. And here comes, in the heart that throbs, the knowledge that this entrustment to this now proven unworthy lad, Harding, 21 years of age, finds no excuse in necessity. Who pleads exhaustion of energy from long watching and exposure, the reasons for the captain's transference of guardianship and unconsciousness of his subordinates' doings?

We are a reasonable people. The public are quite ready enough to apologize for the infidelity or failures of its public servants. Were this calamity following long vigils, bringing on physical exhaustion, the public verdict would condone and commiserate and comfort the chief survivor. But from Boston at 3 p. m. to Nobska light at 1.45 a. m. is but ten and three-quarter hours. With no unusual strain of nerve and not a required exertion of muscle, yet the deck was surrendered, and the security of 126 souls left to a lad of 21 years, styled a second mate. The captain says he considered him entirely competent. Terrible, tragic, doleful facts show that he was not, but if he were probably so, is it a sufficient justification of a captain of a steamer for transferring his position, his oversight, his moral certainty of a safe passage to juvenile hands and to allow his superior sailing skill and interest to be

Steeped in the Forgetfulness of Sleep

while yet there remained a point of peril to be passed, and when another one hour's watch would have taken them all into a safe passage to the sunny lands they were seeking under the pilotage of a man, who by character and an unbroken succession of voyages, has proven himself worthy of their committing themselves to him? That was a pungent saying of one of our citizens of large experience on the sea, "When people go to the company's office to engage passage for themselves or families, they do not ask who goes as second mate, but who is the captain? Is he responsible? for upon him will be laid the responsibility."

It is said that Captain Wright had but followed the usual custom—that it is customary for captains to retire when the course is laid from Nobska, and he had but done as others do, leaving all secure. Permit me as a landsman, not qualified to speak authoritatively, to say if it be the custom for men specially selected, specially salaried, specially attended, specially entrusted, to desert the duty to which they consent, with the one last point of peril to be past, only one hour farther on; if that which transpired on the City of Columbus, the morning of the 18th, off Nobska, be the custom, my voice, reinforced by the wail of one hundred desolate firesides, and the prayer and curse and gurgling of one hundred and one drowning human victims, declare that this custom should from now and forever cease, and that public sentiment, the voice of the people as the voice of God, demand that their public servants when unwearied, as was this one, shall watch over their sleeping and sacred trust that last one hour until the point of peril shall have been past. And we should authoritatively demand the changing of that custom in the interest of commerce and the country. When I think that no more added discomfort or physical exertion than would be required for one to walk from our church to Commercial wharf, another hour of time (from seven to ten miles) had prevented the disaster and landed happy health and home seekers, now food for fishes and sand fleas, amid spring temperature and orange-scented airs, I cry to those in responsibility, "What, could ye not watch with me one hour?" and in the interests of the captains as well I say; let the custom cease.

Probably no one connected with that unparalleled catastrophe suffers more deeply today than this large-hearted, heretofore vigilant and trusted sailor, Captain Wright. Upon his brain at his home in Boston rushes that wintry scene of desolation and agony and death, that no fire on the hearth, lamp-light or picture on the wall can shut out. His physicians may close his doors against the faces of his sympathetic friends, but not his memory from the faces of the strangling and the dead. Sleep—for him that scene "doth murder sleep." For Captain Wright to be privileged once more to watch with his confiding passengers over that stretch of waters from Nobska light past the Devil's Bridge would be what

A Return to Eden After the Expulsion

had been to Adam and Eve. A "paradise regained" would be the privilege of that watch, for then would not the City of Columbus lie a washed out hulk. Poor man! a brother to be pitied; an ex-captain whose conduct is not to be glossed over nor example imitated. Fidelity past the point of peril, the world demands of those who would hope to wear her waiting laurels. The poor man has forfeited his by yielding to unrequired repose.

Alas, for the corpes out on the sands
In the morning gleam as the tide went down,
And the women watching and wringing their hands
For those who will never come back to the town.

Was that the competent guardian, the skilful eye, the calm judgment, could not have watched that one single hour. Beloved, the supreme moral for us out of this disaster I have embraced in the title theme for this hour: "Fidelity until past the point of peril."

The disaster is beyond undoing; the dead even as to the recovery of their bodies. The island patrol will be withdrawn tonight. Mutilated survivors, sorrowing friends of the lost, the representatives of the metropolitan press, have left our city. The steady tide of business in our streets and the ebb and flow of the ocean over Devil's Bridge will resume their wonted monotony, but let us never forget that however humble and inconspicuous our station there is none so poor of us that we do not keep in ward some other's happiness, that it is in our negligence or vigilance to imperil or secure that which to these self-intrusted ones is dearer than life. Let us, then, as brothers' keepers, custodians of public or domestic trusts, see to it that no disaster comes through any persuasion of ease or self-inclination. Sometimes there may go forth from the charge to us committed the tidings of its ruin, wreck and overthrow, for human nature is not invincible. But let us by our manifest fidelity have gotten public confidence that from those who know us and have worthy pride and trust in us may be rendered such tributes of truthful eulogy as Commodore Smith paid the character of his son, Joseph, who commanded the frigate Constitution, who, when he read the announcement, "The Constitution has struck her flag," simply, serenely, sublimely said, "Then Joey is dead," as, indeed, he was. "He that endureth to the end shall be saved. Be thou faithful unto death and I will give thee a crown of life."

Rev. J. B. Hingley of the Allen Street Methodist Church also preached upon this subject, though he did not attempt to place the responsibility.

ECCENTRIC MR. RINGO.

A Millionnaire Who Got Drunk Every Night—A Fortune for Adopted Children.

NEWPORT, Ky., January 23.—Mr. Durkin Ringo died this morning aged 72. He was graduated at Augusta College, and inherited $300,000 from an uncle. He lived unmarried the life of a literary recluse in this city. He employed a housekeeper, and adopted six orphan children, three boys and three girls, to whom, it is said, he left his entire fortune of half a million. He never spoke to any one except to two or three old friends, and rarely to them. It was his habit to cross the river and visit a Cincinnati saloon every night, and he had two men on a regular salary to watch him and take him home. He owned a large and valuable library.

Buried Under Hundreds of Tons of Coal.

SCRANTON, Penn., January 23.—There was a tremendous fall of roof coal yesterday morning in the Green Ridge colliery of O. S. Johnson & Co., this city, in which Aaron Bellows, a miner, and Owen Malloy, a laborer, were at work. They were overwhelmed by hundreds of tons of the rock and instantly killed.

RANDALL'S PROGRAMME.

How He Proposes to Balk the Revenue Reformers.

The Appropriation Committee to Monopolize the Time With Its Reports.

Tewksbury Possibly to Be Pitted Against the Bloody Shirt.

WASHINGTON, January 27.—A local paper gives ex-Speaker Randall's programme on the tariff question. It says that he and his friends propose to use the appropriation bills to defeat the purposes of the revenue reformers. It is claimed under the rules that a report from the committee on appropriations is a privileged question, and takes precedence of a report from the committee on ways and means. Therefore, the moment Mr. Morrison, from the committee on ways and means, attempts to report his bill for the reform of the tariff Mr. Randall will antagonize with a report from the committee on appropriations. The only difficulty in this programme may be the desire of certain industries, such as wool, to secure legislation, putting them on the same footing as other industries, under the tariff act of 1883. The chairman of the committee on appropriations will ask consideration of one bill after another, and so consume the session until the middle of June. It is thought that at that late day in the session Mr. Morrison and his friends will not have to precipitate a tariff discussion. This is doubtless what Mr. Randall means when he says that he will do all in his power to prevent any attempt to reopen the tariff question. Mr. Randall is quoted as saying: "I stand upon the same platform that I stood on during the contest for speakership. That was a contest of principle, and not of individuals, and I am more convinced now than ever that the attitude then presented on the tariff question is the true one for the Democratic party to take. We have seen enough already to show that the people of this country want the tariff question to be let alone, and I am determined, so far as I am concerned, to do all in my power to that end. I am sorry that this issue has been forced upon the party at this time, but those who made the issue must shoulder the responsibility. I have not inquired into the purposes of those who advocate what they call tariff reform, but I am told that they are preparing a measure with revenue as the sole purpose in view. I believe, while the object of customs duties, as that of any other system of taxation, is undoubtedly revenue, the rates should be so fixed as to afford protection to our manufacturers and the labor of our people. Because, by over-production, another country has been forced to fix prices at a minimum rate at the expense of labor, I do not believe in applying such a policy to our own laboring classes. I am now speaking for myself only, but I believe that there are Democrats who entertain the same opinion."

BLISS' LITTLE SCHEME.

How He Plotted to Shelve Corkhill in Order to Feather His Own Nest.

WASHINGTON, January 23.—Queer rumors are afloat as to the causes which led to the defeat of ex-District-Attorney Corkhill of this city for reappointment. It has been generally imagined that Corkhill, who was indorsed for reappointment by the district judge and several justices of the Supreme Court, owes his defeat to the opposition of the attorney general. That Mr. Brewster has recently opposed Corkhill is a fact, but it is said that George Bliss was the prime mover against the old officer. As the story goes, Mr. Bliss conceived the brilliant idea of setting up Corkhill as a justification for the payment to special counsel of enormous fees for prosecuting the Star route cases. A brief outline of the plot is as follows: An inefficient district attorney who could not be removed for a variety of reasons; necessary for the employment of able counsel at $100 per day because of the inefficiency of Corkhill and his assistants; would not do to reappoint Corkhill because this would be an admission of his capacity to perform the duties of the office, and prevent the use of him as a justification for demanding a large fee, even though no evidence of contract for the demands made can be produced; congressional investigation to show that Corkhill would have acquitted the Star thieves but for the services of special counsel; triumphant vindication; curtain. Senator Van Wyck has forestalled the Springer committee by securing the passage of a resolution by the Senate calling upon the attorney-general to send to the Senate copies of all agreements or memoranda relative to the compensation of the attorneys in the Star route cases. Mr. Brewster will be very glad to comply with this resolution, and when the correspondence that has passed between himself and Mr. George Bliss in relation to the latter's demand for $100 per day is published, it will be seen that Mr. Brewster does not merit much of the criticism he has received. When Mr. Brewster was employed by ex-Attorney-General MacVeagh prior to the death of President Garfield, it was upon the recommendation of the late Judge Jeremiah Black. Mr. Brewster was engaged to argue the informal proceedings here, and he received $5000 for the work. He was not retained at a per diem rate of compensation, and he wants to know upon what contract Mr. Bliss bases his extravagant charges.

ANTI-MORMON MURRAY

To be Forced to Face His Dishonorable Record—The Kind of Saint Republicans Send to Shine Among Polygamic Sinners.

WASHINGTON, January 23.—The committee on expenditures in the Department of Justice has made another rich find. This time it is an ex-United States marshal, now the Governor of a Territory, who will be on the rack. Eli H. Murray was United States marshal of the District of Kentucky from the spring of 1869 to the fall of 1878. He belongs to that class of Kentucky Republican statesmen who aspired to the loftiest stations in the public service. A cabinet position or the vice-presidency is the least that will satisfy his ambitions. Murray, it seems, nearly came to grief in 1876. Political influence, Democratic as well as Republican, saved him from disgrace, but could not save his official head. He was allowed to resign. When Mr. Springer reported his resolution on Monday, asking for authority to incur certain expenses in prosecuting the investigations of the expenditures of the Department of Justice, Mr. John D. White of Kentucky, a Republican representative from the mountain districts of that State, in a speech commending the work Mr. Springer's committee was doing, said that he had endeavored heretofore to have the conduct and accounts of the marshal of Kentucky investigated; that a resolution he had introduced at the last session of Congress, directing the Department of Justice to make the examination, had been suppressed by the judiciary committee; and had such an investigation been made years ago, Eli H. Murray would now be wearing the striped clothes of a convict instead of swelling about as the governor of Utah. Learning that there were papers on file in the Department of Justice which would disclose some ugly facts against Murray, Mr. Springer yesterday called for them and the attorney-general promptly sent them to the committee. They relate to one series of cases only, but sufficient evidence is contained in them to show conclusively that Mr. Murray's fee bills during his entire term were filled with fraudulent items. The charges which had been preferred against Murray were investigated by G. K. Chace, who was a chief special agent of the government under Attorney-Generals Pierrepont and Devens. Chace confined himself exclusively to the charges made, which covered only a minute part of Murray's term, a few months out of over six years. The report appears to have been purposely made blind so as to reflect as little as possible on Murray. It requires an expert to understand, explain and make apparent its full significance. The facts, however, are to be found in it. They sustain every charge made against Murray. They make apparent also the motive which inspired the then United States district-attorney, Mr. Wharton, to make a strenuous effort to prevent an exposure of the marshal's crookedness. He was like the jury that acquitted the fellow of stealing pigs, he had some of the pork himself. The system by which the government was defeated was the same which appears to have prevailed in every dishonest marshal's office. The fee bills and emolument returns were systematically swelled by charging fictitious expenses, fictitious fees, construction, mileage, and also by beginning vexatious and baseless criminal proceedings for the purpose of making fees. A negro, who part of the time was borne on the rolls in two different capacities, and a deputy marshal worked the cases against retail dealers. The law requires them to make out licenses and keep them posted up in a conspicuous place. Many Germans, either through ignorance or forgetfulness, would neglect to put up the license. The negro would visit the places and report to the deputy marshal. He would fill out a complaint, which the negro would always swear to. The United States commissioner would issue the warrant, and the accused would appear and produce their licenses and be discharged. On all such cases fees amounting to $6 or $7 would be charged against the government, two witnesses always being charged for when in reality no witnesses were summoned or present. The deputy marshal swore that this was with the connivance and approval of the marshal. The agent of the Department of Justice reported these charges conclusively proven. Another practice was to charge for guards to help bring the prisoners to Louisville, when in fact no guards were employed. The agent reported numerous cases where guards were charged for when the prisoners were simply notified to appear, which they did of their own accord. In one case a guard was charged for when the prisoner was a blind man. In another case the prisoner was over 75 years old and could scarcely walk. It was proved conclusively that mileage was habitually charged for a greater distance than was actually travelled, often from thirty to fifty miles more. These cases must have been known to the marshal because he was familiar with the distances. It was established also by overwhelming evidence that the marshal caused all prisoners arrested in remote parts of the States to be brought to Louisville instead of being taken before United States commissioners in their neighborhood, where they could have given bail or been discharged after a hearing. Being carried far from their homes these poor people often had to lay in jail for weeks because they could not give bail in Louisville, or secure the attendance of witnesses. It was a most oppressive and outrageous hardship upon them, and the object was simply to give opportunity to the marshal to charge additional and often excessive mileage and fees against the government. It was also proved that the law was violated in frequent instances in making charges against the government, and in payment of two salaries to subordinates. A most determined effort was made by United States District-Attorney Wharton to prevent these exposures and to stop the Department of Justice from making an investigation. Tremendous political influence was brought to bear to save Murray from disgrace. He was, however, compelled to resign. Nevertheless, with this record against him on file in the Department of Justice, he was appointed Governor of Utah, and through the influence of the Kentucky senators confirmed.

THE FISHERY AWARDS.

More Gold Medals Taken by the United States Than by Any Other Country.

WASHINGTON, January 27.—The successful management of the American department of the international fisheries exhibition by Professor Goode is clearly shown by the large number of medals awarded to our country. These have been recently received by Professor Baird through the secretary of state, and are being distributed by registered mail. The exhibition was the largest ever held for a single industry—twenty-six foreign and colonial governments being represented. The total attendance exceeded 3,000,000. An examination of the official list of jury awards shows that 183 gold, 271 silver and 199 bronze medals and 89 diplomas of honor were awarded to the foreign and colonial governments. The United States heads the list with 49 gold, 47 silver and 29 bronze medals and 24 diplomas; equal to more than one-fifth the entire number awarded. The special features in the American awards is the large percentage of gold medals, there being nearly double those of any other country, constituting more than a fourth of the entire number. Norway ranks second with twenty-eight gold medals; Sweden third, with twenty-seven, and Canada fourth, with seventeen. In addition to medals and diplomas, seven special money prizes were awarded to American exhibitors, and a large number of awards were given to English agents for American canned products exhibited by them in the English department. A commendable feature of our exhibit was the fine displays made by the different departments of the government, including the fish commission, national museum, life-saving service, lighthouse board, and signal service, each of which elicited much favorable comment and received the highest awards.

IN GENERAL.

Tewksbury to be Discussed in Congress.

WASHINGTON, January 27.—The Republicans in the Senate tomorrow will begin a bloody shirt debate upon Sherman's Danville resolution. The Democrats are well prepared to meet any discussion of this character, and it is reported tonight that several senators have been investigating the Tewksbury outrages, and that Massachusetts will play as important a part in the discussion as Virginia.

Mr. Mahone has a speech prepared on this subject, and the general understanding is that he will be followed by senators on both sides of the chamber. Mr. Lamar, it is said, will take the floor after the Virginia senator. Mr. Vest is also expected to speak, especially in regard to the Copiah, Miss., matter.

Keifer Tries to Explain Himself.

WASHINGTON, January 26.—The examination of Speaker Keifer was continued today before the House committee on accounts in secret. The committee recalled him because his informal statement the other day had been contradicted, as they believed, in important particulars by documentary and other evidence. Mr. Keifer, for instance, had said that he had not contemplated the removal of the stenographer Tyson to make place for his nephew. Tyson had testified that his resignation was demanded, and had produced a letter from Keifer to which he had given such an interpretation. Mr. Keifer, in a long explanation today, maintained that such was not the intention of the letter. The inquiry is to proceed further, and Robeson and McCord will be summoned, the object being to show that Keifer had threatened one or the other of the stenographers with removal.

The Northern Pacific's Land Grant.

WASHINGTON, January 27.—The House committee on public lands has practically agreed to recommend the forfeiture of that part of the land grant to the Northern Pacific railroad for the construction of a line between Portland and Astoria. On Tuesday counsel for the Northern Pacific railroad will appear before the committee to discuss the question. It is understood that Mr. Edwards Pierrepont, the ex-attorney-general, will make an argument in behalf of the Northern Pacific. About 3,000,000 acres of land are involved in the forfeiture which it is proposed to declare between Astoria and Portland. As far as can be learned the committee has no disposition to attack the main line, although the conditions of the grant have not been fulfilled.

NEW LIFE BEGAN AT HER FEET.

Miss Sarah Allston Able to Walk After Six Weeks of Prayer.

PUTNAM, Conn., January 21.—For more than eight years, Miss Sarah Alton, a pleasant-faced, estimable young lady, 23 years of age, of this place, has been a sufferer from a form of spinal difficulty, which, since she was 19 years old, has entirely disabled her. For years she has moved hers if only with crutches. Several physicians had treated her, but the spinal trouble had continued to grow worse. For a time she would improve under one kind of medicine, and hope would be lifted only to drop her back ultimately into despair. Some time since she went to Boston and remained there a few weeks, to be treated by an eminent physician, and although she received some benefit at the time, she thinks it was nothing permanent. She came home wearing a jacket of plaster of paris, not being able to walk without crutches. Since then, up to Tuesday of last week, she has been growing worse and worse.

Six weeks ago, Miss Alton became strongly impressed, through prayer and from the reading of her Bible, that if she could have sufficient faith in God He would make her whole, and she began praying earnestly to him for that faith. But she still grew worse in health. Encouragements from her friends, however, and from her relatives, besides strong impressions made by a dream, convinced her if possible more strongly that she could be healed by the exercise of faith. Accordingly she made a special appointment with the Faith Cure Home in Boston for last Tuesday afternoon, at 3 o'clock, and also invited her Putnam friends to her home to help her with their prayers. The meeting took place at the time appointed, and the most fervent prayers were offered up both in Putnam and in Boston. Miss Alton says she perceived that she was greatly strengthened at this time, and was able to sit on the sofa without any support to her back, the plaster of paris jacket being removed. She was also able to walk without her crutches, something she had been unable to do for years. Since then she has put away the crutches, has been steadily improving, and is wonderfully hopeful. She cannot get up and down stairs without help, and does not like to walk alone. The new life, which began at her feet at the time of the praying, has now extended all over her, and she is sanguine of a complete return to health. No doctor's potion, she says, ever made her feel as well as she does now. Her home is daily thronged with curious visitors. Many sceptical doctors have been to see her, and have come away astonished. Miss Alton manifests no desire to magnify the case, but is inclined to the reverse. She is a very modest, pleasing conversationalist. Gently rocking in a low chair, she said that during the last four years she had been so ill as to be entirely in the doctor's hands.

A Tinner's Windfall.

WALLINGFORD, Conn., January 26.—Elijah Jones, who is learning the tinner's trade at F. W. Phelps' shop in this city, has received a letter from his family, who live in Branford, stating that his grandmother, who lived in Trenton, N. J., was dead, and that by her death property in England valued at $500,000 has fallen to three heirs in this country. These heirs are Herbert Jones of Waterbury, Josiah Jones of Trenton, N. J., and Elijah Jones of this city. Mr. Jones was at F. W. Phelps' store this morning, sitting complacently on a stool, as unconcerned as could be. When asked if he had fallen heir to $162,000 he said he did not know certainly. He has written to those interested and expects an answer in a few days. He said he should finish learning his trade, no matter how much money came to him. His mother, who is now living in Branford, is the wife of Sheriff Linsley of that town. Elijah is 23 years old.

MANY MINERS KILLED.

Terrific Explosion in a Colorado Coal Mine.

Fifty-Seven Men Buried Under a Mass of Earth, Coal and Timber.

Digging for the Victims—Heart-Rending Scenes.

DENVER, Col., January 24.—At Crested Butte, a small mining camp in Gunnison county, a terrible explosion occurred this morning. Sixty-seven men went down the Colorado Coal and Iron Company's coal mine. Of these, eleven men who were just about descending into the mine were hurled back by the force of the explosion. They were thrown back a distance of some fifty or sixty feet, and it is a miracle that they escaped. The full force of the explosion may be realized when it is known that the engine and machine shops, which were located 100 feet from the mouth of the mine, were totally wrecked.

Crested Butte was almost helpless. It is but a small camp, fully one-third of the population being employed in the mine. The opening of the mine was filled with debris. The victims were literally buried.

The shock was so great to the people of the village that it was fully half an hour before they awoke to the realization that something must be done, and at once. Word was telegraphed to Gunnison City for aid, and two special trains bearing physicians and a hundred or more men were at once despatched to the scene of the disaster. In the meantime a hundred miners who are employed in the anthracite mine left their work and began making efforts to uncover the opening of the mine in which the miners were entombed, but after they had dug their way into the chamber, found it unsafe to enter. A rush of gas and noisome air overcame them and a number of them had to be removed and given stimulants to revive them. The explosion occurred in either chamber No. 1 or No. 2, just half an hour after the day force of sixty-seven men had gone to work. Ten men were at work in the outer chamber, and four of these escaped unhurt, except one man, John Aungus, who was in the passageway just outside the chamber. He is badly burned, but will recover. Fifty-seven others were at work in the mine. These are all thought to have perished. The explosion was of such force as to completely barricade the main entrance and the appliances for supplying air located near were badly wrecked, and the roof of the tramway was blown off.

The scene beggared description. Wives, mothers and sisters wept and prayed, while the strong men were endeavoring to reopen the grave which contained their loved ones. Little children clung to their mothers' skirts and cried from terror. Men fainted from the shock of the horror.

The mine has been considered dangerous by those acquainted with it. While one of the best producing mines in the country, its operation has always been attended with more or less apprehension and real danger. "It is a fire-damp mine," said Superintendent Cameron, who is now in Denver, "and seems to constantly generate the most deadly gases. The seem to generate in the coal or under it, and pour out of the seams in the walls of the tunnels and shafts. Yet the mine is one of the most perfectly ventilated in the world. The air is forced in along a shaft by machinery, and no less than 56,000 cubic feet of fresh air is forced into the mine every minute. This is quiet sufficient to fully supply the wants of the miners and keep the air perfectly pure, unless some accident happens to cut off or interfere with the supply. This is a greater amount of fresh air than is furnished to any other mine in the country. We send a mine viewer through every chamber each morning before any of the men are allowed to go in, and he must have returned this morning before the workmen started in, and everything must have been all right when he passed through the workings."

Thirty-four More Bodies Found.

CHICAGO, January 26.—A special from Denver last night says the news from Crested Butte is very extraordinary. The Molly Maguires are threatening to kill all the mine bosses, and bloodshed is anticipated. Commissioners Steele and Sweeney of Gunnison county, together with John McNeil, state that Coal Mine Inspector A. H. Danforth, general manager of the Colorado Coal and Iron Company, and about forty miners were about to take the train to Butte yesterday afternoon, when they were warned to keep away from the mines, as their lives would be in danger. Consequently the train left without them. The air is full of rumors of threatened violence to Mine Boss Gibson. Last night at 5 o'clock he went into the mine, and it is said he was followed by one of the Mollies. When young Gibson tried to follow his father, he was prevented by men at the mouth of the shaft. Gibson had several friends with him, who will do what they can to prevent bloodshed.

Twenty-five men are searching for the dead bodies, and so far nine have been recovered. The air tubes are all broken, and will have to be repaired as the searchers proceed into the underground galleries.

Workmen have reached chamber No. 1, where ten men were at work, but no bodies were found. Searching farther, eighteen bodies were found almost in a heap in the air passage leading to the up-cast near the entrance. The men, alarmed, but not injured by the explosion, had evidently attempted to reach the furnace room, and were overcome by after-damp when within 200 feet of it. Farther back six more bodies were found. All had evidently been suffocated. Some had tied handkerchiefs over their mouths.

This makes thirty-four bodies up to this time, and includes all who were at work in chamber No. 1. These will soon be brought to the surface, and workmen will then begin to search for bodies in chamber No. 2. This latter is farther into the mine, and is undoubtedly the spot where the explosion took place. It is now known that there were fifty men and boys in the mine.

Cause of the Disaster.

DENVER, January 27.—The inquest over the victims of the mining disaster was continued until midnight, when an adjournment was taken to Monday. The evidence shows that the air provided was five to six times the quantity required by law, and that the explosion occurred while the wood work of Chamber 18, which was full of gass was being repaired. The two remaining bodies making a total of fifty-nine, were brought up today. Both presented a ghastly sight. The frame building for the funeral services, on which forty men have been working for two days, was completed early this morning and the bodies placed in it. No date has been fixed for the funeral.

NEVER RETURNED TO PORT.

One More Gloucester Schooner Given Up as Lost—A Crew of Twelve Men Added to the Long List of Missing Fishermen.

GLOUCESTER, January 28.—The schooner George W. Stetson sailed from this port December 10 on a codfish trip to Georges, touching first at Grand Manan for bait, which she succeeded in obtaining, and sailing thence December 15, since which time no tidings have been received from her. The conviction is at last forced upon the owners that she has gone down on the fishing banks of Georges. How this schooner met her fate will probably never be known.

The Stetson was manned by a crew of twelve men, as follows: Captain Laughlin McLeod, who leaves a widow and one child; Henry Harnish, Angus J. McLeod, Malcom McLeod, James McArthur, John McDonald, Simon McEacheren, Patrick Sisk, William Kennedy, who leaves a widow and one child; Angus McArthur, John McVarish, and John Ryan, who leaves a widow.

The schooner George W. Stetson was about forty-nine tons measurement. She was owned by J. O. Procter, Jr., and was built in Essex in 1869. She was insured in the Gloucester Mutual Fishing Insurance Company for $3240.

This is now the third vessel which has been given up since the year opened, and their crews aggregate forty-two men. When one thinks of this, in connection with the fearful loss of life among Gloucester men during the November gale, it seems a wonder that the fishermen, courageous though they are, dare to face the dangers that have proved fatal to so many of their fellow-toilers of the deep.

The schooner Waldo Irving is also long overdue, and will undoubtedly never return. She was engaged in the haddock fishery on Georges, and sailed December 26. She was manned by a crew of fourteen men. The Waldo Irving was a first-class vessel, built in Essex in 1882, owned by J. P. Wonson & Co., valued at $6000, and insured in the Gloucester Mutual Fishing Insurance Company for $5320.

The schooner Alice C. Jordan, Captain Jed Warren, arrived today from Fortune bay, N. F., with a full cargo of frozen herring. She was absent but twenty-six days—one of the quickest voyages on record.

Put Off a Train and Died.

NEWBURYPORT, January 28.—Saturday evening Conductor West put off from the Eastern train at Rowley a stranger giving the name of Joseph Robinson, who, having no place of refuge, lodged in the depot there over Sunday. Yesterday afternoon he was taken ill with frothing at the mouth, and Dr. Bartlett ordered his removal to the home of a Mr. Rogers, who agreed to care for him. When placed in a sleigh for removal Robinson fell on his face and expired. His lungs were badly congested. Deceased on Sunday said he was 87 years old, and had a son living in Ipswich, a daughter in Dedham and other relatives in Peabody. The overseers of the poor have charge of the remains. The police here think that deceased's name is Peter Hutchinson of Byfield.

IN A TUMBLE-DOWN MILL.

The Shelter of a Mad Mother Found Starving With Her Child.

NEW YORK, January 26.—On the Kingsbridge road, at Two Hundred and Twentieth street, there stands the ruin of an old limestone mill that in its day ground flour for the farmers in southern Westchester. It formerly belonged to the Dykman family. For thirty years the wheel has hung still, and it is now fallen to pieces, and the race is rotted away. The roof has fallen in in places, and not a pane of glass remains in the shrunken sashes.

On Wednesday the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children was notified that a crazy woman was occupying the premises, and that she had there a little child whom she was starving. Late in the evening, Policeman Clapp and Society Officer Burlando pushed open the broken door, and climbed the rickety stairs, lighting up the old staircase with a lantern. In the end room, under the gables, the officers found a bundle of rags lying on a pile of mildewed straw. There was no furniture, nothing besides the rags and the straw, except a battered tin can, and the wind swept across the garret as though it had come from an ice-house.

The policemen were going away when a child's cry called their attention to the rags again, and they found, buried in the straw, under the filthy odds and ends, a woman, naked, save for a ragged calico skirt, and a three-year-old child, wrapped in a calico gown. The woman raved and caught at the child, and fought against being parted from it. She was emaciated beyond description, and her wild, bloodshot eyes were set in deep hollows. She was black with dirt, and she could hardly walk.

A man's coat was procured for her, and she was taken to the Kingsbridge station, where she was recognized as Angelina Kelly. Five years ago she was known as a pretty girl at Spuyten Duyvil. Her father is old William Boughton, for half a century an employe of the Hudson River railroad. She married Henry Kelly, who ill-used her, and who became a common tramp. She took to drink. When found she was demented, and she was dying of consumption. She had not eaten for four days. She could hardly speak above a whisper, but she raved in a frightful manner when Justice O'Reilly ordered her child taken away from her in Harlem Police Court yesterday morning. It was found necessary finally to return the child to her.

Kelly, the husband, a ragged and bloated tramp, who had been found roaming about Harlem, sat during the insane ravings of his wife an amused spectator. The woman and child were sent to the commissioners of charities and correction.

BEAUTIFUL AND ACCOMPLISHED.

A Young Lady Who Preferred the Stage to Life in a Convent.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., January 28.—Nellie J. Trumley escaped from the convent of the Holy Name of Jesus at Port Sarnia, Ont., four months ago, and went on the variety stage in Detroit, Mich., where she was found by her irate father, Mitchell M. Trumley, of McComb county, Mich., who ordered her home. The girl then fled to Cincinnati, where she acted in the Vine Street Theatre. Hearing that her father was in pursuit, she fled to Nashville, where she became a member of the Buckingham Theatre variety company. She was arrested by Chief of Police Kerrigan Saturday night and sent to McComb county, Mich., with a friend of her father's. There was a sensational scene at the depot in this city on the parting of Miss Trumley with her stage sister, Mamie Palmer. The girl went by the name of Nellie, and she displayed considerable ability as a balladist. She is 16 years old, beautiful and accomplished.

SAVED JUST IN TIME.

Narrow Escape of Two Newburyport Men From a Horrible Death.

NEWBURYPORT, January 28.—Two gentlemen had a narrow escape from a terrible death in this city a few evenings since. At the foot of Green street is a large culvert running to the river, the opening of which is in the gutter, and flush with the sidewalk. This opening is perpendicular to the gutter, and is covered with a large slab, to the level of which the surface beyond is built up. From the street and walk the ice has formed an inclined plane, running to the opening. On the evening in question, as the men were passing this point, one of them slipped and slid into the culvert, grasping his companion as he did so, who was also partially drawn in, but succeeded in seizing some projection on the surface. At the time water was pouring into the culvert in a stream eight inches deep. The man who was holding on found he could not extricate himself with his companion grasping his legs, and both would have perished but for the timely arrival of succor. Had they not been discovered just as they were, their fate would probably never have been known, as they would have been drawn into the river.

A TOWN SINKING.

Buildings Rent in Twain and Fissures Opened in the Streets.

WILKESBARRE, Penn., January 27.—An extensive cave-in occurred last night at Pleasant Valley, a mining town a few miles from here. Over fifty acres of surface were affected, the ground sinking in some places over two feet with a terrible crash. The people were panic-stricken and fled from their houses into the streets to avoid being crushed by the buildings, which seemed about to fall. Although many of the houses and other buildings were terribly racked, none fell, being all built of wood, and no one was seriously injured. Scarcely a building in that part of the town has escaped injury and many are totally wrecked. Odd Fellows' Hall and McGullen's store, two of the largest buildings, were badly wrecked, the former being split from top to bottom. The main street is seamed with gasping fissures six and eight inches wide. The houses on the ground affected by the cave-in are untenantable, and the inhabitants are moving away. It is expected that further subsidence will take place. The ground has shown signs of subsiding for some time. About 150 feet below are some abandoned workings of the Pennsylvania Coal Company, fifteen or twenty years old.

NOTABLE MISCEGENATION.

Frederick Douglass, Black and Sixty-five, Weds Miss Pitts, His Clerk, White and Thirty-three.

WASHINGTON, January 24.—Fred Douglass was tonight married to Miss Helen M. Pitts, a white lady, who has been filling the position of clerk in his office. The groom is 65 and the bride 33 years of age. Mrs. Douglass is said to be very handsome. She is a member of the Woman Suffrage Association, and has been a contributor to Miss Winslow's publication known as the "Alpha." The marriage took place at the Congregational Church, the ceremony being performed by Rev. Dr. Grimke, pastor of the Fifteenth Street Colored Church.

The young lady is quite attractive, having heavy, black, curly hair. It has been known for six months that Mr. Douglass was very attentive, frequently driving out with her, but the wedding was unexpected. There is a law of this district forbidding intermarriage of the races, but Mr. Douglass, after taking legal advice, resolved to brave the consequences. Several similar marriages here have aroused no legal prosecution. Miss Pitts is well known as a writer on woman suffrage and moral reform.

A Sled With Brakes and a Cow-Catcher.

The latest thing in sleds, says the New York Sun, is a double ripper, which is fitted with the usual seating-board, and with wide foot-rests running along the sides. A steering apparatus similar to that of a hook-and-ladder truck is attached, and there are strong brakes operated by a wheel. The brakes are bars of iron, with heavy hooks on the ends, fastened on the outer sides of the runners of the hind sled. A turn of the wheel forces the points of the bars into the snow. A wooden cow-catcher is placed in front of the first sled, giving the whole the appearance of a small railroad train.

A Bullet in His Brain and May Recover.

NEW HAVEN, January 24.—The case of Eddie White of Fair Haven, 10½ years old, has created much interest among surgeons. For twenty-five days, since being accidentally shot by his brother, he has carried a bullet in his head, and may recover from the injury. Drs. Bacon and Gilbert cannot extract a ball which lies near the basilar arteries. The boy's mind appears right, though brain matter exuded from the wound at the time of the shooting.

Earthquake Waves Felt in California.

WASHINGTON, January 26.—Assistant George Davidson telegraphs the superintendent of coast and geodetic survey from San Francisco that at 7.24 last evening earthquake waves were indicated by the delicate levels of the astronomical instruments of the observatory. The amplitude of each vibration was three seconds of arc in six seconds of time, and they continued for twenty minutes.

AT LAST THE PANIC COMES.

This Time it is Among the Syndicate of Liars.

Stocks Rise Thirty Per Cent. and Astonish All the Short Speculators.

Gould and Sage in a Syndicate Which Takes Oregon Trnscontinental.

NEW YORK, January 28.—Speculative circles were today in a great commotion, and many brokers and speculators were wild with excitement. The panics which have recently raged among the bulls were translated to the bears, who were in consternation at the surprising advance in stocks. The syndicate formed by Gould, Sage & Co. to relieve the Oregon Trancontinental Company of a large block of securities was the pivot and turning motor. All the stocks of the Oregon Railway and Navigation, which had been loaned to the bears to make good their deliveries, were summarily called in. As they could not borrow they were obliged to buy in at the Stock Exchange. The price rose 30 per cent., from 88 to 118@119 cash, and fell back to 111@112. Rumors of a corner prevailed, but the elimination of the short interest would probably render that method inoperative. Such a sudden and unexpected twist of shorts in a specialty has not been known in Wall street since the notorious Hannibal & St. Joe corner. The syndicate formed for the relief of the Oregon Trans-continental Company takes 30,000 shares of the stock, which will be held for investment, and is made up of 30,000 shares each of Oregon Railway and Navigation Company at 75, Northern Pacific preferred at 35, and Northern Pacific common stock at 15.

Mr. Endicott, the president, has left for Boston, to be gone until tomorrow. The immediate obligations of the transfer company amounted to less than $4,000,000. A loan of $1,000,584 was called Friday, and the money paid Saturday. All loans are on call except $8,000,000, which was negotiated some time ago with the Farmers' Loan and Trust Company, and not due for a year. The members of the present syndicate include Jay Gould, Mr. Sage, Work, Strong & Co., A. J. Drexel of Philadelphia, Drexel, Morgan & Co. and a Philadelphia house.

Cyrus W. Field says, with a smile, that things are going to be better. They will not give particulars of the sale, but the above figures are trustworthy. The statement that the Oregon & Transcontinental retains a controlling interest in the Northern Pacific is disputed. The street does not place implicit faith in the statement that Gould, Sage and Field have taken the stocks solely for investment purposes.

Regular Wall Street Report.

NEW YORK, January 28.—The stock market opened at a fractional decline from Saturday's closing, but a brisk buying of Oregon Navigation was soon developed. The stock bounded up at an astonishing rate, totally demoralizing the shorts. It soon began to dawn upon them that they were about to be subjected to a squeeze, and they rushed to cover, adding stimulus to the upward movement in the stock. For a while there was great excitement, and a perfect pandemonium prevailed. The large bears tried to stem the upward tendency in the market by throwing over their holdings, but these were heavily bought up, and being unable to obtain any more of the stock with which to break the list, they beat a hasty retreat, and began to cover at a heavy loss. The other stocks of the companies, with which Mr. Villard was formerly connected, were also actively dealt in, and recorded the next greatest improvement. Oregon Navigation was the feature, however. The stock opened at 87, and advanced 1 to 2 points on almost every transaction. In a short time the cash price had advanced to 119. From this point the price began to go off about as rapidly as it had advanced, but when the quotation had reached 95, a halt was called, and the stock was selling at that price at noon. The advance in the rest of the market ranged from ¼ to 5½ per cent.

Since noon there has been some selling, which has caused a reaction all around of ¼ to 2¼ per cent. The advance in the stocks named is attributed to manipulation by Gould and others, who, it is said, have combined for the purpose of twisting the shorts.

The sale of the stocks by the Oregon Transcontinental Company to the syndicate was severely criticised in some quarters, and an operator who had lost a million dollars in the decline which broke Villard was heard to say that the company should have given men like him a chance to buy some of the stocks at low figures to average their losses, instead of letting Gould and Sage make a million out of them.

DESTITUTION IN INDIANA.

A Mother and Her New-Born Babe Starve and Freeze to Death in the Presence of the Sick Father.

BLOOMINGTON, Ind., January 22.—A stranger yesterday morning passing the Adams cabin on Clear creek, eight miles south of here, thought he heard groans coming from it. He entered. Near the fireless stove sat a man nearly dead with cold and hunger and too weak to move. The only sound he could make was the inarticulate moan which had attracted attention. In the room was a bed whereon, under scanty covering, lay the frozen body of the wife, who two days before had given birth to a baby, which lay uninjured in the frozen arms of its dead mother, whose last act was to nurse it. There was neither fuel nor food in the cabin. The stranger hurried to the neighbors', procured aid and returned. The neighbors were greatly shocked to learn that such utter destitution existed near them. When able to speak, Mr. Adams said he was sick abed at the time his wife was confined and was utterly unable to go out in order that he might procure assistance. He said that his wife had lived for two days after the birth of her child.

FIGHT BETWEEN CAMELS.

A Wooden Bridge for the Nose of the Wounded One.

BRIDGEPORT, January 23.—A few days ago two of the camels at Barnum's winter quarters were discovered fighting. After biting and kicking each other for some time they rushed together with open mouths, and during the desperate struggle that ensued, in some manner their jaws became interlocked. Naturally something had to give way when such muscular forces were opposed. After the animals were separated it was found that one of them had lost the cartilage portion of his nose. Every effort has been made by the competent assistants of Mr. Barnum to heal the wound and restore the animal to his normal condition, but as yet without that complete success which their well-known skill would almost warrant. Luckily the arrival of the new and interesting feature of Barnum's show, viz., the 'Bodacudas thick-lipped females," wearing wood in their lips' suggested the idea of substituting a wooden bridge for the destroyed member of the camel's nose. It is well known that allowance must be made for the expansion by absorption of the wooden fabric, but it is reasonable to suppose if the present bridge should prove satisfactory, a permanent structure can hereafter be constructed from metals or other substances.

Death of an Ohio Money King.

CLEVELAND, January 23.—James F. Clark, aged 73, millionnaire, president of the Ohio & Pennsylvania Coal Company, a director of the New York, Pennsylvania & Ohio railroad and of several banks, died last night of heart disease. He was one of Cleveland's wealthiest citizens, and a resident for thirty-six years.

DR. PIERCE'S "Golden Medical Discovery" has become so thoroughly established in public favor that were it not for the forgetfulness of people it would not be necessary to call attention to its power to cure consumption, which is scrofula of the lungs, and other blood diseases, as eruptions, blotches, pimples, ulcers and "liver complaint."

RUPTURE

Relieved and cured without the injury and vexation trusses inflict by DR. J. A. SHERMAN'S method. His descriptive book mailed for 10c. Boston office 43 Milk street. Consultation days Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, each week. At New York office, 251 Broadway, Monday, Tuesday and Saturday, each week. Patients should be sure to ask for DR. SHERMAN'S office to avoid trickery that has been practised on those who have been misled. 1 wy4t eš

AROUND THE FARM.

Edited by ANDREW H. WARD.

FERTILIZATION OF COTTON.

From the published reports of the results of many soil tests with fertilizers on cotton in Georgia, it is shown that 100 pounds of fertilizer produces from 112 to 150 pounds of seed cotton, which is not as large an increase as a properly compounded fertilizer should give. Although the fertilizers used comprise those of many different manufacturers, they correspond closely in quality, and are mainly of two kinds, acid phosphates and ammoniated superphosphates. This uniformity has been produced by the fertilizer law passed in Georgia, in not permitting any fertilizers to be sold there of acid phosphates containing less than 10 per cent. of *available* phosphoric acid, or any ammoniated superphosphate containing less than 8 per cent. of *available* phosphoric acid, and 2 per cent. of ammonia, and the fertilizers sold there vary but little from these two kinds, some few having a small addition of potash, not over 2 per cent., and in most cases less.

Taking 100 pounds of the fertilizer used, which contains twelve pounds of phosphoric acid, three pounds of ammonia and two pounds of potash, to produce 150 pounds of seed cotton, which contains four and one-half pounds of phosphoric acid, ten and one-quarter pounds of ammonia and eight pounds of potash, it shows that seven and one-half pounds of phosphoric acid are applied more than is needed by the plant, and that seven and one-quarter pounds of ammonia and six pounds of potash are needed in addition to that in the fertilizer applied, or the soil will be reduced that amount of these articles. It would appear that the growers of cotton were using more phosphoric acid than was required, and not as much ammonia and potash as was needed to promote the largest yield at the least cost. A fertilizer containing less phosphoric acid and more potash would not cost as much, and would produce more and longer-stapled cotton, and a larger proportion of lint to seed.

Experiments on pease with potash show that its application produces more pod and fruit, and no more vine.

Potash can be obtained in the New York and Boston markets in the form of muriate of potash, containing 50 per cent. of actual potash, for $32 per ton, or 3 16-100 cents a pound for actual potash; and it appears in the report of the Connecticut Board of Agriculture and Experiment Station for 1882 that the highest wholesale price for actual potash in 1881 and 1882 was 4 6-100 cents a pound in August, 1881, and the lowest wholesale price during the time was 3 24-100 cents a pound in April, 1882, fluctuating between these prices during the two years.

In the report of the commissioner of agriculture for the State of Georgia potash is valued at six cents a pound, but this is its "approximate value in Savannah for the purposes of comparison." This is 90 per cent. above the present market price in New York or Boston, and it would be more for the interest of those who use fertilizers, if not for the manufacturers of them, to have the *approximate* values based on the market prices at the principal ports of its sale. The cost of freight from these ports is well known, and the difference in *approximate* value is too great to be readily understood.

As prices have materially fallen for all the articles which enter into the manufacture of fertilizers, the consumers should get them compounded at proportionally lower rates. If this cannot be done, the different constituents can be bought and mixed in proportions as wanted.

The availability of phosphoric acid consists in the fineness of manipulation of the phosphate of lime in *fine*-ground Charleston phosphate or other phosphatic materials.

Insoluble phosphoric acid, so called, implies various phosphates not freely soluble in distilled water or ammonium citrate, but they are soluble in the water of the soil; phosphoric acid can be purchased in fine-ground Charleston phosphate at two and one-half cents a pound; nitrogen in the form of dried blood at 12 1-10 cents a pound, in the form of sulphate of ammonia at fifteen cents per pound, in the form of nitrate of soda at 14 4-10 cents per pound. At the wholesale cash prices a fertilizer containing 12 per cent. of phosphoric acid, 3 per cent. of nitrogen and 6 per cent. of potash could be made by mixing together.

925 pounds fine ground Charleston phosphate, 26 per cent., $13 per ton......	$6 00
400 pounds nitrate soda, 2¼ per cent....	9 00
240 pounds muriate potash, 3.16 per cent...	7 58
435 pounds sand to make the ton.......	.. ..
2000 pounds (1 ton), costing..............	$22 58

for materials, to which is to be added the cost of labor for mixing, and the freight, or they can be mixed in any other proportions, as wanted for the crop to be grown and the demands of the soil.

With the present prices for fertilizing materials, there is no reason why a larger quantity cannot be used, and, with a proper application of them and a favorable season, a larger crop of cotton should not be grown, and at less cost than in previous years.

A. H. W.

LEAKS UPON THE FARM.

It is not uncommon to hear those who make farming, or, rather, attempt to make farming an occupation, complain that farming does not pay. If such cases are investigated, it will be found that the trouble lies, not in farming as an occupation, but in the farmer himself. If a cistern had a pipe emptying into it at the rate of 10,000 barrels per year, and had forty small pipes discharging at the rate of 12,000 barrels per year, it would be as reasonable to expect the cistern to be filled as to look for success on the part of a neglectful farmer.

It is an exceedingly difficult matter to succeed in filling a vessel with water if it is in such a condition that the fluid leaks away nearly as rapidly as it is placed therein, and every farmer knows it; but, at the same time, that self-same farmer, whose farm is subject to continual and numerous leaks, wonders why he cannot succeed as well as his neighbor does, or else complains that farming does not pay.

In the first place, commencing with the beginning of the year, if a farmer fails to procure and prepare for use a suitable quantity of fuel for the year, he can mark down a leakage which increases in volume just in proportion as he is obliged to omit more important work to furnish a temporary supply. To be compelled to suspend planting, hoeing, haying or harvesting to get a load of wood and chop it is a drawback of a serious nature; it is a leak in farming. Another leak is occasioned by want of care of animals during winter, with a view of economizing fodder. An animal that is not carried through the winter in good condition will hardly more than get up in good flesh before the approach of another winter, and in the case of cows there is a great loss in value and quantity of milk, and in oxen in the amount of labor that they are able to perform, and in young stock in the stunted growth which comes from poor care. Such a practice is a leak in farming that is sometimes quite large. A case comes to mind in which the winter was commenced with fourteen calves, and the spring found only seven alive. It is a serious leak that will allow a calf to slip away. The application of manure may be so injudicious that a large part of its virtue becomes unavailable. That is a leak of the most serious nature. For instance, if a soil be sandy or gravelly, if manure is ploughed in to any considerable depth, its virtue is carried by descending water so deep into the earth as to be beyond the reach of ordinary crops. Manure forms a very important element in the farmer's stock in business, and its loss is equivalent to an extensive leakage.

The proper cultivation of crops is a matter that presents itself very forcibly to every intelligent farmer. All growing plants abstract from the soil a certain amount of fertility, and so, if crops are not properly tended, the fertility is entirely misdirected when it goes to nourish weeds, to the detriment of the cultivated crops, and this forms another leakage in farming.

If crops are not harvested at the proper time their value is very much deteriorated. Hay may be allowed to stand until all the starch, sugar and gums are converted into woody fibre, whereby the same is not worth for feeding purposes one-half what it would have been if cut in season. This causes a serious leak both in the value of the hay and in the effect upon animals that are compelled to eat it.

The cutting up or harvesting of corn may be so long delayed as to almost wholly ruin the fodder, whereby another leak is occasioned.

Large quantities of refuse material that would add much to the fertility of a farm, instead of being accumulated and utilized, are allowed to go to waste and serve no good purpose. Here is another leak that has an important influence on success.

Again, good fences are a necessity upon every farm, both for the protection of crops and to save time in hunting for strayed animals.

Any cause that takes the farmer and his employes from necessary labor, affects the general result upon the principle that "time is money," and time spent in search of estrays is so much labor or time for labor lost from legitimate farm work; it causes a leak. Now, if any farmers have any leaks of the kind designated, let them commence repairs at once, and a year's experience under the new order of things will be of inestimable value in encouraging to better things.

WILLIAM H. YEOMANS.

Forest Planting of Waste Places.

In New England and the older-settled portions of the Middle States is much land, in scattered tracts, so worn by cropping as to be worthless for tillage. The competition of Western products has put an end to the "skinning" process; it no longer pays to "run over" large fields for small yields. High manuring, the growth of large crops on small areas, the supplying of local markets, and the production of special crops is now the style of farming that pays in New Englan . But what can be done with the waste lands, which are not only valueless for cultivation, but a source of expense (since they are liable to tax), and a deformity to the agricultural landscape as well? Obviously, they should be given up to forest trees. This will, to some extent, offset the wholesale, careless and often wanton destruction of our Northern forests; it will be a wise provision against future necessities of timber; it will have marked influence to save our failing springs and streams; by interposing obstacles it will in some degree shelter our houses, barns and fields against the sweep of the biting winds of winter; it will add to rural attractions all the year round.

And from the one standpoint of pecuniary return, I believe there is no other use to which these lands can be so profitably devoted. They are, in present shape, of little or no value, and the cost of planting is comparatively small. Through the action of growing trees—by their shade; by the falling of their leaves and limbs, and by the bringing up of new matter from below through their roots—the surface soil is gradually improved and in time is restored to fertility. In some instances abandoned land will gradually come into a growth of young trees through natural influences. But in these cases the growth is uneven and irregular. Generally the land will lie many years, producing stunted growths of weeds, briers and worthless bushes, but with no indications of forest trees. The only effective way is to go at the work systematically; prepare the land and then plant it either with seeds or seedlings. Happily the cost is not great, and the process, especially with some kinds, can be made quite rapid. As to varieties, some are adapted to different kinds and conditions of soil.

For the very poorest of light, sandy land there is no tree that will grow so readily and produce so much of value in the same number of years as the white birch. This has popularly a low reputation, from the fact that it is commonly seen growing on impoverished land, but in reality it has many good qualities. The wood, when cut, split and put under cover as soon as slightly seasoned, makes the best of fuel; and the timber, being very light and tough in the grain, is useful for many articles requiring lightness and strength—as oxyokes, bowls, wooden shovels, etc. All the spools of the Willimantic Linen Thread Company are made of this wood, and for this purpose hundreds of cords are used each year. The white birch can be made to grow readily upon the most barren, sandy knoll, where no kind of grass or weed would survive; I have now a thrifty plantation on just such a site. The trees have been set about twelve years; at the ground they are three to four inches through, and in a few years more can be profitably cut over for fuel. The manner of setting these trees was as follows: The land was ploughed in the ordinary way; while the ploughing was going on a man or boy followed in the furrow with a bundle of small birches, averaging a foot in length, which had been pulled by the roots; these he pressed into the soil with his foot upon the soft side of the furrow, at a distance of four or six feet apart (the exact distance not being material). The next round of the plough would, of course, cover up the roots, leaving the tops standing a little above the surface.

In this way the trees were set nearly as fast as a team would plough, and when the tree plants were got ready beforehand an acre might easily be put in in a day by two hands. Scarcely any of these trees failed to grow. The trees for transplanting are obtained from seed, self-sown, and springing up on worn-out, sandy land, alongside of woods or near an old birch hedge; in such places they are often found growing thick as wheat in a field. I have such a plantation from self-sown seed, where it would seem there must be hundreds of thousands to the acre. Growing so thickly on light land they pull as easily as cabbage plants, although the roots, which run near the surface, are quite extensive in proportion to top. This young growth extends only so far as the wind blows the seed, usually confined to a strip not more than two or three rods wide, and beyond this line not a birch can be found. Such growths are very common in many parts of New England. It is said that land may be stocked by cutting, at the proper time of year, old birch tops filled with seeds, and scattering them upon the ground desired to be seeded. But I have never known of much success in this way; in fact, it appears that the white birch matures seed that is fruitful only in certain favorable seasons.

The wood from a plantation set in the manner described will do to cut in about fifteen years. After the first cutting the stumps will each send up a great many shoots, making the plantation much thicker than before; these new shoots grow very rapidly, and run up tall and straight. The shade and moisture caused by the growing birches induce the "catch" and germination of other species of forest trees, and by the time the first crop of birches is ready to cut over, there will be found upon the ground quite a sprinkling of white and yellow pine, soft maple, and perhaps some oak and chestnut. The white birch has been noticed at considerable length, because it can so easily and cheaply be made to grow, and is specially adapted to the poorest and lightest kinds of soil, upon which scarcely any other kind of tree could be made to flourish. Upon lands a little moister, and in a slightly better condition, the white pine, our most valuable timber tree, can be readily made to grow. The cones, bearing the seed, should be obtained in the fall of the year, from old mature trees; taken to a shed or loft, and spread until thoroughly dried; they are then to be taken to a barn floor and thrashed or pounded, to loosen the seed. The land intended for the purpose, having been previously ploughed, the seed is to be scattered broadcast and thoroughly harrowed in. The Society of Shakers, at Enfield, Conn., have now several acres of thrifty young white pines upon land thus prepared and planted.

The chestnut, another valuable timber tree, can be readily grown upon light soil if not too badly worn. The nuts for seed should be gathered as soon as possible after they drop from the tree, as they should not be allowed to get dry before planting. They can be put into the ground immediately, or, what seems a better way, they can be placed at once in a barrel or box, mingled with two or three times their bulk of rather moist earth; the barrel should then be put in a cool, dry cellar and kept till spring. The ground should be ploughed if possible the fall before. About May 1 it should be harrowed smooth and fine; then marked off into straight drills four feet apart. The marker is made of a piece of 3x4 scantling 8½ feet long, into which three cultivator teeth may be inserted; a couple of straight poles are nailed on for thills, and it is then ready for the horse. The nuts at this time will be found slightly sprouted. As they are taken from the barrel they should be run through a coal screen to free them from the dirt; then taken in a small basket and dropped, one in a place, about a foot apart, in the drills made by the marker. They may be covered with a hoe two inches deep, or with a very light one-horse plough. If the seed is good they will come up quite evenly in three or four weeks. The young plants should be cultivated and kept clear of weeds and grass the first year. If desired beans or some other low crop may be grown between the rows the first season; the third or fourth year the trees are to be thinned out and transplanted.

As to the after-growth and profit, the Hon. Lemuel Stoughton, East Windsor, Conn., says: "My chestnuts, planted in 1844—thirty-nine years ago—have an average diameter of 12 inches at 4 feet from the ground, and the largest 16 inches. Suppose an acre stocked with these trees, one to the square rod=160. Now $1 50 would be a fair valuation per tree at the present time, and we have 160x180=$240 for the acre. The growth per year in money value has been near $6 17, or a little less than four cents per tree, each year of their lives, on the average of the thirty-nine years. But from this time on a greater increase may be expected. My belt of white pines, transplanted twenty-six years ago, having an average height at that time of three feet or less, now measure (the larger ones) ten inches in diameter, four or five feet from the ground, and have a height, probably, of forty feet or more. Hickory and black-walnut I have raised to produce nuts at about twenty years from the planting of the seed—not exact as to time, but near to it." The land upon which Mr. Stoughton's chestnuts were planted was a poor, worn soil, not worth, probably, at the time, over $15 per acre. The annual rate of increase for the crop of trees upon this land, according to the very reasonable estimate made, was near $6 17 from the time the trees were planted. This would give an annual income of nearly 40 per cent. upon the investment. If this statement is correct, and there seems to be no mistake about it, there can be no better business in agriculture than the establishment of plantations of forest trees upon our waste lands.—[Tribune.

Feed Rations.

Science and experience unite in teaching that a certain proportion of albuminous food, or food containing nitrogen, is essential to the proper nutrition of animals. Economy, however, requires that the albuminoids should bear the lowest proportion consistent with perfect nutrition. If the carbo-hydrates—starch, fat and fibre—are in excess of the proper proportion, the excess is practically wasted; it is passed undigested. If the albuminoid are in excess, the sugarless is converted into carbo-hydrates, and there is no less in digestibility; but as albuminous food is much the most expensive, an excess of albuminoids makes the cost that much greater than necessary. The proportion of albuminoids to carbo-hydrates in all the leading food substances has been determined by analysis and careful feeding tests with reasonable accuracy; the proper proportion, also, for animals of different kinds, is known. If economy, therefore, were a matter of no consideration, it would be a simple matter to figure out a ration which would afford perfect nutrition for each class of animals. But, practically, economy is the all-important consideration. The problem presented to the feeder, therefore, is to form a perfect ration with the materials at his command, or at the least possible cost. This is not so simple a matter.

Corn is probably the standard food in this State for all classes of farm stock, except sheep, and in connection with fodder, or stover as they call it in the East, is doubtless the cheapest source of the necessary carbo-hydrates. But corn alone, or in connection with the fodder, is too poor in albuminoids to form a perfect ration for any class of stock, especially milch cows, which require a high albuminoid ration. A ton of corn-meal, according to careful feeding tests, contains of digestible substance, 164 pounds nitrogenous matter, 87 pounds fat, and 1247 pounds soluble carbo-hydrates; or, assuming that all the nitrogenous matter is albuminoids, as one pound of fat is equivalent to 2.44 pounds carbo-hydrates, we may say that a ton of corn-meal contains 164 pounds albuminoids and 1459 pounds carbo-hydrates. This gives a proportion of 1 albuminoid to nearly 9 of carbo-hydrates. As milch cows require a proportion of about 1.5, reckoning all the nitrogenous matter as albuminoids, corn-meal alone is obviously too poor in nitrogenous matter to form a perfect ration. Its quality in this respect is not improved by the addition of the fodder. According to analysis—I have no table giving its digestible constituents—corn fodder contains in one ton 60 pounds nitrogenous matter, 22 pounds fat, 780 pounds soluble carbo-hydrates, and 800 pounds crude fibre. Assuming that half the crude fibre is digested and all of the other substances—an assumption that is doubtless much beyond the fact—we find, by the process adopted above, that the albuminoid ratio is something like 1.20.

The addition of the fodder, therefore, does not improve the albuminoid ratio of the grain itself; on the other hand, it makes the ration still poorer in this respect. The other common rough feed in this State—wheat straw—is also very low in its albuminoid ratio. A ration composed of corn and fodder, therefore, in connection with a run at the straw stack, is not a proper food for milch cows. It is extravagant, from the fact that its great excess of carbo-hydrates is practically wasted; and it is injurious, from the fact that the cows are compelled to over-eat in order to obtain a sufficient supply of albuminoids.

But corn and corn fodder, together with a run at a straw stack, is undoubtedly the most practical and the most economical basis in this State for a proper ration for milch cows. The only question is, How can we most readily and economically improve its albuminoid ratio? In the East they devote much time to discussing the relative merits of early and late cut hay, clover, millet, etc.; and the addition of any of these in place of a part of the corn fodder, especially the clover or millet, would greatly improve the ration. But on the grain farms of southern Ohio hay of any sort, whether early or late cut, is seldom fed to cows; and with the great abundance of straw and corn fodder usually made in connection with the grain crops it is not economy to feed it. The ration, I think, can best be brought up to the proper albuminoid ratio by the addition of some more concentrated food.

Of these concentrated foods, rich in albuminoids, and easily accessible and convenient to handle, the best for the purpose probably are wheat bran and linseed-cake meal. The albuminoid ratio of wheat bran is 1:4.18, and of oil cake meal 1:2.3. Besides its high albuminoid ratio, the oil-cake meal has the additional advantage that a large proportion of its carbo-hydrates is in the form of fat, which enters directly into the milk production.

My object in this article is not to determine accurately the number of pounds of each article which should be consumed to form a perfect ration. Practically such accuracy would be useless, as not one farmer in 100, perhaps not one in 1000, weighs the rough food his stock consumes. Usually it is abundant, and they are given all they will eat. It will be sufficient for my purpose to regard only the grain ration; but, as the straw and fodder consumed are very low in albuminoid ratio, the grain ration should be somewhat richer than if fed alone, or fed in connection with good hay. Say for milch cows about 1:4. One part by weight of corn-meal, two of bran and two of oil-cake will have an albuminoid ratio of about 1:4.5. If cotton-seed cake can be obtained it is still richer in albuminoids than linseed-cake, having a ratio of only 1:1.5. But it can only be fed, I think, in limited quantities. I have no personal experience with it.

For fattening animals the albuminoid ratio need not be so high as for milch cows. For cattle, 1.10; for sheep, 1.9; for pigs, 1.7, has been estimated as sufficient. For practical purposes, then, it will be sufficiently accurate to say, that the farmer who winters his cows on straw and corn fodder should feed in connection with it a grain ration having an albuminoid ratio of not less than 1.5, or say one pound of oilcake and two of bran to one of corn-meal.—[Ohio Farmer.

French Dairy Notes.

Dairy husbandry in France is making rapid progress. It suits, as a matter of course, in point of milk, near large towns and industrial centres; in point of butter and cheese, in districts where population is sparse, and grazing lands superior to cereals or root crops. To have good dairy cattle an appropriate breed must be selected; and even the breed can be subdivided into varieties especially adapted for the production of milk and butter respectively. For example, the Ayrshires and Suffolk Duns do not produce the rich cream and aromatic butter of the Alderneys, but they yield more milk—a capital quality for a city dairyman.

The points for a good milker are not those which will captivate the grazier; the latter wants symmetry and roundness. As a rule, good milch cows are not at all "beauties;" they are bony, angular, scraggy almost. In France, the Ayrshires are more admired than patronized, and even when crossed with Durhams, the Flemish, Normandy and Bretagne cattle are preferred; also in high favor rank Dutch cows, and the Holstein Breitenburg breed. The Jerseys are limited to amateurs. Columella, eighteen centuries ago, described indications of a good milker, and which hold good to this day: The animal should be tall and long, belly well developed, forehead large, eyes black and well cut, horns well made and uniform, ears covered with hair. To these others would add: Head alert, eyes sharp, ears long, skin fine and supple, udder large, teats voluminous, milk vein bulky and readily perceptible, tail long and well covered with hair, head shining, but covered with short hair.

To make milk cows must have much blood; to have much blood they must have good digestive powers—hence a good appetite. But there cannot be good nutrition without good lungs, and the latter, to work well, must be large; hence the chest should be voluminous. I have remarked that a good milker is rarely well shaped; the legs are awkwardly asunder in order to accommodate the udder. However, after yielding milk well, and in due time becoming dry, they fatten readily. Some persons attach importance to the color of the coat, the darker being in favor as better for butter purposes. One main point to study, the milk veins; these will be larger the older the animal grows, but if they are voluminous and "knotty," such are excellent indications.

In the famous butter districts of France the aim is to have a dairy not luxurious, but clean and sweet. Many prefer having the dairy underground in a cellar, as in Normandy and Flanders; this secures more uniformity of temperature. In Denmark the dairies are as lofty as twenty feet. The dairy, like a wine cellar, ought to be exempt from shaking, the passage of carts, etc., and, above all, away from the neighborhood of bad smells. In the milk districts of the Jura, Switzerland, North Flanders, Holland and Holstein, cleanliness, shade and tranquility characterize dairy sites.

Milk commences to be secreted by the cow towards the final period of gestation. It is a perfect food, containing as it does all the elements of nutrition. The Hebrews, like the Romans, preferred the milk of the goat to that of the cow and sheep; they also liked camel's milk, and, when sour, prepared an intoxicating beverage from it, as do the Arabs of the present day. The milk of carnivorous animals is acid, that of the herbivorous, alkaline. Hueze says: "A cow well fed will give, during 280 days, an average of seven quarts of milk." Schwerz asserts Dutch cows yield 2780 quarts of milk a year. Paris consumes daily 400,000 quarts of milk, representing 120,000 francs in value; and there are 7,000,000 cows in France whose average yield is two and one-half quarts per day. Cows yield most milk after their third calving, and when between 4½ and 5 years old, and ceasing when 11 or 12. According to Weckberlin, two cwts. of hay will produce forty-five quarts of milk if consumed by a good breed.

In the East milk forms a substantial diet not only for children, but for all ages and classes. It is the emblem of abundance; in the Hebrew it signifies fatness; hence, "a land flowing with milk and honey." To "suck the milk of an enemy's land," is to reduce it to sterility. The Easterns boil their meat in milk, and a common dish is a kid "seethed in its mother's milk." Leben is a curd prepared from slowly boiling the milk, and then coagulating it with acid: it keeps well in this state in skin bottles, so it is invaluable for travellers. Leben is often the sole article of diet for the poor, and the rich eat it with salad and meat.

Exposed to the air, milk absorbs oxygen and carbonic acid. We do not know why it coagulates so rapidly; some attribute it to ferment, Liebig to oxidation of the caseine, and Beachamp to animalcule. The latter cause gains ground. Boussingault alleges that the milk of goats differs from that of cows more in its principles than in its proportions. Sheep's milk is rich in butter and albumen; mare's in sugar of milk, and but little cream; hence its marked alcoholic fermentation, and why the Tartars converted it into a heady drink. Schubler states that in 1000 parts of milk there are twenty-four of butter, 110 of fresh cheese, fifty of serum, seventy-seven of sugar and the remainder of water. In condensed milk, so much in repute on board ships, the object is to evaporate one-fifth of this water; then add two and a half ounces of sugar to each quart of the reduced liquid, place in a tin box, reheat at a higher temperature, and hermetically close. In employing this preparation it is necessary to add one-fifth of water.

M. Houles states that this spring he piled about thirty cartloads of freshly-cut green rye under an open-sided shed; on the mass he placed planks and stones, representing a weight of twenty-four cwts. per square yard; he left the sides uncovered, merely trimming them with a scythe. From being four yards high the mass became reduced to one yard; the fermentation proceeded regularly. On opening the mass, M. Houles expected to find it totally decomposed; only a depth or border of eight inches presented that appearance, while at the surface the loss was the ordinary layer of two inches spoiled. The interior of the mass was "beautifully preserved, and the stock prefer it to excellent hay." Next spring he will "stack" a large quantity, and thus dispense with the "trenches." A dry base and shelter from rain, with a pressure of one and one-half tons of plank and stones per square yard ought to be means within the reach of all. It can be tried conveniently with grass versus conversion into hay.—[Pacific Rural Press.

Western Beef and Eastern Farming.

Farming in the Eastern States is regulated by the West. The Eastern farmer may as well open his eyes to this fact first as last. The old methods we practiced before transportation was cheapened as it is now, and the condensed forms of shipment were thought of, can no longer be followed with advantage. Raising grain to sell is a business of dubious profit; we cannot successfully compete with the West in this branch of farming. The truth is, the avenues of success in competing with the great West are limited, and those which do afford any opening must needs be managed with skill and painstaking to make them pay. The average Western farmer actually wastes as much as the average Eastern farmer would require to keep his stock. The Western man may afford it, but the other could not. Farming cannot be made to pay in the older States unless everything is turned to the best account. No wonder farmers are anxious to know how they shall dispose of their surplus fodder, which is an important item, and turn it into money. The refrigerator cars have done away with the last hope of stall-feeding cattle for beef. The field must be substituted for the stall; grass for grain.

No Eastern man can compete with either the plains or the prairies, and the refrigerator cars to carry the beef thus made to his doors. In all of the villages and towns of the East along the railroads, refrigerator warehouses receive this beef, which has been slaughtered and forwarded on the wholesale plan, and even the country butchers go for it, and it is actually sold quite extensively to the farmers. The surplus fodder may be turned to good account in wintering steers, but the summer must make the beef, to be sold when the circumstances are against the great Western competitors. If not sold in the summer it must be ready for market before the cold weather causes depletion or meal is required to keep up the condition. In our section we could not expect to turn off steers to the best advantage until after the third winter by the economical methods of feeding to use up the coarse fodder. This third winter is an ugly item in the transaction, and is just so much against us. The Western farmer is finding out that it pays him to so breed his cattle and so feed them that they may be marketed before they are three years old.

The improvements in breeding, and the more liberal feeding now largely practiced, enable these beef-producers to do this successfully. It certainly will pay us of the East to have good growthy cattle for beef, and to feed them well. We are situated to make up for lack of food by better shelter than the Western farmer usually gives his stock. This would apply to the cattle on the plains with more force, where they generally got "spring poor." It would seem that the farm—although its fields are fenced and taxed—with these odds and nearly one-half of the value received for the steer expended for its transportation, ought to be a successful competitor. The Western steer fills more mouths than that of the consumer. In the first place the buyer and shipper must have his living; of course he takes the chances on this, and it may be more or less according as he buys and the market gives him margin. Then comes the railroad company for its slice, and the stock-yard for its "stake." The commission man who sells gets his percentage, and the wholesale butcher his profit, as well as the retailer.

If the steers are reshipped to the Eastern market to compete with us, there must be another freight bill, another stock-yard fee at each unloading station and at the terminus, where another seller's commission and feed bills must be paid. Surely this is a load. There is also the percentage of loss by accident in transit and shrinkage, which must be added to the cost. It is true the consumer pays for all this, but it makes the price, and at this price cannot the Eastern farmer compete? The greatest trouble is the want of methods. As I have said, the old-fashioned way of feeding meal in the stall is too costly to cope with the Western steer with all its burdens, because of the cheapness of its cost before it begins its journey to the Eastern market. There is no more interesting or important problem for the farmers in the older States than to find out how to utilize the fodder and at the same time enrich the farm.

Raising Calves without Milk.

The inquiry leads me to give the results of my experience in regard to rearing calves without milk. I have sold a good many spare calves when a few days old to neighbors at times, and have always advised them to use my method when they have been short of milk, and some of these calves are now good family cows, which never tasted milk from the time they left my stables, when they were a week or ten days old. The method is as follows: "A few pounds of whole rye flour (that is, unbolted) is tied in a cloth tightly and boiled for ten hours. It is then put away in the cloth to cool. When it is cool it is grated into flour on a large grater made of a piece of sheet iron punched full of holes with the end of a file. Put this coarse powder away for use.

One quart of corn meal, one pint of oat meal and one pint of rye bran are put into a kettle with two gallons of water, and boiled slowly for two hours. This is put away in the kettle. To prepare a meal the kettle with the thin mush is put on the range and gradually warmed. Half a pint of the flour powder is put into a pot with a quart of water and boiled until it is dissolved; a quart of the warmed mush, not stirred up is added to it and cold water added to make four quarts; a teaspoonful of sugar and one of salt are stirred in, and the drink is given to the calf milk warm. For a very young calf two quarts is enough for a meal, and it is better to give three meals a day than to overfeed it twice. The thorough cooking prevents scouring.

One cannot give raw meal to a young calf safely, as the young stomach cannot digest it. Nor would I give oil meal of any kind, as it is too rich to be digested. I have now a fine calf, 2 months old, reared in this way, with about one-third skimmed milk added, milk being scarce, because some is sold. The calf has never been scoured, or had any set-back, and by actual training looks for its little mess of cut hay and meal—a small handful—when the cows are fed, and it eats it well and healthfully, and thrives and grows well, too. I have one cow now with her second calf, which was raised in this way, and she is as good as any I have, and not a cow which I now have, and I reared all of them, has ever tasted any milk but skimmed after she was 5 days old. One of them made 675 pounds of butter from May, 1882, to December, 1883, and between two calves, now being about to calve again. This cow now has a heifer calf a week old, and is giving eighteen quarts of milk daily, and is not yet up to her best. So that not only can good cows be reared without cream, but even without milk.—[Henry Stewart in Country Gentlemen.

Education for the People.

This, when studied at all, is one of the hardest problems before the American people. To show what I am thinking of just now, I will insert the following extracts clipped from an article in the Prairie Farmer: "Were I a teacher in a country school where the most of the pupils are the sons and daughters of farmers, I would call a meeting of the heads of the families at the school house some evening, and see if they would give me support in organizing a class to be instructed in the elementary principles of farming. If not allowed to use the usual school hours for this elementary course, I would see if an evening class could not be arranged for in which parents might assume the role of teachers. I don't know how this would work, but in my mind it looks all right." Now, brother farmers, laborers and taxpayers of this land, just step back, or forward, or somewhere away from the present, far enough to sever the cobwebs of custom and prejudice, and look the matter over and over see what this means; can you comprehend it? A vast agricultural people, struggling to win not only their own bread but that of the dwellers in cities as well, having to contend with and needing to understand the almost endless varieties of soil and fertilizers, weathers and seasons, crops and markets, methods and improvements, timidly questioning whether they would be allowed to teach something connected with their occupation in the common school, which their money supports, and to which they are obliged by law to send their children. Our present system starts out on the supposition that all are going to be educated for some profession. They must have so much (and altogether too much) mathematics. Then come grammar, parsing, history, physiology, Latin, etc., etc., and the higher a boy goes in the educational institutions of the day the farther he gets from anything that relates to agriculture. Now, to come to the point abruptly, is it not time the whole thing was turned over, time that the laboring people, the taxpayers, the sovereigns of this land, took the matter in their hands and taught their children something that they need to know to be useful members of society? And supposing it extended to cities and covered the whole thing, would it be any more ridiculous for children in cities to learn the elements of some useful calling than for farmers' sons and daughters to learn the tables of Troy and apothecaries' weight, cloth measure in foreign countries, extraction of roots and a host of needless things, any of which, if they ever wanted it, they could learn ten times while they would be learning to raise a bed of onions? It is time this matter was talked plainly in the grange and through the press, and that farmers, instead of being contented with the name, assumed the position of leaders.—[Mirror and Farmer.

Methods of Raising Potatoes.

I often see in your paper that there is a great variety of opinion in regard to raising potatoes, size of seed and cultivation. Some advocate large, while others prefer small potatoes for seed, thinking that they are as good or better than large ones. They may raise good crops from small seed for one or two years, but if they do not obtain their seed from those that do take pains to select large seed, I think they will soon find their potatoes run out and become small. Why do we select a nice, well-shaped ear of corn for seed, not always the largest, but the best developed? Also, why screen wheat, oats, etc., to secure the plumpest and best seed to plant or sow? (At least we should if we do not.) We thereby raise a better quality of grain, and more of it, from year to year. I do not wish any one to infer that we should take the largest potatoes for seed, but those of a good marketable size, of nice shape, free from warts, scab or any other deformity. Having my seed selected, I cut them to single eyes, or, at most, two, and plant them in drills three feet apart and fifteen inches apart in the drills, having the drills deep, in well-ploughed and thoroughly-pulverized soil. I prefer a piece that had corn on the previous year, well manured and ploughed in for that crop, and kept under good cultivation during the season. On potatoes I use some good commercial fertilizer that has plenty of potash in it, and use it liberally—400 or 500 pounds to the acre. This will help keep the wire-worms away, and will increase the yield of potatoes in size and quality, I am quite certain. I harrow as soon as I see the first plants breaking the ground with a smoothing harrow, to kill all the weeds that may have started. I cultivate often, whether there are any weeds or not, until they are in blossom. I have never failed to raise a good crop of nice smooth potatoes, and there was always a ready market for them. I often get considerably more than market price for them, which is quite an advantage in a season of plenty like this. My crop averaged about 500 bushels per acre this season.

Influence of the Weather on Crops.

The weather exerts great influence upon crops, and each crop requires more or less a different climatic condition for its perfect development. An excess of water in the soil prevents such development, and causes a loss of nitrates and other soluble plant foods in the drainage water. Deeply-rooted crops, such as wheat, red clover and mangels, are best fitted to resist drought, while shallow-rooted crops, as grass and turnips, are those which suffer most from it. In a damp, cold summer the harvest is always late, growth having taken place slowly in the deficiency of light and heat; the season is often too short for maturing the crops. A knowledge of the climate best suited to each crop is of great service to the cultivator in selecting crops for any special location. Thus wheat requires hot and dry weather for its ripening period, while oats will ripen in a damp atmosphere. Mangels require heat and will resist drought, while turnips succeed best in a cool, moist air. The character of the winter has more or less influence on that of the following season. The soil loses nitrates to a considerable extent by drainage during a wet, open winter. Root development is prevented by excessive moisture. The wheat crop is usually in a backward condition after a wet winter. In adverse seasons a good, rich soil is the farmer's only hope. With plenty of plant food to induce a great amount of vitality in the plants, crops will often succeed in producing advantageous yields when those on poor soils fail to mature. Poor soils yield their best results in seasons of slow but continuous growth, when the crop has a long time in which to collect the scanty supply of food they contain. In hot seasons, with an early harvest, only soils well supplied with plant food can produce full crops.

Some Things That Science Doesn't Teach.

In scalding hogs does science teach that if the water is a little too hot the hair will not slip, that it is set, and must be shaved off with a knife? Every farmer should know these things and they must be taught. Do any of the graduates of any agricultural school know that in building a stack of hay or grain it must be kept fullest in the middle and trod down? Do they know how to tie up and stack wheat? Do they know how to whet a scythe? Do they know that if the blade is whetted up and down it will not cut off the straw clean, as it should be whetted from the heel to the point? Do they know how to lengthen or shorten the plough gear so that the plough will not cut too deep nor too shallow? Do they know how to put up a rail fence so that some of the rails will not project at the corners to snag the stock? Do they know how to put up a stone fence so it will stand, and that the long rocks ought to be put crosswise the fence to act as braces, and if this is done it will not tumble by settling? Do they know how to square a house? Science teaches them that the hypothenuse of a right-angled triangle is equal to the square of two sides, but they have never seen the application of this rule; thus they build a house pointing every way but the right way. Experience teaches us that with a ten-foot pole a house can be squared in five minutes. We measure eight feet on one sill and then make a notch. If the ten-foot pole just reaches from notch to notch that corner is square; the other three corners treated in the same way will be square, and also the house.

Facts in Peach Culture.

P. M. Augur, who has planted at different times during the past forty years nine peach orchards, gave a very interesting experience with peaches at the late annual meeting of the Connecticut State Board of Agriculture. Each one of those nine orchards was cultivated according to the method considered best at the time. One orchard was killed by the cold of winter, because of the soft, sappy growth of wood, due to over-manuring. Another orchard, comprising seedlings only, produced well, but the fruit was not equal in quality to the best budded varieties. An orchard located on poor, thin land, yielded an abundance of fair fruit. Among conclusions deduced from a long experience and expressed by Mr. Augur was the one that budded peach trees are quite as hardy as seedlings, and no more subject to the yellows; also, that both early and late frosts are escaped by planting at high altitudes. Mr. Augur now plants healthy trees of choice varieties upon high land; cultivates moderately in the early part of the season, avoiding a forced late growth, which is liable to be destroyed by the cold of winter. Cutting back to strong wood is done regularly by him during the winter after the leaves have fallen. He plants late varieties upon southern slopes to ensure the full maturity of the fruit. Potash was the fertilizer advised. Borers should be kept dug out and the trees washed with lime water and soap to prevent the deposit of eggs. The plan of setting a peach orchard with alternate rows of pear trees was commended, as the peach trees will have passed their days of usefulness in time to give extended space to the pear trees when these require it.

Rust in Orange Groves.

In a special report on soils and products of Florida, Mr. William Saunders has a word to say regarding the fruit that is covered with rust. He says: "The cause of this is still somewhat a matter of dispute; a prevalent opinion attributes it to a microscopic insect which is found on the diseased fruits; others again maintain that it is an incipient fungus growth, like the mildew on the gooseberry, and the pear fungus, which causes the cracking of some varieties of that fruit. I observed that in some cases only one side of the tree seemed to be seriously affected, and the fruits in the interior of the tree, where they were well protected, seemed to be entirely exempt. Again, trees were noticed with rusted fruits on all sides, which seemed equally affected.

In tracing the origin of maladies of this kind, close observation is necessary to distinguish consequences from causes. It is now well known that the lowest forms of animal life, such as fungi and bacteria, may generally be found present in diseased organisms. It is also maintained by many physiologists that the presence of these parasites denotes decomposition or disease, which may have their origin from other causes, and that therefore they are consequent upon, and not the cause of disease. Dusting the trees with lime and land plaster, showering the leaves with whale-oil soap and decoctions of tobacco, are remedies said to be found useful; these are well known to be effectual in destroying fungoid growths. There is need for further observation before finally deciding on the origin of this malady.

Poisoned Provisions.

It is not uncommon of late to find in home and foreign papers reports of serious poisoning from canned provisions put up in tin, as most of them now are. This fact naturally suggests the idea that with increase of competition in the growing trade has come the use of tin adulterated to a greater degree. In general, however, the poison is not present in sufficient proportion to prove speedily fatal; and it remains to be known what would be the action of repeated small doses long continued. But sometimes there is a case of immediate mortality from this cause. One of the latest was that of Julia Nunn of Pimlico, Eng., 17 years old, who died soon after eating canned salmon. A post-mortem showed the internal organs in a state of "extreme inflammation." The London Agricultural Gazette gives further particulars: "The pot from which the salmon had been taken was denuded of its tin. The tin was dissolved from the iron, and, nitrate of tin having been formed, the salmon had become decomposed. The jury returned a verdict that the deceased was poisoned by tinned salmon." Conditions would improve if canners would use the best tin instead of the poorest—until glass becomes sufficiently cheap in this country to serve as a substitute.

Things Worth Knowing.

The owner who makes a selection for planting an apple orchard should keep in view the intended uses for the crop. If chiefly for market, the Baldwin, in the North and East, will stand at the head of the list for great productiveness and handsome appearance, and for fair prices. Some will variously add Rhode Island Greening, Roxbury Russet, Tompkins King and others, and Ben Davis and Willow Twig at the West. For home supply, fruit of fine quality will be needed for the table, from midsummer till the following June; and among the most agreeable sorts in succession will be Summer Rose, Early Joe, Primate, Dyer, Fameuse, Hubbardston Nonesuch, Red Canada, Swaar and Northern Spy. The list of valuable culinary sorts will include Lowell, Twenty Ounce, Gravenstein, Rhode Island Greening, Fall Pippin, and Esoppus Spitzenburg. The list of these different sorts may be variously extended, according to the preferences of different persons and the adaptation of soils and localities.

Sixty pounds of beets or mangels will keep a cow one day, and a ton will, therefore, keep a cow one month. Thirty tons of mangels or beets is by no means an uncommon crop with good farmers. That is equivalent to the feed of five cows for six months—from November to May—from the produce of one acre; or at the rate of five cows the year round for two acres. Perhaps it would be hard to find a more useful crop. Besides, these roots are entirely free from objection in any way, and produce the best of milk.

Livermore Herald, December 27: The Alvarado Beet Sugar Company, it is reported, intends to establish a dairy in connection with its sugar factory. The commencement is to be made with 150 cows. The company now work 10,000 tons of beets, giving sufficient refuse to feed 500 cows all the year round.

Custom-house statistic show that over $1,000,000 worth of eggs were imported into this country for the year ending June last.

The Champaign (Ill.) Sugar Works report 151,000 pounds of raw sugar as the crop of 1883.

Professor Sanborn of the Missouri Agricultural College claims to have proven by a long practice that corn fodder has a practical feeding value of two-thirds to three-quarters that of good hay.

Sheep have great aversion to moist, wet land, as they have to muddy barn-yards. Hence it will always pay to have a dry surface for them to run on. They will hardly ever voluntarily go through the water, and should never be made to do, unless in a case of emergency; but in any event they should always have dry places to run in for the night.

Imported German cabbages are very popular in New York this winter. They are superior in size and flavor to the native cabbages, with heads more solid also. The foreign cabbages command double the price of American specimens.

The action of the Massachusetts and National Patrons of Husbandry in excommunicating, for "irregularities," Grange No. 38 of Boston, which the Homestead says was used "as a means for the personal aggrandizement of Dr. Loring and his coadjutors," has been generally commended by the farm journals of New England. "It proved that the order can no longer be subordinated to the selfish purposes of any man or party."

The Farm and Garden reminds those who are allowing themselves to be carried away by enthusiasm on the poultry subject, that because a man keeps twelve hens a year and makes a profit of $12, it by no means follows that he can keep 1200 hens at the same time and clear $1200. With large flocks comes, almost invariably, the crowding of them into close quarters and the consequent development of disease.

A well-recommended food for laying hens is to use one part ground oats, one part corn meal and one part fine bran. Mix with boiling water, first adding a little salt and a tablespoonful of copperas water, for every ten hens. Give this in the morning, and at night feed whole corn and wheat. Parching the grains once or twice a week is also very beneficial. Give a little meat and ground bone, as well as pounded oyster shells at least three times a week.

If fowls are too fat for laying cease feeding corn and use ground oats, moistened with warm water, for a morning meal. Feed nothing at noon, and and at night give good sound wheat.

Never let poultry forage and shift for themselves for at least ten days before killing, for they are apt to range in barn yards and pick up filthy food, which permeates all through the bird, and its flesh frequently becomes so tainted that it is unfit to be eaten.

Enough bedding should be provided for sheep kept in warm basements, so that when lying down their wool will not come in contact with masses of their own excrement. Not only does it soil the wool, but the heat which is thus engendered is hurtful. The pile of manure should be cleaned out several times during the winter.

With plenty of good corn fodder and a little grain, cattle will need very little hay, and none but the second crop of clover is suitable for cows giving milk. Cows will usually eat the hay that is taken from horse mangers, and apparently relish it about as well as if given to them fresh. They will even pick out bits of hay that have been in the horse manure heap.

From our own experience, says a writer, we are convinced that more stock can be kept on a small farm by raising corn and carrots than by raising any other crops.

It is claimed that a free use of parsnips as feed for milch cows has contributed largely to making the superior milk and butter qualities of the Channel Island cows.

An Orange county (N. Y.) dairyman has tested the matter and found that his milk, sold at 3½ cents per quart, was as good as butter—allowing twelve quarts of milk to a pound of butter—at twenty-eight cents per pound.

If pigs are kept from the wet and allowed plenty of straw they will see to it that no serious injury results from cold. The one thing that a hog will not endure is a wet bed in cold weather. Yet this is a mistake often made by farmers, though not so commonly now as was the case formerly.

The British Medical Journal says cows drink filthy water for its saline taste, and proposes an antidote in the shape of rock salt kept always in reach of the cows, and we suppose it would be a good idea to have the salt near the place where good water is to be had, so as to attract the cow to that location.

Taking the country over, neglect and starvation is the fate of most orchards. As a result the trees lack vigor, and so are unable to resist attacks of blight, yellows, black-knot and other diseases.

The grafting of apples and pears, Charles Downing says, may be carried on successfully through the winter whenever the weather is not freezing and the wax can be worked properly.

The green scum that is left on low lands after rains is a sign that humid acid has formed, which is a deadly poison to plants. Such soils are always rich in vegetable matter, and when drained are the most productive on the farm.

A German paper states that the penetration of roots in drain tile, which sometimes occasions much trouble, may be prevented by covering the joints in the vicinity of trees and shrubs and red clover, with earth in which a little coal tar has been distributed.

J. S. Woodward of Lockport, N. Y., has grown this year a crop of six-rowed barley, estimated at eighty bushels per acre. This was on four acres, which he heavily manured for mangels last year. The effect of the manure and high culture the previous season shows that all the virtue does not go out in a root crop. The barley on adjoining ground after corn and potatoes yields sixty bushels per acre. It is all very plump, and will weigh up to the standard of forty-eight pounds per bushel.

After many years experimenting with the cabbage and its pest this is the result: To each gallon of water add one heaped teaspoonful of crushed saltpetre dissolved in hot water. Apply with the hand to the centre of the plant and as often as necessary—three applications are usually sufficient, a week or ten days apart. This destroys the green worms, soon causes the butterfly to cease depositing eggs, and helps the cabbages to head.—[L. Grover, Franklin county, Vt.

No Chinese farmer ever sows a seed of grain before it has been soaked in liquid manure diluted with water, and has begun to germinate; and experience has taught him that this operation not only tends to promote the growth and development of the plant, but also to protect the seed from the insects hidden in the ground.

Cotton-seed meal ought all to be consumed in our own country, instead of exporting so great a proportion of it, as it is not only a highly-nourishing but a health-keeping food. The oil in it lubricates the bowels of animals, and keeps them in good condition, while the other elements of which it is composed assist in building up the muscles rapidly, but it should be fed sparingly, and mixed with either bran, middlings, oats or other meal. From a pint to two quarts per day is a fair ratio with other food, according to the size of the animal.

A Maine paper says that one bushel of sugar beets mixed with nine bushels of apples makes a cider richer and of a superior flavor to that made from apples alone, and that sugar-beet juice can be converted into vinegar in the same manner as cider.

Boroglyceride is the name given by Professor Barff of England to a new and powerful antiseptic or disinfectant, which he has lately devised. It is said to consist of a solution of boracic acid in glycerine, in the proportion of sixty-two parts of the acid to ninety-two parts of glycerine. The solution is effected by the prolonged action of heat on the ingredients, the temperature being maintained a little short of the boiling point of the glycerine. The solution is said to have powerful antiseptic properties. For ordinary purposes of disinfection, one part of the boroglyceride in forty parts of water is recommended.

The Connecticut Farmer says that Mr. Erastus Bailey of Little Compton, R. I., has kept 1000 to to 1200 hens during the past five years, and realized from each an annual profit of $1 15. The poultry interest in that town is largely developed, and flocks of 300 to 400 (including turkeys, geese and ducks) are common.

Nessler has repeated part of his well-known experiments on the effect of various salts upon the quality of tobacco. The present experiments consisted of a comparison of the chloride, sulphate and nitrate of potassium in this respect, as well as of a few other fertilizers. The results were essentially the same as those previously reached. The sulphate and nitrate improved the burning qualities, while the chloride, except in one case, caused them to deteriorate. The chloride also increased the percentage of chlorine in the ash. The author recommends applying phosphatic and potassic fertilizers to the preceding crop, and only nitrogenous fertilizers directly to the tobacco.

Six quarts of milk a day is 2190 a year. Eleven quarts is 4015 a year. A good cow will give the latter quantity, and only good cows should be kept.

Whitewash the stables thoroughly with lime where there is vermin, and all of the scratching places. Generally the poorest animals are affected first; not always.

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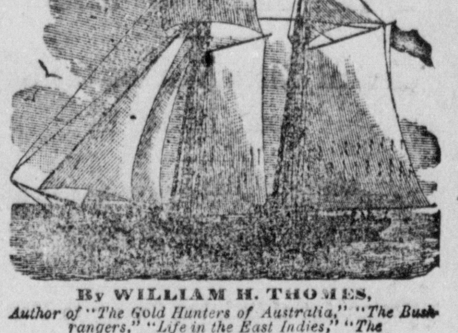

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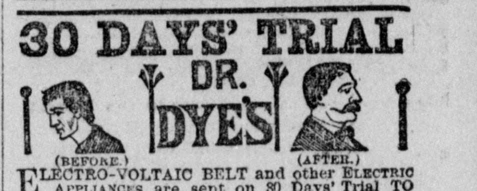

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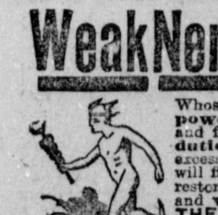

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MANHOOD To those suffering from the effects of youthful errors, seminal weakness, early decay, lost manhood, etc., I will send you particulars of a simple and certain means of self cure, free of charge. Send your address to F. C. FOWLER, MOODUS, CONN.

THE WOMAN'S HOUR.

Are Women Wanted in Newspaper Offices?

A Variety of Opinions Given by Newspaper Men in Answer to the Question.

The Evolution of the Afternoon Tea—Fashion News.

"I think women ought to be on daily papers, but it is perfectly useless to deny that they are not wanted there, either from prejudice, or their own incapacity or foolishness."

This is what Miss Kate Field said the other day in answer to some questions about women in journalism. There is nothing like getting at the facts in the case in coming to a conclusion about any such matter as this, and so the Woman's Hour decided to find out what the masculine occupants of newspaper offices think and how they feel on the question of the entrance of women therein. So we armed ourselves with Miss Field's positive little sentence, sought out a number of newspaper men, men who have had long experience in journalism, who have had practical acquaintance with that debatable being, woman in journalism, and having worked both with her and above her, may be supposed to know more about the subject than anybody else. They were asked, "Is what Miss Field says true, and if it is true, which one of the reasons she gives is the cause of it?" And what a collection of opinions was the result! A veritable bric-a-brac collection of "unrelated fragments" which taken separately might be made to prove almost every one of any number of opposing statements.

"I think Miss Field is right in her statement," said the first one addressed, with

A Bland and Beaming Smile

wreathing his good-natured countenance, as if he would like to take away any sting there might be in what he was about to say, "and she hits the truth squarely on the head when she says it is on account of their own foolishness. Now, I think a woman on the staff is a good thing for a paper, but it is no use to deny that they are not very welcome there, and as a general thing are very liable to arouse the dislike of their associates. It all comes from that confounded idea most women have that they are sent into the world as great moral reformatories. Whenever they go into business of any kind where they are associated with a large number of men they proceed to set the moral machinery of their make-up agoing, and to prove the moral superiority of their sex by trying to "elevate the tone of the office." They make remarks about this thing, they complain about that, they make insinuations about something else, they are constantly afraid that they are not going to receive, or are convinced they have not received, the respect and consideration to which their sex is entitled. If they are of the tearful kind they cry, and if not they get angry. And the result is they lose the influence that a quiet, unobtrusive, accept-things-as-they-come woman would exercise without knowing it, they get themselves disliked and they create a prejudice in newspaper offices against the admission of women. They are not all like this, but so many of them do make themselves disagreeable that newspaper men get an idea that a woman coming into the office will mean two parts of moral influence to one part newspaper work. And that's the reason women are not wanted by their associates about a newspaper office. If they went quietly along, did their work the best they could and let the morals of the office alone they would have more influence than they could possibly get in any other way and would make themselves welcome too."

Sadly confessing that there was a great deal of frank truth-telling in this lengthy speech the Woman's Hour went on to the next one.

"No," said he, "I don't think women are unwelcome in newspaper offices at all. I think there is almost invariably a kindly feeling toward them, and that their lack of success whenever they do fail to succeed is due to their unwillingness to climb.

They Want to Jump.

They are not willing to take the long, severe course of training that a man must undergo. They want from the very beginning to do important work, and they get dissatisfied and discontented if they are not allowed to, and discouraged if they are allowed to make the trial, and fail, as they are sure to do. No, there is no prejudice against women in newspaper work. That which is against them more than anything else is their unwillingness to go through with routine work and so get the training and experience necessary for success."

"I think it is largely prejudice," said a third, "that prevents women from entering the journalistic field in larger numbers and meeting with greater success. It is an unreasonable prejudice that will gradually be put aside, but, at present, it undoubtedly does exist."

Said still another, a man of great good judgment, not liable to form sudden and inflexible opinions: "There is plenty of work on daily papers for women to do, and every daily paper ought to have a woman on its staff, a regular occupant of its office. Not only for the new element she brings to its columns, but also for her influence in the office." Here he was informed of what newspaperman No. 1 had said. "That depends entirely on the woman. She can, and I have known of such instances, make herself disliked and unwelcome about an office. But if she has common sense and tact and takes the least pains to be pleasant and likable she will be as welcome in the office as she is in the parlor, and will exert as much influence."

And now came still another opinion: "Yes, there may be some little prejudice against them, but not enough to interfere with their success, or to prevent their having trial. I do not think that there are as many proportionally, among women, who try to do newspaper work who are fitted for it, either by nature or training, as there are among men. Therefore there are more failures among them. And they have not usually the success that men have, because they do not like to plod. They will work assiduously at what they have in hand all day or all night, but the continual plod of routine work they do not like, and will not go through with if they can get rid of it. But as to their not being wanted in newspaper offices, either by the management or their associates, if they are capable and sensible, it is not true."

"Women in newspaper offices," said a city editor who looks upon life and the things of life from the standpoint of "a good local exclusive," and he made his statement with emphasis, "women in newspaper offices are a nuisance. That is, the average woman is a nuisance. There are exceptions, but they are very apt to be disagreeable about the office. They do not often succeed very well as reporters because they don't like to be sent here, there and everywhere. They expect too much consideration for their sex. If they want to do a man's work they ought to be willing to take it as it comes, without making any complaint about it. But there is a good field in newspaper work in which women have not done much, if anything, but in which an enterprising woman would be a great success. I mean, going about the streets on 'sight work,' keeping her eyes open for odd items and facts, scenes in stores and on the streets, curious kinds of business, and all that sort of thing. A great deal of this is matter that a man can't get. A woman can go into a hundred places where he can't, and get a great deal of interesting matter that he would never think of, and couldn't get if he did think of it."

THE EVOLUTION OF THE AFTERNOON TEA.

How it Originated, How it Grew, and How it Came to be no More.

As an institution afternoon tea is no more. No lady now puts on her card, "Tea at 4 o'clock," when she expects her dear 500 friends. The absurdity has become too flagrant, says Harper's, and although the tea is there, the means of assembling one's guests is by the simple date; thus a card engraved, "Mrs. Dudley Seymour, 17 Chestnut street, Tuesdays, February 12 and 19, from 4 to 7." It is not to be believed that the Chinese herb has gone out of fashion, or that the light under the kettle burns less brightly than it did. It is only that a sense of the ridiculous occasionally strikes the average society person, and a card bearing this simple announcement, which has grown to be really an invitation to a large party, with a table spread with every luxury of the season—sometimes to a dancing party—has become tiresome and absurd.

The 5-o'clock tea began in England, and is continued there, as a needed refreshment after a day's hunting, driving, or out-of-door exercise, before dressing for dinner—that very late dinner of English fashion. It is believed that the Princess of Wales set the fashion by receiving in her boudoir at some country house in a very becoming "tea gown," which every lady knows to be the most luxurious change from the tight riding-habit or carriage dress. Her friends came in, by her gracious invitation, to her sanctum, between 5 and 7, to take a cup of tea with her. The London belles were glad to have an excuse for a new entertainment, and gradually it grew to be a fashion, at which people talked so fast and so loud as to suggest the noise of a drum—a kettledrum, the most rattling of all drums. Then it was remembered that an old-fashioned entertainment was called a drum, and the tea suggested kettle, and the name fitted the circumstances. In England, where economy was so much the fashion, it was finally pronounced an excellent excuse for the suppression of expense, and it came over to New York during a calamitous period, just after "Black Friday." Ladies were glad to assemble their friends at an hour convenient for their servants, and with an entertainment inexpensive to their husbands. So a kettledrum became the most fashionable of entertainments. People after a while forgot its origin, and gave a splendid ball by daylight, with every luxury of the season, and called it tea at 5 o'clock, or else paid off all their social obligations by one sweeping "tea," which cost them nothing but the lighting of the gas and the hiring of an additional waiter. They became so popular that they defeated themselves, and ladies had to encompass five, six, sometimes nine teas of an afternoon, and the whole of a cold Saturday—the favorite day for teas—was spent in a carriage trying to accomplish the impossible.

The only "afternoon tea" that should prevail in a large city like New York is that given by one or two ladies who are usually "at home" at 5 o'clock every afternoon. If there is a well known house where the hostess has the firmness and the hospitality to be always seated in front of her blazing urn at that hour, she is sure of a crowd of gentlemen visitors, who come from down town glad of a cup of tea and a chat and rest between work and dinner. The sight of a pretty girl making tea is dear to the masculine heart. Many of our young lawyers, brokers and gay men of the hunt like a cup of hot tea at 5 o'clock. The mistake was in the perversion of the idea, the making it the occasion for the official presentation of a daughter, or the excuse for other and more elaborate entertainments. So, although many a house is opened this winter at the same convenient hour, and with perhaps only the bouillon and tea-kettle and bit of cake or sandwich (for really no one wants more refreshment than this before dinner and after luncheon), the name of these afternoon entertainments has been by mutual consent dropped, and we no longer see the word "kettledrum" or "afternoon tea" on a card, but simply the date and the hour.

The ladies of the house began these entertainments, modestly receiving in plain but pretty dresses; their guests were asked to come in walking dress. But soon the other side of the story began to tell. A lady going in velvet and furs into a heated room, where gas added its discomfort to the subterranean fires of a furnace, drank her hot cup of tea, and came out to take a dreadful cold. Her walking dress was manifestly a dress inappropriate to a kettledrum. Then the hostess and the guests both became more dressy, the afternoon tea lost its primitive character and became a gay reception. Then, again, the nerves! The doctors condemn even the afternoon cup of tea, and declare that it is the foundation of much of the nervous prostration, the sleeplessness and the nameless misery of our over-excited and careworn oxygen-driven people. We are overworked, no doubt. We are an overcivilized set, particularly in the large cities, and every one must decide for himself or hers [sic] if "tea" is not an insidious enemy. That the introduction of an informal and healthful and inexpensive way of entertaining is a grand desideratum, no one can fail to observe and allow. But with the growth of an idea the tea blossomed into a supper, and the little knot into a crowd, and of course the name became a misnomer.

GLIMPSES OF FASHION.

Some Facts About Lace—Costumes for Southern Tours.

Point lace, duchesse gaze or rosepoint, says a fashion writer, are made into collarettes, the newest shapes being pointed in front, the point on some reaching only to the darts, while others extend to the waist line or below it. The vest shape is still popular, and the fancy for full plastrons has restored the straight scarf to favor. This last is the safest purchase, since it is never likely to go quite out of fashion, and may be arranged in a variety of ways. Valenciennes is again in favor, and is especially fashionable for young ladies. Honiton is coming back into fashion, and is very effective over velvet or when gathered softly about the neck. Pompadour lace makes a good show for its cost, and is much used for trimming silks for evening, as well as the fine woollens which are so popular this season. Spanish lace has lost caste in white and cream tints, but holds its own in black, although Chantilly and thread laces are formidable rivals in fashionable favor. Colored Spanish guipure laces, with the designs outlined in chenille, are a new fancy, shown for trimming Watteau silks and printed satins, but are scarcely as popular as white lace for the same purpose.

Dresses for the South.

Louisine silk, a soft twilled fabric of light quality, is made up by modistes, says an exchange, for ladies who will spend the late winter and early spring months in Florida or other Southern States. Small checks of contrasting colors are chosen for these, such as brown with blue, gold with deep red, and dark green with either red or golden brown. For travelling dresses the rough-finished bison cloths are preferred to the more weighty lady's cloth. Golden brown, navy blue, maroon and gray are the colors chosen for these wool dresses that will be worn after the return to this climate late in the spring. The yoke of velvet with a belted box-pleated basque is a favorite style for these dresses, though the plain postilion, with many parallel rows of mohair braid down the fronts, is more generally used. The skirt is laid in very large box pleats that are first tucked or braided near the foot, while others have a wide velvet band below a group of tucks. When the smoother lady's cloth is used, a simple and stylish design is to make an over-dress that is merely a basque in front, while the back has long draperies that represent a polonaise, with many straight lines that are made graceful by the fullness given by a lining of crinoline.

For more dressy costumes the soft Bengaline and other repped silks are made up in bronze, brown, black, or dark red shades, and combined with velvet that has small figures—blocks, lozenges or leaves—brocaded on a repped ground. Some dresses of a still lighter weight are needed in the wardrobe of those who remain in the South until summer has come in the North, and for this purpose the nuns' veiling and silk surahs are used, and many ladies provide themselves with a grenadine dress that is either black or of very dark color. Heavy fur cloaks are usually left at home, and tailor-made jackets of cloth, with short dressy visites of brocade, are used instead. An ulster of English homespun is perhaps the most generally useful wrap for the journey by land and the short excursions in the South. A felt bonnet, and one of English straw for spring, and a round hat of soft felt or light straw, are most needed in the way of millinery. For other garments, such as underclothing, hosiery and shoes, those that are worn here in the demi-seasons of spring and autumn are most comfortable in southern latitudes, but as some cold and damp days form part of every season even in the land of flowers, changes of thicker underclothing should always be provided. A warm cashmere wrapper and a cool one of light cambric are also good additions to this outfit. A white or colored chuddah shawl and one of the lace-like all-wool shawls are useful for cool days in the house.

FASHION'S FANCIES.

The Latest Styles in Dress and Ornaments—What to Wear and How to Wear It.

What more pretty for a young married lady, who, perhaps, attends to her own slight household duties, than a bright-tinted cashmere, with tucked skirts, a full-waist shirred to a deep yoke, with puffs over the shoulders, rows of narrow velvet ribbon in contrast on the sleeves, several loops and ends at throat of the same, and belt of velvet, with handsome clasp or buckle? Over this, when tea-getting is at hand, should be worn the large white or brown Holland apron that covers the whole dress.

Wrappers, than which there is no more comfortable dress, are now consigned by Dame Fashion to the oblivion of one's room, and even jackets are no longer considered tidy enough, except for breakfast; still, one really independent can wear a handsome jacket at home any time in the day.

A stylish basque to remodel a silk, satin or cashmere, where the waist is spoiled in any way, is to make a sleeveless, pointed waist of plush or velvet, adding loops of the velvet in the draping of the skirt.

A lovely evening costume may be made new, or remodelled from a stylish silk. The skirt trimmed to one's fancy, full drapery or a vertugadin puff being preferable, with the centaur or Swiss belt, which is now so fashionable. The waist and sleeves may be of the silk, or of pale-tinted silk mull. With this the Swiss belt, pointed top and bottom, both front and back. A plastron, with the standing collar, and closing with six tiny buttons (the mull or silk closing over it to form a point). A Zouave jacket that fits over the shoulders and rounds away under the arms—these all of plain or brocaded velvet. The belt has two knife-plaited ruffles of the mull or silk falling from it over the top of skirt.

A stylish costume of black ottoman silk for a lady in slight mourning, if made with plain basque and sleeves, may be made more dressy for dinner or evening by using beaded net in the form of a scarf or fichu, laying it in narrow folds across the back of neck, widening as a fichu, the ends parted at the waist-line, and carried to the back of the basque in drapery. Rows of jet beads should be worn around the neck, ending on the waist in long loops and tassels.

The fur capes with bouffant shoulders are considered the most stylish wrap a young lady can wear. To make complete, the skirt should be trimmed with a broad band of the same fur, cloth or velvet—the fabric most suitable for costume.

There is a great reduction in the price of these capes. The bands of fur are always procurable. Ladies who are tired of the trimmings of a suit and wish a change of wraps, purchase the fur and remodel the suit, giving it the appearance of a new suit entire.

The ways of economy in fashion are many, and none invent or make use of them more than ladies of wealth. With them two elegant costumes are combined, where it is impracticable to wear them as separate costumes, and in such combination a bit of artistic taste will make them lose all former identity.

Now that most trimming is placed on the front and sides of skirts, and trams are plain and unlooped, and may be with the basque entirely unlike the rest of the costume, an idea is at once given as to using material and trimming.

An inexpensive evening dress for a lady who cannot change from the warm wool suit of every day to the airy tissues so much in vogue, is to make a plain satin surah over a silesia skirt, trimming the skirt with bands and panels of broche nonpareil velveteen, in ruby upon pink, or pale blue upon ruby, or black and white, or any of the lovely colors now fashionable. Crystal fringe should edge the bands, the basque or pointed waist of the velvet, which will protect the chest better than the satin.

Sleeves are more trimmed than in several seasons, showing a disposition to increase the size, making them something more than skin-tight. Fans at the back, both of lace and silk, are one style; another has a turn-over, slightly-flaring cuff of embroidery or lace, with a bow and short ends of velvet or silk between the two corners that open on the top.

Epaulettes of lace and ribbon are just as popular as in summer, and often ribbon draperies from the skirt are carried to the shoulder, falling from thence in loops and ends.

The hair is surely creeping upward to the top of the cranium, and any one possessing a moderate supply can do without any false. A French twist with the ends coiled each side of it at the top—or, if not quite sufficient hair for this, a short switch of two ounces—all long hair—costing but $6 50, will coil or loop nicely on the top of the head.

And what about the front? There is marked improvement in the style of these, and a reduction in price that will make it possible for all to have something at hand for arranging the front in a pretty style.

As the pompadour is again worn, one style is so arranged that it can be worn pompadour with a bang; or, turned, it makes a prettily-frizzed frontal; $7, in all but extra shades. Others in soft, pretty, fluffy waves, where one has plenty of hair, but wishes to save it, range from $3 to $6. Of hair more anon.

The fancy for the month is very light shades of wool stuff for street wear. Cuir, or leather color, cloud gray, mouse and wood gray, are all favorite tints. A long, undraped redingote, trimmed with light fur, the same fur around the neck, or a cape of it; a capote or turban of the cloth trimmed with the fur.

In contradistinction to this style is that of velvet, black, or the darkest hues of green, purple, brown, red or blue, and the fur may be black or seal, otter, beaver or mink. But little drapery is seen, and this is only acknowledged to be an advantage when worn by a tall, angular figure.

Another fancy of the hour is light tints in cashmere, with vest and other accessories of a dark bright tint of cashmere. Think of it, combining cashmere as a fashion!

The straight lines are more apparent each week in fashiondom, and by spring-tide we hope to chronicle the tidings that all useless draperies are eschewed, and that only soft, trailing, graceful skirts are worn.

Who would have thought that one year ago we would have turned caressingly to trained skirts again? Still we do, and feel glad that once more the slightly-trailing skirt is worn in the parlor, short skirts being reserved for street and dancing. We sincerely hope the fashion will remain a this basis; for it hardly seems possible to ever again look, except with disgust, upon the "street-sweeper" that was so many years in vogue.

With the pretty demi-train, the princesse back, if not full dress, is again a favorite. The train forms from the back, and is seldom draped. The fronts may be a very short basque skirt, or curved to a point in front, while the tablier and sides of a contrasting fabric, or simply trimmed in contrast, finish the costume. The bottoms of skirts are all finished with the balayeuse of crimped muslin and lace. Sometimes a double fulness finishes below the edge of the skirt.

Where the train and corsage are of light satin, the front may be of the same shade of satin, brocaded with velvet of a dark, rich hue. Satin of the darkest shade in velvet, forms a box-plaiting at the foot, and a band of plain velvet trims on the bottom and in bands forming squares, on each of which is a cascade of lace. The same lace trims the square neck, forms a cascade on the front of waist and edges the basque.

In answer to numerous inquiries, we will say the hair is worn high upon the head by more ladies than those wearing the knot low in the back; but much depends upon the style of head and face. Doing the hair in a French twist, as before described, or in three puffs, one above the other, are favorite styles. To do these so they will stay nicely, very small rats seem necessary.

The frontals as now made are very stylish. The pompadour is again worn, and one frontal is so arranged that it can be turned to make the bang upon the forehead, or the pompadour; price, $7 50. Then small pieces, where one has plenty of their own hair, but want something always ready cost from $3 to $7.

These styles were gotten up for the holidays, and we chronicle the reduction in price, while hair and work are of the best, with real pleasure.

Lace caps are this winter a feature in dress. A cape is cut either rounded across the back or pointed, and the same in front; then soft lace is put on rather full, and a very full ruche at the neck. The front is finished shawl-shaped, or carried in a plastron jabot to the bottom of the waist. Ribbon bows may trim the front profusely.

A right pretty costume was recently worn by a young married lady, who seems to wear everything with exquisite taste. The plain princesse was of pale gray silk. A lace cape, in fichu style, was worn, caught at the throat, and the ends looped at the waist with pink (bon silene) roses and a bouquet of same, tied with pink ribbon, in the hand.

ALL ON MONDAY.

The Story of a Man Whose Good and Ill Luck All Befel Him on Monday.

"Do you see that man over there," said a prominent business man as he pointed out a small nervous-looking man who had just entered the Stock Exchange yesterday. "Well, that man has experienced the most remarkable series of singular coincidences. It rivals the thirteen-at-dinner story and the proverbial unlucky Friday, with the exception, however, that his especially lucky and unlucky day happens to be Monday."

"Introduce me to him, and perhaps he will relate it to me," suggested the reporter.

"He wouldn't say a word about it for publication, and in fact he is decidedly averse to speaking of it at all. The recital of it seems to fill him with gloomy forebodings—a feeling that he cannot shake off. One lucky Monday thirty-five years ago he came into this world, and on another lucky Monday fifteen years afterward he married the girl of his choice, who was born on a Monday seventeen summers previously. Two bright boys was the result of this happy union, and each of them were born Monday. So far the coincidence bore a lucky aspect, and the singularity of the events was often the topic of conversation among the members of the family. The events took a different turn. One Monday night the father returned home to find his wife suffering from an attack of fever, from which she died on the following Monday. The two promising boys are also dead, and both passed away on Monday. The husband and father left alone is rapidly going down the decline of life, and not a Monday goes over his head but he broods over the strange fatality and of his own end, which he feels sure is fated to fall on Monday."

Tricks in a Tunnel.

[Chicago Tribune.]

A party of four persons were travelling on the Hudson River road one summer. In a seat were a young lady and a young gentleman, who had been very attentive to her. In the seat behind them sat their friends, one of whom was a sportive young lady, fond of practical jokes and rather defiant of public opinion. As the train dashed through a short and very dark tunnel she leaned over and imprinted a resonant kiss on the cheek of the young lady in front of her. A scream followed, and laughter came from the darkness all over the car. As the train ran into daylight the insulted young lady turned on her innocent escort, and with snapping eyes and flaming cheeks said:

"How dare you insult me in this manner?"

"I assure you," he said, stammering in confusion at the strangeness of his position, "that I have done nothing."

"Nothing!" she repeated, and burst into tears.

The passengers now ceased laughing and looked at the unfortunate young fellow indignantly. After further protests, which were not heeded, he went to the smoking car. The sportive young lady wrote a note the next day and explained matters. The young couple were reconciled, married, and the other young lady was not invited to their wedding.

An annoying practical joke was played on a bashful young man who was accompanying a young lady on a journey. While going through a tunnel a friend knocked off the bashful young man's hat, forced his fingers through his hair, kissed the back of his own hand, and then slapped his own face violently. Every one in the car looked in that direction when the light came, and the friend was apparently the most surprised of all. The mussed-up appearance and confusion of the astonished victim convinced the spectators that he had tried to steal a kiss and had been slapped. The young lady understood the situation and blushed painfully. The friends got off at the same station, a rough-and-tumble followed and the practical joker was whipped.

Neuralgia.

A lady in Virginia, after using the Treatment for two weeks, writes:

"I am a great deal stronger than when I commenced its use. * * * One thing I must tell you. *It stopped the neuralgia.* I took cold and feared that I would have it for two or three weeks, as I generally stood the pain for that long before I would take chloral, the only thing that ever stopped it before, and I disliked to take it so much that I would put it off until I *thought I could not live for the agony.* But this time *it only lasted two days.* When I began the Compound Oxygen I *could scarcely sit up an hour;* now I can sit up most of the time."

Our "*Treatise on Compound Oxygen,*" containing a history of the discovery and mode of action of this remarkable curative agent, and a large record of surprising cures in Consumption, Catarrh, Neuralgia, Bronchitis, Asthma, etc., and a wide range of chronic diseases, *will be sent free.* Address Drs. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard street, Philadelphia.

Learned Something.

[Wall Street News.]

An old Chemung county farmer who came to the city to spend the holidays with his son returned home posted to the last notch.

"Find out anything about wheat?" asked a neighbor.

"Certainly I did."

"What makes the low price this year?"

"No European demand, of course."

"Don't they want any of our wheat over in Europe?" continued the neighbor.

"Not a single peck."

"Why not?"

"Why not? Because they had a heap of cold pancakes left over from last year, and have got to eat 'em up afore hot weather comes!"

A Veritable Hermit.

[Philadelphia Call.]

Jones—"I am tired of society and have determined to spend this evening in solitude."

Smith—"But you can't do that at home. Your family is a large and very lively one."

Jones—"No, I can't stay at home; that's a fact."

Smith—"And you can't find solitude on the streets, at any of the hotels or other public place. How will you manage?"

Smith—"Oh, that is all fixed. A friend of mine has given me a ticket for Matthew Arnold's lecture."

DON'T MISS IT.—Wells' "Rough on Rats" Almanac. Druggists, or mail for 2c. stamp. Jersey City.

HABITS OF GOOD SOCIETY.

Teas Luncheons—Theatre Parties—What Etiquette Requires of Fashionable Society.

Teas are as English in origin as kettle-drums, but without their formality and stateliness. In England it is the custom for the ladies and gentlemen of a family to assemble and take a cup of tea before dressing for dinner. Imported to America, the afternoon tea is an informal reception, and a very favorite way of entertaining one's friends. Some one says "it is useful as the occasion for a rendezvous, an informal and easy grouping of people who have leisure, and who long for a pleasant chat to round off the sharpness of the morning's experience."

As very numerous rather than very costly hospitalities are becoming more fashionable in New York, teas, which are entertainments very easily prepared, increase in favor.

A lady sends out her visiting card with the name of the day when she will be at home to her friends written under her name, as follows:

Thursdays in February,
Tea at four o'clock.

or,

Four o'clock tea,
Thursday, February 5th.

These invitations require no answers, nor are after-calls made, as teas are little more than grand calling days; those who cannot attend usually consider it necessary to call as soon after the entertainment as convenient, and those who are present leave cards in the hall. Ladies wear handsome walking or carriage costumes, but do not wear full dress.

The refreshments are of a light nature, and all ostentation is avoided. The tea, with its pretty service, is placed on a side table with a pitcher of milk for those who prefer it to tea, and possibly chocolate is provided, with some very thin sandwiches, a basket of sweet biscuits, and another of cake. These refreshments are usually served to the guests by the lady of the house, with a daughter or some friend assisting, if the number of guests is small. Some hostesses invite a few young girls of their acquaintance to serve their guests with refreshments and to entertain them while they are drinking their tea, or the lady of the house receives her guests at the table, where she presides, and the tea is passed on a tray by the maid. The usual hours for the reception are from 4 to 6 o'clock.

Flowers must always be used to decorate every table. For breakfasts and teas little clusters of flowers in small vases are in better taste than the stately centre-piece, which must crown a dinner table.

There is little if anything more to be said of these unceremonious but exceedingly pleasant affairs. A greeting, a cup of tea, a little harmless gossip, a farewell, and that is all. Formal adieux, however, between the hostess and her guests are not necessary nor expected; each one departs without a ceremonious leave-taking. Most English ladies and many Americans always have tea served in the sitting-rooms every day, and any one calling is expected to drink a cup.

But there are high teas or suppers, always the fashion in country towns, where they take the place of the grand city dinner; and within the last year they have been revived in New York, or, rather, during the summer supper parties were frequently given at the different fashionable resorts. During the winter they are given as entertainments after a theatre party. It is on the supper table that all sorts of delicate and dainty dishes appear, with all things tasteful and appetizing.

A large centre-piece of flowers ornaments the table, set with fruits and bon-bons in crystal dishes. Two kinds of wine, in handsome decanters, can be placed on the table. The wine should be either Madeira, or sherry, or Burgundy. Champagne, frappe, or half-frozen, is also provided with punch at the end of the feast.

The same service is proper as at dinner, with the single exception of the soup plates, which are not used, as the bouillon is served in cups with saucers. But there is the same procedure as to the change of forks, knives and plates; after each course the plates are renewed and fresh ones put in their places. The table must not have any appearance of disorder, but, like a dinner table, it must be as fresh and pleasant a sight, with its lights and flowers, at the end as at the beginning of the feast.

Oysters on the shell are followed by bouillon, then chicken croquettes or sweetbreads with green peas—no vegetables are served except green peas—followed by some sort of game, ducks, grouse or woodcock. Salads of any and every kind are always provided with the game; salads for suppers is a rule without exceptions.

With the ices and fruit champagne is passed, and then the coffee, and for the gentlemen a glass of brandy. Broiled oysters and birds are often a part of the feast, and lobster is always a favorite supper delicacy. For the informal supper, served after an opera or theatre party, all the dishes are put on the table at the beginning; but the elaborate supper must have its etiquette, its courses and its removes. The plain supper consists of a few oysters, some cold chicken, a plain salad—one of primroses, it may be, for they are said to make a capital salad—with ice-cream and a glass of champagne, a dish of fruit, and possibly a half-dozen roses in a Venetian glass. The "cut-glass bowls of berries, with cream in silver pitchers of quaint device," belong to the supper-table of a summer day in the country.

Luncheons.

Invitations to luncheon, or *dejeuner a la fourchette*, are generally written by the hostess on her own note paper in a very informal style. If the luncheon, however, is to be one of ceremony, then there is no choice; the invitations must be engraved and sent out a week before the day appointed, and answered immediately, as they are of importance, and require as prompt attention as the imperative dinner invitations, for, should you decline, another may be invited in your place. A lady having accepted an invitation to a luncheon, must not absent herself without some good reason, nor must she neglect the after call, which it necessary to make upon the hostess within the week or upon her first reception day.

Usually, ladies only receive invitations to a luncheon party, although gentlemen are occasionally invited. The following is an appropriate form for the hostess to use:

Mrs. Brown requests the pleasure of your company at luncheon on Tuesday, February 5, to meet (possibly the party is given for a friend)
Miss ——.
1 o'clock. 95 Sussex place.

Walking or carriage costumes are worn, and bonnets may be retained; the gloves are removed at table. When ladies only are invited the hostess leads the way to the dining-room, with the honored guest on her right, followed by the ladies, who seat themselves as they choose. If gentlemen are present they follow the ladies in a body. The table must be decked with flowers, which, however, are not arranged in any particular order, but in charming confusion; favors are occasionally provided for the ladies; for instance, gilded straw gondolas filled with roses, satin bags of bonbons, or fans, each one decorated with the monogram of the person for whom it is intended.

Menus are not necessary, although often used, and the luncheon, like a dinner, may be served a la Russe, and often as many courses are provided as for a dinner.

There are fewer wines, and the bouillon is put in cups. The soup is followed by rissoles of sweetbreads, cutlets with Saratoga potatoes, oyster croquettes, hot rolls, muffins, ices, fruit and coffee.

If the luncheon is very informal a cold one is more often prepared, and is, of course, much more convenient. The menu would include lobster and chicken salad, cold ham and pressed meats, ices, blanc-mange, tea and coffee, and an etc., which means that each housekeeper has her own particular dishes; and it is unnecessary for another to attempt to give any bill of fare, although one might, by way of an addenda, suggest pate de fois gras, sandwiches, cake and punch for a table.

While, usually, ladies only are invited to a luncheon, both ladies and gentlemen may be guests at a breakfast party. The hour for a formal affair of this kind is 10, or a half-hour later. The invitations are sent out five days before the one named for the breakfast, and are informal notes; or, if visiting cards are used, below the name is written:

Breakfast, Tuesday, at 10 o'clock,
March 4.

The invitations require an immediate acknowledgment and a call within ten days after the entertainment. A breakfast is even a more informal meal than a luncheon, and is attended with little or no ceremony; or it is a feast, not elaborate, but falling little short of it, with the courses served as for a dinner, but less in number. The dishes are nearly the same as for a luncheon, only tea and coffee alone are for breakfast, while for a lunch wine is added. The table cannot be too dainty in all its appointments. The best of everything, prepared in the choicest styles, but nothing heavy or excessive in quantity should be prepared. Violets and cream and pomegranates may be numbered with the hors d'œuvres or delicacies. The same courtesy between the hosts and their guests is observed as for a dinner. The host conducts the eldest lady, or, if the host is not present, the lady of the house leads the way to the breakfast room accompanied by a guest, either a lady or a gentleman.

If ladies and gentlemen are equal in number, the hostess arranges for partners at table, and in case there are a number of guests, cards are placed at the proper plates, where every person will find his or her name. If there are only a few gentlemen present, ladies are informed of their lady partners by the hostess, and they seek their assigned positions at table as usual. After returning to the drawing-room, the guests depart within a half hour.

Nowadays, even at breakfast, the tea and coffee are often passed from a side table, although many ladies prefer to preside over their own coffee urns, and enjoy the hospitality which this attention to their friends suggests.

Opera and Theatre Parties.

Theatre parties are generally given by bachelors, who have no homes to which they may invite guests, and who thus cancel some of their obligations to households from which they have received courteous hospitalities. If given by a bachelor, he first secures a matron to chaperon the young ladies of his proposed party. The invitation to each one is given in person, after the permission of the mother that her daughter may be his guest for the evening is obtained. It is proper to mention what married lady will accompany them, and to give the names of the gentlemen of the party. The dinner which precedes the entertainment is usually given in the private parlor of some hotel or restaurant, the chaperon acting as the hostess, and the usual formalities attending a dinner strictly adhered to. All the members of the party call within a few days after upon the hostess. The gentleman who gives the party must pay his respects and return thanks to mother and daughter, within a week, for the honor and pleasure he has received from his lady guests.

The ladies, if not attended by father or brother, are accompanied by a maid, who returns home in the carriage to come back again for her mistress at the hour appointed, which is usually a half-hour after midnight. The dinner hour is usually 6 o'clock. Retiring from the table, the party proceeds to the opera or theatre in carriages furnished by the host, and the gentlemen assigned as dinner escort to a lady accompanies her to the place of entertainment, where boxes have been secured, as the party are in full toilette. A word here about dress for the theatre. If a gentleman invites a lady to attend the opera, he must tell her what place he is to offer; if it is a seat in a box she must at least wear a light opera cloak, even if she does not array herself in full evening dress. For matinees the dress should be as elegant as for morning calls, and a bonnet is always worn, even by those who occupy boxes, but it may be as dressy as one chooses to make it. In the evening ladies are at liberty to wear evening dress, with ornaments in their hair, instead of wearing a bonnet. It is not considered a breach of etiquette for a gentleman to escort ladies to the opera by any one of the public conveyances, provided street toilets are worn.

To return to the party; after the opera the guests are again entertained at the restaurant—a supper having previously been ordered—and then the parties separate, a gentleman accompanying each young lady provided only her maid calls for her with the carriage.

If her father comes the gentleman who has been her attendant during the evening escorts her only to the carriage. He must call on her within three days, or leave his card, if a visit be impossible.

A less elaborate party is the one which includes only an after-supper. In this instance the host calls upon his proposed guests, and if his invitation is accepted—and it must also include a gentleman member of the family or a relative of the young lady—he leaves entrance tickets for the entertainment.

The party meet in the box, where the lady who is chaperon receives them with the host. After the theatre a supper is served to them at some fashionable resort, and the hour for returning home is decided upon by the matron of the evening. This style of opera or theatre party is by far the most popular, and is, of course, less expensive and troublesome to both host and guests.

If these parties are given by a lady in her own home the invitations are issued by informal notes in her own name, and a dinner precedes the public amusement. After the theatre the party is invited to return home with her for an informal supper. Party calls follow in the usual manner.—[Domestic Monthly.

FARMER VERSUS MINER.

Effects of Hydraulic Mining in California—Two Important Interests in Conflict.

The Chinese question has long since been displaced in California by another of a different nature, and of equal, if not greater, importance. It is now asked concerning political candidates: "How does he stand on the debris question?" The whole State is affected by it, and everybody is an interested partisan on one side or the other.

The question is an outgrowth of hydraulic mining, and involves a great many conditions that are little understood by Eastern people. California is devoted principally to mining and agriculture, and these two interests have come into a conflict, the result of which will be apparently the almost total destruction of the weaker party. This state of things arises first from the geography of the country. The Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers flow south and north respectively through the centre of the State, draining immense tracts of the best farming land in the world. In the winter heavy rains occur, and both these great valleys are liable to floods every year. Ordinarily the beds of the rivers are deep enough to carry off the superfluous water, and little or no damage or inconvenience is experienced. But since the introduction of hydraulic mining a great change has been effected in the rivers and lands along their banks. The beds of the rivers have been filling up, the floods consequently growing more extensive, and the lands throughout the valley have been covered with a deposit of soil that is totally unfit for farming purposes, and injures the original land to an extent proportionate to the depth of the new deposit.

Everybody knows a little about hydraulic mining, but no one not resident in California can realize what it really means and amounts to. For years the highest skill of engineers has been called upon for the construction of immense dams far up in some plateau of the mountains, these artificial lakes often measuring many miles in circumference. Then from the lakes a canal is made, conducting the water through miles and miles of flumes and ditches, curving everywhere and going back on its course, but aiming to arrive finally at a point directly above the mine. These canals vary in length from ten to ninety miles, and cost fortunes to build. From the top of the mine the water descends through iron pipes and is discharged with terrific force against the side of the hill, tearing out rocks and gravel and gradually wearing the hill away. The water and gravel are carried away through a series of sluices, and in these the gold nuggets are detained. The debris is received by the rivers, and gradually fills up the beds. Not only does this cause the overflow upon farming lands, but the fine gravel, or "slickens," is carried hundreds of miles, and in time would change the geography even of the sea-coast. For San Francisco bay, over 200 miles from the mines, has perceptibly filled up with slickens during the last few years, and the Sacramento and other rivers usually navigable for a great distance have become to a great extent unnavigable. Yet when in the winter season the valley is covered with water, large steamboats might sail for a hundred miles in any direction over arable lands of the highest value. Many towns and cities have been more than threatened with deluge, and vast sums of money have been expended in dams and levees for protection.

The farmers began long ago to protest and take action against these evils. The Legislature invested the miners with special rights in the use of the land they occupied and developed. But as one of the developments seemed to be the spreading of pulverized lava, clay and gravel all over the great valley, the farmers went to court with their protests. As a rule the courts upheld the farmers, and injunction after injunction was served on the superintendents of the mines. All this amounted to was the appointment of a new superintendent on the day after the injunction was served and the mining work went steadily on. Loopholes seem to have been left in many judicial decisions by which the miners might escape. It became the one important consideration in the election of the judiciary, and associations were formed of farmers for prosecution and of miners for the defence of rights claimed by both sides.

A test case has been finally made in the suit against the North Bloomfield Mining Company. This company is one of the most extensive in the State, the cost of the construction of canals, engines, and all the outfit for working the mine being over $12,000,000. Judge Sawyer recently issued a perpetual injunction against them, and the case now goes to the National Supreme Court. Meantime the California people are jubilant or depressed according as they side with the miners or farmers. The present decision permits the company to petition for a release of the injunction, provided that at any time they shall find some way to dispose of the slickens without spreading them all over the country. Measures are being taken to provide such a method for hydraulic mining, altogether too profitable and extensive a business to be entirely abandoned.

It costs about three cents per cubic yard to work gravel beds by the hydraulic process; therefore any dirt that pays more than three cents a yard can be worked profitably. Over 53,000,000 cubic yards of earth are annually worked and dumped into the rivers in the Sacramento valley alone, and the damage already done to farming lands is estimated all the way from $3,000,000 to $15,000,000, and much of this damage it is too late to remedy in any way.

An Experiment that Proved a Failure.

A very low-sided, wide two-runner, attached to a small ambling old horse, was coming down Washington street yesterday at a rapid rate. The driver stood on the sled, bracing and tilting in a way that showed him to be unfamiliar with the business. Lying beside him was a piece of 3x4 joist, about eight feet in length. He looked at it anxiously as if he wished he could lie down, too. His position was apparently one he did not crave. When he arrived at Kneeland street the horse was stopped and the teamster got off. Taking up the timber he inserted one end of it through a hole in the top of the sled between two of the forward crossbars, so it rested like a lever with the rear end elevated about three feet. Placing himself astride this spring pole he chirruped to his horse and went on again in a happier frame of mind. His face bore a look of serene triumph, such as Newton's probably wore when he sat in his orchard and worked out the law of the universe from seeing an apple drop. Across car tracks and over bare crossings the sled kept on, every little jolt sliding the end of the improvised seat nearer to the pavement. At last, when nearly opposite the Adams House, the stick touched bottom and—flop—its hind end flew up, throwing the driver over his horse and dropping him in the snow at the quadruped's head. The nag, evidently thinking that something was going wrong, stopped at once. The spectators shouted; the driver picked up his joist, put it on the sled lengthwise, and, giving his detractors a withering look, completed his journey standing. His experiment had proved a failure.

Eighty Days from Shanghai to New York.

The clipper ship Swordfish, Captain Crocker, sailed from Shanghai, December 12, 1859, passed Java Head December 23, and arrived at New York March 2, 1860, having made the run in eighty days, the quickest passage ever made before or since by a sailing vessel. Included in the eighty days she was five days becalmed on the equator. When the Swordfish left Shanghai the mail steamer, which connected with the overland route from India, was at the entrance of the river waiting for the turn of the tide. Yet the Swordfish beat the mail by over six days, and brought the first report of her own sailing. Captain Crocker, who commanded the Swordfish at the time, is now in this city, wharfinger of Battery wharf, and, though over seventy years of age, is as active on the heel as most men at forty.

AFTER A SEARCH OF YEARS.

A Toronto Mother Recovers Her Long-Lost Boy.

The Lad Found Among Strangers and Speaking a Foreign Tongue.

A Touching Meeting—His Objections to "Too Many Modders."

TORONTO, January 24.—Harry Smith, a six-year-old boy living with his widowed mother in the eastern part of the city, has a history that reads like a romance. His parents lived at Brantford, but being unable to live happily together, separated shortly after he was born. The father, who had been a school teacher, went to Dakota and took up land, and the mother returned with her child to Toronto, her old home. Mrs. Smith supported herself and the litle one by giving lessons in painting and drawing. Letters passed between the husband and wife occasionally, his expressing hope of reconciliation, hers declaring that such a thing was impossible, and that all she desired was to be allowed to work for her child and to keep him with her. One day, when the boy was about two years old, returning from a pupil's house, she was told by her sister, who lived with her, that the boy's father had been there and had taken the boy out, saying he would bring him back in an hour or two. The day wore to a close, and the pair did not return. Some time after the mother received word that the boy had been taken away by his father, and that she need make no effort to get him back, as that effort, if made, would be fruitless. For four years after that she did not again set eyes upon the boy. Meantime she did her best to keep track of him, hoping that some time she would have an opportunity of claiming him again. Her husband's relatives, who lived in Bruce county, and with whom she was on good terms, informed her from time to time that the boy was alive and well. The rush for the Northwest assisted her. Learning of any friend or acquaintance going to the prairie country, she sought him out and asked him to learn what he could about her husband and about little Harry. In this way she ascertained that Mr. Smith remained on his farm in the summer, and in the winter taught school in St. Paul or one of the neighboring towns. After about three years he came East to Ann Arbor, Mich., where he engaged in the study of medicine. While he was yet living in the prairie country she was told that

He Had Given the Boy Away,

but for a long time she did not believe the story. One memorable day, when she had been for a long time without news of the child, who was always in her thoughts, she received word from Bruce that her husband was dead. The letter came at night. Next morning she was off by the first train to his old home. She wanted to see her boy at once, and to her friends' representations that he was lodged where it would not be easy to obtain possession of him, she turned a deaf ear. Evidently thinking that they intended to keep them still longer separated, she would listen to nothing short of a direct statement of her son's whereabouts. "If I have to search the world over, I will find him," she said, passionately. Returning to Toronto she made known her intention of setting out on a search. Those who had the greatest interest in her, and who had the best right to advise her, did their best to dissuade her from such a course. Whither would she go? How would she get money for her travelling expenses? What hope had she of finding her boy? These and a thousand other unanswerable questions were asked, and, knowing them to be unanswerable, she made no attempt to argue the question, but, womanlike, stood by her determination apparently against all reason. She first visited Ann Arbor, and there, to her great surprise, found another woman who considered herself the widow of the student of medicine, her husband. She was a young lady of good connections and perfect respectability. On learning that she had no title to the marriage ring she wore, she and her friends were overcome with grief. Smith, on taking up his residence in Ann Arbor, had represented himself as a single man. From that time up to his death he was respected by those of the people of Ann Arbor with whom he came in contact as a man of thoroughly good character. On Mrs. Smith's arrival the true state of affairs became generally known, and the young wife, overcome with the shame which had come upon her through no fault of her own, moved away from her home, hoping only to be forgotten. The boy was not to be found, of course; nobody in the place knew anything about him. Mrs. Smith left directions that her husband's effects were to be kept for the boy's benefit, when he was found, and returned to Toronto.

Fortune Favored Her,

for a friend going to the Northwest secured her a pass to St. Paul, Minn., and they set off to that city together. Mrs. Smith bore with her letters of introduction from clergymen and others in this city. But on arriving in St. Paul she was taken sick with a low malarial fever, under which she was confined to the house for about five weeks. The expense made serious inroads upon her scanty purse. This, combined with her never ceasing desire to see her son, caused her to resume her task before she was fit to be about. She soon found friends, however, the warm-hearted people of St. Paul sympathizing with her in her distress. A kind clergyman's influence with the mayor put several detectives on the track, and within twenty-four hours from the time of beginning the mother was overjoyed to learn that her child had been found. It appeared from the detective's story, which has since been fully corroborated, that Mr. Smith and the boy were seen together, that the lad called his father "Uncle," and that after representing that the boy's parents were dead, the father had given him for adoption to a French-Canadian couple named Cardinal, then living in St. Paul. Since then and up to the time the lad was found Cardinal had lived in several places near St. Paul, finally settling down as hotel-keeper in Chippewa Falls, Wis. The lad had been brought up to speak French, and when his identity was first discovered, was living at a Roman Catholic seminary under the tuition of French-speaking priests. A visit was at once paid to Chippewa Falls and Cardinal was informed that the mother of the child he had supposed was his for life had come to claim him. The affection of the Cardinals for the little fellow was very strong, and they declared that nothing should take him from them. At first they would listen to no proposition looking to the establishment of the mother's claim, but finally impressed by the quiet determination of the influential men who spoke to them the husband consented to bring the boy up to the hotel so that mother and son might see each other—"for the last time" he added stubbornly. The meeting took place—a meeting so strange, and according to those who witnessed it, so affecting that no words could picture it. Neither mother nor child could recognize the other; the mother had at last her arms about the little form she had so often

Dreamed of Clasping to Her Heart,

the lad, frightened, clinging to his adopted father and crying piteously in a strange tongue to be saved from her embrace, and Cardinal weeping and holding the boy's hand, knowing that already his wife had been made ill by her fear of losing her treasure, and that to lose him would almost kill her. No "situation" on the stage could have been more effectively "worked up" than this scene in real life. Cardinal upbraided the slight, fair haired woman who had endured so much for her boy's sake for having neglected him so long, and on leaving nearly broke her heart by saying that she should never see him again. But she was reassured by her good friends beside her, and the good friends outside, the detectives, shadowed Cardinal when he left the hotel, and saw him leave the boy at the house of a relative in the outskirts of the town. It took some time to convince the affectionate, obstinate French-Canadian that all his efforts were useless, that the boy must be restored to his mother. As a last parting hope he put in a bill for the boy's board, but afterwards cut it down by half, and this, together with the detectives' and other fees were defrayed by contributions from generous people of St. Paul. Finally Felix Cardinal's generosity and kindness of heart overcame his obstinacy, and before the mother left Chippewa Falls with her boy he told her he was glad she had found him, and that he was sure she would take good care of him, but that should she ever find him a burden she was to send him back to the home he was about to leave and there he would receive the best of care. It was not long before Mrs. Smith with her son arrived in Toronto. Harry attends one of the public schools, a sturdy, fair-haired little fellow, fond of play, fonder of books, fondest of all of his mother. He still speaks with a French accent, which makes his exhibitions of precocious cleverness seem all the more striking. It is reported of him shortly after his return to Toronto, when spoken to about his strange adventures, tears came into his eyes, and a look of distress and loneliness settled upon his face. They asked him the cause of his sorrow, and, sobbing, he replied: "I didn't want to have so many modders."

A Little Russian's Bath.

The little mouschik is taught to be very clean—once a week. The Russian creed requires him to bathe every Saturday, and he does so religiously, but does not see much water between times, and sleeps by night in the clothes he wears by day. Even the Russians of better families content themselves with a dry polish instead of a wash. Little Iwan's bath would be a trying thing for an English child. First he is steamed till he is half suffocated in a hole under the stove or in one of the vapor baths constructed in rude manner in all Russian villages. Then he crawls out, and mother half drowns him with the pailfuls of hot water. Then she pours ice-cold water over him, or sends him out to have a roll in the snow, after which little Ivan dresses, with pride, having had all the cleaning he will get for a week.

Delicate and Feeble Ladies.

Those languid, tiresome sensations, causing you to feel scarcely able to be on your feet; that constant drain that is taking from your system all its former elasticity; driving the bloom from your cheeks; that continual strain upon your vital forces, rendering you irritable and fretful, can easily be removed by the use of that marvellous remedy, Hop Bitters. Irregularities and obstructions of your system are relieved at once, while the special causes of periodical pain are permanently removed. None receive so much benefit and none are so profoundly grateful and show such an interest in recommending Hop Bitters as women.

Feels Young Again.

"My mother was afflicted a long time with Neuralgia and a dull, heavy, inactive condition of the whole system; headache, nervous prostration, and was almost helpless. No physicians or medicines did her any good. Three months ago she began to use Hop Bitters with such good effect that she seems and feels young again, although over 70 years old. We think there is no other medicine fit to use in the family."—A lady, in Providence.

BRADFORD, Penn., May 8, 1875.

It has cured me of several diseases, such as nervousness, sickness at the stomach, monthly troubles, etc. I have not seen a sick day in a year, since I took Hop Bitters. All my neighbors use them. MRS. FANNIE GREEN.

$3000 LOST.—"A tour of Europe that cost me $3000 done me less good than one bottle of Hop Bitters; they also cured my wife of fifteen years' nervous weakness, sleeplessness and dyspepsia."
R. M., Auburn, N. Y.

High Authority.

Hop Bitters is not, in any sense, an alcoholic beverage or liquor, and could not be sold for use, except to persons desirous of obtaining a medicinal bitters.
GREEN B. RAUM, U. S. Com. Inter'l Rev.

SO. BLOOMINGVILLE, O., May 1, 1879.

SIRS—I have been suffering ten years and I tried your Hop Bitters, and it done me more good than all the doctors. MISS S. S. BOONE.

Baby Saved!

We are so thankful to say that our nursing baby was permanently cured of a dangerous and protracted constipation and irregularity of the bowels by the use of Hop Bitters by its mother, which at the same time restored her to perfect health and strength.—The Parents, Rochester, N. Y.
FSuMwy1m ja18

THE WEEKLY GLOBE CLUB LIST.

HOW TO SAVE MONEY

	Regular Price.	Price with Weekly.
Arthur's Home Magazine	$2.00	$2.60
American Dairyman (new subs.)	1.50	2.10
Art Interchange Magazine	3.00	3.65
American Poultry Journal	1.25	1.85
Atlantic Monthly	4.00	4.25
American Art Journal	3.00	3.30
American Garden	1.00	1.70
American Naturalist	4.00	4.45
American Agriculturist	1.50	2.10
Art Work Manuels	3.00	3.30
Art Amateur	4.00	4.10
Army & Navy Journal (only new subs.)	6.00	6.15
American Poultry Yard	1.50	2.30
British Quarterly Review	2.50	3.30
Blackwood's Magazine	3.00	3.75
Brainerd's Musical World	1.50	2.05
Beadle's Saturday Journal	3.00	3.05
Burlington Hawkeye	2.00	2.35
Boys of New York	2.50	3.10
Ballou's Magazine	1.50	2.25
Bee-keeper's Magazine	1.00	1.80
Babyland	50	1.35
Boston Pilot	2.65	3.15
Boston Medical Journal	5.00	5.10
Boston Medical and Surgical Journal	5.00	5.05
Christian Leader	2.50	3.15
Century Magazine	4.00	4.55
Cottage Hearth	1.50	2.50
Cottage and Farm	50	1.40
Country Gentleman	2.50	3.05
Cricket on the Hearth, with premium	1.00	1.75
Connecticut Farmer	2.00	2.55
Chicago Advance	3.00	3.70
Christian Herald	1.50	2.05
Courier-Journal (Weekly)	1.50	2.30
Demorest's Magazine, without prem.	2.00	2.55
Donahoe's Magazine	2.00	2.50
Domestic Monthly (with premiums)	1.50	2.05
Detroit Free Press (Weekly)	1.00	2.00
Engineering and Mining Journal	4.00	4.10
Eclectic Magazine	5.00	5.10
Edinburgh Review	2.50	3.30
Floral Cabinet	1.25	1.95
Forney's Progress	2.50	3.10
Frank Leslie's Illustrated (Weekly)	4.00	4.35
" " Chimney Corner (W'y)	4.00	4.35
" " Boys and Girls' W'kly	2.00	2.70
" " Sunday Magazine (M'y)	2.50	3.10
" " Popular Monthly	2.50	3.10
" " Pleasant Hours (M'y)	1.50	2.35
" " Budget of Wit (M'y)	2.00	2.65
Forest and Stream	4.00	4.15
Germantown Telegraph	2.00	2.30
Green's Fruit Recorder	50	1.40
Gardener's Monthly	2.10	2.40
Good Words	2.75	3.10
Godey's Lady's Book	2.00	2.55
Golden Argosy	1.75	2.30
Growing World (for boys and girls)	1.00	1.75
Golden Days (for young people)	3.00	3.30
Household Guest	1.00	1.75
Household Journal	1.00	1.70
Home Circle	2.00	2.20
Harper's Magazine	4.00	4.10
Harper's Weekly	4.00	4.25
Harper's Bazar	4.00	4.25
Harper's Young People	1.50	2.25
Herald of Health (without premiums)	1.00	1.75
Home and Farm	50	1.45
Household	1.00	1.80
Housekeeper	75	1.45
Home Journal	2.00	2.55
Indiana Farmer	2.00	2.55
Independent	3.00	3.55
International Review	5.00	5.10
Iowa Homestead	2.00	2.60
Journal of Microscopy	1.00	1.75
Journal of Chemistry	1.00	1.75
Le Francais (for students in French)	1.50	2.05
Leisure Hours (with premium)	1.50	2.25
Lippincott's Magazine	3.00	3.30
London Lancet	5.00	5.05
London Edinburgh Review	4.00	4.20
London Quarterly Review	4.00	4.25
London Quarterly Review	2.50	3.30
Methodist	2.20	2.75
Magazine American History	5.00	5.10
Mining Record	3.00	3.30
Mother's Magazine	1.50	2.00
North American Review	5.00	5.10
N. Y. Medical Journal	5.00	5.15
N. Y. Fashion Bazar	3.00	3.30
Nursery	1.50	2.20
N. Y. Weekly	3.00	3.60
N. Y. Sportsman	4.00	4.60
Ohio Farmer	2.00	2.05
Puck (the best comic weekly)	5.00	5.00
Portland Transcript (new names)	2.00	2.60
Phrenological Journal (without premiums)	2.00	2.55
Phrenological Journal (with premiums)	2.25	2.80
Princeton Review	2.00	2.85
Prairie Farmer	2.00	2.50
Peterson's Lady's Magazine	2.00	2.55
Popular Science Monthly	5.00	5.10
Produce Exchange Bulletin	3.00	3.10
Philadelphia Medical Times	4.00	4.10
" Practical Farmer	2.00	2.40
Rideout's Magazine	1.00	1.75
Rural New Yorker	2.50	2.80
Saturday Evening Post	2.00	2.55
Scientific American	3.20	3.60
" " (with supplement)	7.00	7.00
Sunday School Times	2.00	2.55
Sunny South	2.50	3.05
St Nicholas	3.00	3.45
Sanitarian	4.00	4.10
Saturday Night (Weekly story)	3.00	3.30
San Francisco Chronicle (Weekly)	2.00	2.55
Spirit of the Times	5.00	5.55
The Republic (Irish-American, Boston)	2.50	3.00
The Critic	2.00	2.65
Turf, Field and Farm	5.00	5.00
The Arm Chair	3.00	3.40
Vick's Floral Magazine	1.25	1.95
Westminster Review	2.50	3.30
Wide Awake	2.50	3.05
Waverley Magazine	5.00	5.00
Watchman	3.00	3.30
Western Stock Journal	1.00	1.85

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TO OUR READERS.

When you answer any of the advertisements in this paper, please do us the favor to mention that you saw the same in THE BOSTON WEEKLY GLOBE.

Boston Weekly Globe.
TUESDAY, JANUARY 29, 1884.

JOAQUIN MILLER'S NEW STORY.

Immediately upon the conclusion of Mr. Hawthorne's story there will be published a new novel, written expressly for THE GLOBE by Joaquin Miller. Now is the time to subscribe. Now is the time to renew. The ladies and children all read THE GLOBE stories. More than one dozen stories will be published before March 5, 1885, to which time every one sending $1 will receive the paper.

LAST YEAR'S CLUB RAISERS.

Will every agent who sent a club last year kindly see each member and secure his subscription and renew the club for this year? Ask all your friends and neighbors to subscribe, and increase the club by the addition of many new names. It is easy to secure subscribers to THE WEEKLY GLOBE, because it shows for itself that it is the best dollar weekly in the United States.

MONEY IN FARMING.

HOW TO GROW CROPS PROFITABLY.

Tuesday, February 26, the first of a series of papers of the greatest importance to farmers will begin. Each of the great crops—wheat, cotton, corn, the grasses, potatoes, rye, barley, buckwheat, etc., will be fully considered in respect of soil and fertilizers. Such information and directions will be given as will enable any intelligent farmer to increase the yield of his crops and make his farm more remunerative.

No farmer can afford to miss reading these articles. Any one of them will be worth much more than the yearly price of THE GLOBE. Subscribe at once, and read every one of the series.

Some people appear very anxious to know why FREDERICK DOUGLASS married a white woman. To one who, having been chased up a tree, views the world from an altitude of unprejudiced indifference, it appears to be nobody's business.

And now ariseth a sea captain who saw a blue sun down the other side of the equator. Any number of green ones have been reported from that same region. It is a proper time for the philosophical individual to remark that "something is going to happen."

The remains of Herr LASKER have been received in Germany with the greatest honor, fitting his great services and his important position and influence. And yet when he visited this country he received less attention than OSCAR WILDE or MRS. LANGTRY.

Friends of the Mexican treaty propose to make every effort to have it ratified when it comes up this week. As it was defeated by only a few votes, and special efforts were not made to ensure its passage, it is probable that it will go through without much difficulty.

A New York judge has discharged two prisoners arrested for gambling because he "can't see that a quiet game of poker is gambling, except technically." Possibly his honor is not blissfully ignorant of the relative values of the fulsome flush and the busted straight.

Sir JOHN LUBBOCK, the distinguished English naturalist, has an idea that if some such system as is followed in teaching deaf mutes were to be tried in the training of animals, it might be possible to teach them to converse with man. He gives an account of some experiments he tried with a dog in which the animal was taught to make known simple wants by means of cards on which different words were printed.

FRED DOUGLASS' marriage shows the queerest imaginable changes in public sentiment within not so very many years. It isn't long since there would have been a howl of horror from North to South because a white woman had married a negro. Now the greatest comment and disturbance made about it come from the colored people themselves, who think that DOUGLASS did wrong to marry a white woman.

Another victim of our irrational school system has been added to the list. Miss SUSIE B. HOPPER graduated from the Paterson High School last year, and she was buried last week in her graduation dress. The reaction from study and the excitement incident to her examination for a teacher's certificate threw her into a brain fever, which proved fatal. This is one result of the attempt to measure the mind of man by percentages and competitive examination. The mindless miseducators of children have much to answer for in these days.

General BUTLER, being no longer in the executive's chair, some of our esteemed contemporaries are giving him credit for doing a wise and humane thing while he was governor. But, if memory serves us, the same esteemed contemporaries looked at the matter differently when Governor BUTLER put State detectives at work collecting evidence of the innocence of ROGER AMERO. It was "an unwarranted use of executive power" when politics demanded that no good should be seen in anything done by BUTLER. How time does soften the asperities of politics!

In giving credit for services rendered to the survivors of the Devil's Bridge horror the people of Gay Head have not always been remembered. Now that the excitement has subsided and the facts are being told, it appears that the Gay Headers were among the most active and indefatigable in the work of rescuing and taking care of the survivors and securing the bodies of those who were drowned. It is the testimony of all who were engaged in the search for missing friends that the aid rendered by the people of Gay Head was prompt, efficient and self-sacrificing. These people should not be forgotten nor their deeds left unrewarded.

No more pathetic story has come from the scene of the wreck than that told by Mr. TIBBETTS of the wife who begged her husband to save himself if he could, as there was no chance for them both, so that he might care for their four children. It was an instance of rare heroism, in which the love of the wife and the mother overcame all love of life, and all mere animal clinging to life, which is stronger usually than the intelligent desire to live. So, in the wild rush of the panic-stricken people, at a time when calm decision is a quality most rare, she weighed the chances and saw that life for her husband meant a happier life for her children than if she were saved. But stern fate had no pity on her devotion and her heroism. The waves swept her off the vessel and swallowed her up, and he, after enduring the agonies of cold and exertion in the rigging, also went down to join her in her ocean grave.

LAPSED LAND GRANTS.

The test vote on the land grant question in the House seems to have committed Congress to a policy of rigid enforcement of all land grant forfeitures. Public opinion long ago decided that the railroads should not be permitted to gobble up vast tracts of land in defiance of law and equity, and it is high time for Congress to take hold of the matter in earnest, and force them to let go their hold on the public domain. They never had any right to the land in the first place, for the good and sufficient reason that Congress never had any right to give away the people's birthright. Perhaps our purblind statesmen may some day get their eyes opened to the truth that no man has a right to levy blackmail on the cultivators of the soil. Meanwhile they can do some good by curbing the avarice of the land grant railroads that want the earth and are fast acquiring it. The New York Tribune is in a state of wild alarm because of the prospect that something may be done in the interest of the people, and says:

"Congress being Democratic, that is to say, pretty much Communistic, it is naturally deluged with bills to take away from railroad companies lands and other property previously granted. When capitalists give reasons for opposing these measures, their presence about the Capitol excites the Communists as the waving of a red flag does a mad bull. When they decline to appear they are said to treat Congress with contempt. And if they venture to observe that they have some rights of which Congress cannot deprive them the suggestion is termed intolerably insolent."

The esteemed Tribune does not even know what "Communism" means, but applies the term indiscriminately to every measure that aims to protect the people from robbery and curtail the power of corporations. That is, perhaps, the Tribune is ignorant of what constitutes communism, but that is taking a lenient view of the case. It is more probable that the outrageous misapplication of the term is intentional, and that the purpose of the Tribune is to cast odium on Democratic principles, and arouse prejudice against the party and its efforts in behalf of the people. According to the Tribune, any one who objects to having his pocket picked by a rich robber is a Communist and a member of the dangerous classes. The Tribune is pleased to admit, because it cannot plausibly deny, that in some cases land grants have lapsed by non-fulfilment of conditions, but follows this admission with the declaration: "But a large proportion of the bills pending have no other aim than to wrest from the holders property of which it is feared the courts would finally declare them the rightful owners."

Yes, it is to be "feared" that the courts will back up the railroads. The United States Supreme Court is so constituted that it examines the rights of corporations with a microscope, and views the wrongs of the people through a reversed telescope of great power. It is to correct some of these judicial aberrations that Congress has taken hold of the land-grant question.

THE PREVALENCE OF THE PHYSICIAN.

He prevails numerously. His prevalence exceeds that of the members of any other profession. He numbered at the time of the last census 85,671, though there were only 64,137 lawyers and 64,689 clergymen. Consider what an amount of pills and powders and villainously-smelling compounds that army of 85,000 doctors means. And the ranks of the army are being increased all the time by the graduates of 126 medical colleges, which, in 1881, sent out 14,500 young gentlemen, as proud of their "M. D.'s" as they were of their moustaches.

Portioning out the population in the communistic method, there are enough to give each physician a circle of 600 patients. The majority of the 85,000 would probably be glad if the distribution of their patients could be carried on in this way. The proportion of doctors to patients is much larger in the cities than it is for the country at large, as professional life always crowds into these centres.

In Boston, for instance, there are 950 physicians, an average of one for every 420 inhabitants. The proportion grows larger going West, for the professions have crowded to the new Western country in larger numbers than there was any need for their services. Indianapolis has one physician for every 259 inhabitants, Kansas City one for 332, and Denver one for 260. Sparsely-settled Colorado, for all its reputation as a health resort, furnishes, along with its wonderful air, physicians in the proportion of one to 340.

These figures do not present a very inviting outlook to the young men who are sniffing from afar the odors of the medicine case, but the profession is not more crowded than other callings.

THE ISSUE IN 1884.

[From the Tuscaloosa Gazette.]

The Democracy cannot stand on free trade principles, because this country is in no condition to accept that theory. But it will reform the present tariff so as to yield the greatest revenue needed, and at the same time in its adjustment will not forget to protect the great industries of the country. But the issue for 1884 is not, will not, and cannot be confined to so narrow a subject as the tariff question.

All minor issues should sink before the great one of the preservation of our form of government, and with it the Constitution and the liberties it gives to all. The profligacy of a corrupt and tyrannical party, which has ruled the country with a rod of iron, will destroy the last hope of the republic unless it is driven from power by the honest exertions of an indignant people.

Let, then, the issue be in 1884, Reform in the Government—not in one respect only, but in every department. Let corruption and fraud and dishonesty be driven from power, and let the people place the government in the hands of those who are not only capable of administering it, but will do so faithfully in the interests of a united country.

GO-AS-YOU-PLEASE EDUCATION.

What a knowledge-thirsty people the Americans are, to be sure! LYDIA BLOOD'S favorite observation very well describes their chronic condition. They all "want to know." The result is an uncounted number of sporadic, irregular, indescribable educational means which can only be characterized as "go-as-you please" methods. They are mainly of late growth, and they multiply with astonishing rapidity. In plan they are all very much alike. They have an organizing, supervising head that maps out a course of study or reading, followed by students all over the country, and keeps watch over their progress through correspondence.

The Chautauqua course of reading and study was one of the earliest of these, and it has had marvellous success. Its students are scattered from ocean to ocean and are numbered by the thousand. The Society to Encourage Studies at Home has been at work for ten years and has its corresponding students diligently following their course of study in cities, towns, villages, farmhouses, among all classes of society. Though its membership is confined to women it has nearly 800 students. The Correspondence University is the latest organization of this kind. It offers an elaborate course of instruction in all collegiate studies, with the different branches, from agriculture to Hebrew, under the superintendence of well-known specialists and university professors. Verily, in these latter days the mountain of knowledge runs up and makes haste to MAHOMET and knocks at his front door.

And now there is announced a "Summer School of Travel" for teachers, who are to resolve themselves into a kind of perambulating normal school, with a regular course of study to be followed by others at home, who cannot go on the journey. These are only a few of the large number of such societies. There are also innumerable reading clubs that study special authors. Altogether, their name is legion.

Of a truth, the American people not only want to know, but they are determined to find out.

A MOVING TALE.

A Southern paper tells some queer tales about the furniture-moving exploits of a fragile girl of 15, and expects people to believe them. This young lady commands tables and chairs to move, and the obedient furniture sets up a war-dance that is dangerous to the astonished spectators. The editor of the veracious Southern paper thus describes one of the antics cut up by the girl: A very large family bed stood with the head back in the corner of the large room. On the foot of the bed the young lady placed her hands lightly, and after a few minutes the heavy object began to move, and, gradually becoming more restless, was soon moving about the room at a speed so rapid that the young lady had to assume a "double quick" to retain position as guide.

Whether the restless shades of the recently deceased are monkeying with the furniture in that house the editor does not pretend to say, but he vouches for the phenomena with all the solemnity of a hardened liar accidentally telling the truth and getting caught. But this sort of thing should not be encouraged. It is bad for the girls. What young man would care to marry a delicate creature possessing the unique accomplishment of being able to set the furniture waltzing around the house in the middle of the night? He would be afraid to offer any objections to a scheme for quartering his wife's mother on the household for the winter lest his wife might "sic" the stove at him or persuade the hat rack to chase him out of the house. It would be hazardous to remonstrate with such a woman about letting the baby eat crackers in bed. She might influence the bureau to knock the remonstrant down and dance on his stomach, just to show him that cracker crumbs in the bed are not the worst evils that can befall a married man. On the whole, this wild, weird, ghostly funny business with the furniture is a poor sort of recommendation for a young girl, and if any girls around here are secretly in league with the spooks that inhabit table-legs, they had better keep dark about it.

PARENTAL GOVERNMENT.

There is an increasing tendency in some people to regard government as a parental institution designed to exercise a watchful care over all individual affairs and prevent men from doing unwise things. Somebody afflicted with this mania has introduced in Congress "a bill to prevent the use of the United States mails to advertise noxious and dangerous medicines, foods and compounds." This bill provides that no advertisement of any preparation used as food, beverage or medicine, or component part thereof, shall be placed in the United States mails until the exact formula and a sample be placed in the patent office.

The object is to prevent people from taking what is not good for them; but what business has government to meddle with such matters? No doubt the people take too much medicine without knowing whether they need it or whether it is the right kind of stuff. It is equally certain that some folks eat too much, sit up too late o' nights, work too hard and otherwise injure their health. It is even suspected that a few people, here and there, don't eat enough to keep them in health, and that some don't work enough to get food to eat. The government might help these latter, perhaps, but not by passing more bills—rather by repealing bills already passed—by withdrawing the protection of its sanction from some things.

But if this patent medicine bill be passed, why should not the government exercise full parental functions and nurse all the babies, prescribe all the paregoric and squills, spank all the children, edit all the cook-books and license the cooks and compel everybody to eat, drink, live and be merry, ail, dose, physic and die according to law? Congressmen with bills should be told that the American people are not yet reduced to the condition of helpless children.

MR. J. WARREN KEIFER'S nephew testifies that there was a tacit understanding between himself and his uncle that he should have the place of one of the stenographers of the House. At about the close of the session the two stenographers made a proposition that they would each give him $100 a month if he would allow them to retain their positions, but he refused, and his uncle told him not to have anything to do with the proposition. Mr. KEIFER has been requested to explain, but he merely equivocates. There is some hope that a motion for his expulsion from the House may be made and adopted; and if such a motion be made, it will be mightily interesting to note how some of the Republican members vote. KEIFER is in a fix, but his party friends are not in the most comfortable position imaginable.

Civilization seems to have skipped some portions of Pennsylvania in its march westward. A farmer created a sensation at Erie last week by asking the Court of Common Pleas to confirm the sale of his child MAGGIE to PETER WILDS of Erie, for the consideration of one dollar. The bill of sale was passed up to the court in good faith, the father believing he could so dispose of his infant. The attention of home missionary societies should be turned to Pennsylvania.

THE REPUBLIC, the leading Irish-American family paper of America, is now in its third year, and is weekly adding new improvements to its columns and new subscribers to its lists. Its Irish news and correspondence are of the fullest character; its editorials crisp and bright; its political articles Democratic and telling; its labor columns full of information for the workingman, of whom it is itself a devoted champion; its literary tone is high, and its religious information the most complete. Sample copies and agents' circulars sent free. Address "THE REPUBLIC," Boston, Mass.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Apropos of men struggling to get rich and ignoring their wives, Jennie June writes: "The best things in life cannot be neglected, thrown away and still kept on draught to be had when called for. Let men as well as women remember this."

General Jackson was the first president to inaugurate the custom of shaking the hands of all who came to his public levees.

A little girl defines snow as dandruff from the angels' hair.

One of the saddest thoughts about the Columbus disaster is that so many of the victims were invalids on their way South in search of health.

Don't let your children over-study. Many a child with a large head should be given more outdoor exercise and less study.

Merchant Traveller: "Who done that?" snapped Mrs. Joggers at her daughter. "That new haircloth sofa is plumb busted in two!" "Tant mieux, ma mere," replied the daughter, who had just graduated at a French school. "'Tain't you? Well, I'd like to know who else it is. Wasn't you settin' on it two hours last night with that little whipper-snapper of a Tompkins?"

There are 30,000 British troops in Ireland.

A panic on shipboard, particularly at night, is a hard thing to overcome.

New York, like other cities, has its rich tax dodgers, who smilingly ask, "What are you going to do about it?"

Of the 113 members of the Iowa Legislature but four are natives of the State. How mad they would be if called carpet-baggers.

It is now suggested that there should be a life saving station at Gay Head. Had there been one many of the passengers of the Columbus probably would have been saved.

It is pretty well established that out of the general destruction Mr. Villard will get together something like a cold million in cash. This, of course, shows a pretty big shrinkage from his former estate, but, at the same time, no man with a million is entitled to great pity on account of his poverty.—[Leander Richardson in John Swinton's Paper.

There are about 3000 men on the New York police force and they are paid salaries ranging from $1000 to $2500 a year, according to grade and length of service.

It is a good lesson—though it may be hard one—for a man who has dreamed of literary fame and of making for himself a rank among the world's dignitaries by such means, to step aside out of the narrow circle in which his claims are recognized, and to find how utterly devoid of significance, beyond that circle, is all that he achieves and all he aims at.—[Nathaniel Hawthorne.

Major J. H. Williston of Crawford, one of the ablest men in Ohio's new Senate, is a son of New England, who has fought his way up in life. He has made his mark as soldier, journalist and politician, and will probably occupy a seat in the National House of Representatives soon.

The Courier-Journal thinks that the detectives are entitled to infinite credit for hastening to the body of poor Mr. Delmonico after he had been found by two boys.

Some of the brethren in Ansonia, Conn., remonstrated when they were told that the Rev. Mr. Burns would require more than the $25 a week for which they had expected to hire him. "But," he said, "the thing you are saying is just this: 'If we can save those sinners at $25 a week the church will squeeze out the money. If it costs more than that we will let them slide on to hell.' Strikes me we hadn't better say just that to the world." He was engaged.

Sergeant Mason is on exhibition in a Bowery museum. He wants to save money enough to engage in stock-raising.

A dealer in New York makes money letting sealskin sacques by the week or season.

Hilario Baslau, a young Frenchman at Montreal, intends to try swimming the whirlpool at Niagara falls next summer. His friends are busy making mourning clothes.

An English parson has bought a village tavern and hired a man to run it. He only allows beer to be sold and the profits are devoted to parochial work.

Western Culture: "Enjoy myself, did I?" said Amy to the high school girl; "well, I should perspire!" "Oh, dear!" replied Mildred; "more slang! Don't say, 'I should perspire'; say 'I should sudorificize.'"

The names of some of the fifty Indian maidens who are attending school in the City of Brotherly Love are Bessie Big Soldier, Edna Eagle Feather, Frankie Bear, Ella Man Chief, Maud Echo Hawk, Fannie Crow, Eunice Bear Shield, Sara High Pipe, Lizzie Spider and Olive Battle.

A minister seriously relates that once he gave out the beautiful hymn, "Jesus, lover of my soul," whereupon each verse was rendered like the following one by the leading singer: "Cover my defenceless head—With the *shad*—with the *shad*—with the *shad*-ow of thy wing." The whole congregation stirred with irrepressible laughter.

"You just take a bottle of my medicine," said a quack doctor to a consumptive, "and you'll never cough again." "Is it as fatal as that?" gasped the consumptive.

Congressman Cox has consolingly told Congressman Boutelle that he (Boutelle) "would know more in time." The Maine wind-bag had just made a fool of himself on the floor.

She had never had a diamond ring before and was expatiating about the beauty of one which her husband had given her. "Why," she added, "he says it is a diamond of the first carrot."

A Florida physician advises consumptives who seek that State to go to the high land of the interior, away from the St. John's river.

Salem Sunbeam: "Where is the girl of long ago?" sings Joaquin Miller. We saw her the other day, Joaq. But she isn't a girl any more. She had gray hair and a wart on her nose, had no teeth, and wore specs.

When you are prosperous you are sure of friends. Let adversity strike you, and those "friends forget your address."

It is always bad policy to give a snap judgment, so to speak, about any great disaster until all sides of the story have been related and carefully sifted.

It is related of a Jersey grocer, by the Wall Street News, that he had $2000 in the safe, owed $3000, and asked his clerk for an excuse for failing. Next morning the safe was open, the cash gone, and in the desk was a note from the clerk, reading: "I have taken the $2000 and am prepared to skip. It will be the best excuse in the world for your failing so flat that creditors cannot realize two cents on the dollar."

A census of a Philadelphia boarding school of forty-eight girls showed that one could make bread, one knew how to fry oysters, three knew how to broil beefsteak, forty-eight could embroider and forty-seven dance.

Dr. Newman, Grant's old pastor, says his doctrine is $10,000 a year.

A couple, each over 70, in England, have just married after a happy courtship of fifty years.

Graphic: The cry now is "Save the forests!" Why not plant some in our cities? Paris is built in an artificial forest, and every tree is numbered and cared for by the municipality. We are fond of importing Parisian fashions. Why not import that?

The maddest man in Baltimore is a certain saloon keeper. A crowd came into his place, called for beer and then said they had seen a man sneak down into the cellar through a trap door. The proprietor hastened down to investigate, when the trap door was shut, and the party drank and smoked to their hearts' content.

Chicago Times: It is the man who doesn't want the presidency who is the most dangerous.

The chief of the Onondaga tribe of Indians, who live six miles from Syracuse, gives the people of that city this slap: "We live with our wives all right, and don't turn them away any more than the Christians do—for the Christians are all the time getting divorces and new wives."

The four Delmonico restaurants in New York employ 375 waiters and fifty cooks.

Where women are men will flock, and where men are women will flock if they can get an excuse, regardless of their affecting to despise mankind.—[Old Cambridge Don.

It is announced that a new bar has been formed at the mouth of the Mississippi, but the unfortunate fact that it is a sand-bar divests it of interest for American statesmen, in the opinion of the Chicago News.

Ice yachting is at present a great sport on the Hudson river. Nine miles has been made in eight minutes in the past.

"MOTHER SWAN'S WORM SYRUP," for feverishness, restlessness, worms, constipation; tasteless. 25c.

CROFFUT'S LETTER.

George Law, and What Became of His 300,000 Muskets.

John C. Fremont and Jessie Benton, Their Residence and Their Family.

Thomas H. Benton's Successful Battle With Consumption.

NEW YORK, January 23.—I saw the President a few minutes this morning at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. He has considerably changed in the last two years, having quite lost the heavy, beefy appearance that he had at the time his name was sullenly suggested by Conkling at the Chicago Convention. But he scouts the talk of being seriously ill, and says, "On the whole, I am just as well as ever. I eat well and sleep well, and anybody who can do that generally is well."

The Bee in George Law's Bonnet.

Do you remember when the Herald christened George Law "Live-Oak George," nominated him for the presidency, and then convinced him that he was popular? Hundreds of needy persons traded on his vanity and credulity in those years.

Law was worth $10,000,000 when he died. When he was 13 he footed it into this town without a cent in his pocket. He worked as a stevedore on the docks for his first dinner—the very docks he was destined to own. In six months he had saved $100. In a year he had $1000. He started ferries and built High bridge. I remember the old man well. Tall and broad he was, hardy and muscular; had coarse features like Vanderbilt, and dressed shabbily. When he walked he rushed, and when he ate he ate like a savage, or like one of the hairy Saxons of old.

Captain Clark, now in the service of Rufus T. Bush, oil merchant, told me yesterday about his partnership with Law. "During the Mexican war," he said, "the United States government contracted for 300,000 flint-lock muskets, but just before they were delivered the war suddenly came to an end, and the government refused to receive them. The contractor put them up at auction, and sued the government. George Law bought them at the absurdly low price of fifty cents apiece, and had them changed to Minie rifles, with caps. I made a bargain with him for 25,000 for $4 apiece, and started with them for Lopez, who was then fighting down in Uraguay. With him I contracted to sell them to him at $7 apiece. The only difference between us was whether they should be delivered or paid for first. I had heard of his tricks, and refused to run the vessel ashore till I had my pay. He fell into a terrible rage, wanted to fight, and I left.

"I took the guns to Brazil and tried to sell them to the Emperor. At a private audience I made some good shots with them, but Dom Pedro laughed and said he was a peaceable man.

"I took them to Europe during the Turco-Russian war, but when I was just going up through the Dardanelles into the Black sea, ready to sell to either belligerent, I didn't care which, hanged if I didn't get news that the Malakoff was taken and that war was over, too! Those old muskets were wonderful peacemakers. As soon as they put in an appearance men ceased to fight.

"Then Law took all the muskets to Cuba to sell them to Lopez, and while he was trying to get them into port Lopez was caught and had his head cut off, and that was the last of him. At last Law started with those muskets for California, around the Horn. He stopped at Valparaiso for water and a revolution broke out that very morning—in time at last! The Chilian government immediately put down the insurgents and seized George Law's muskets as having a criminal intent. Ascertaining the mistake afterwards, they apologized and offered to return them, but Law refused to receive them and brought suit for their value, and got it, and more, too, probably. I have sometimes lain awake nights and wondered how Chili could have maintained her independence, much more how she could whip Peru and Bolivia, while her army is afflicted with those large-bore musket-rifles, with a muzzle that you could put your thumb in and a breech that would knock over a mule. I fancy they must cunningly have exchanged those weapons with the nations around them before the fight began."

A Theatrical Debut.

Last night I went to see Miss Emma Latham, the California millionnairess, as Constance in "The Love Chase" at the Star. She is crude, but she isn't bad. She has had the courage to surround herself with a first-class company from Wallack's, so that the entertainment as a whole is really very excellent. Emma Latham shows perfect composure, ease of gesture and familiarity with the stage, and if Miss Samuels, (which is her real name) had robust health and a good volume of voice, and would content herself to begin in a soubrette part and study, she might sometime make a very acceptable if not a great actress. She has put $10,000 into this experiment.

I had the pleasure, the other day, of taking a midday luncheon with General John C. Fremont and Mrs. Fremont at their pleasant home at New Brighton, Staten Island. Twenty-eight years ago I made their acquaintance during that memorable campaign when the young "Pathfinder" was surrounded by the enthusiastic youth of America, and this I had renewed more recently since their settlement in New York.

The residence of the Fremonts is a modest white house, perched high on the inside of the broad road that winds through trees along the New Brighton beach, and its front windows command a wide reach of the New York bay and the estuary of the Kill Von Kull.

There are two sons and a daughter in the house of Fremont. The eldest son, John Charles, or "Jack," as he is familiarly called at home, lives with his handsome wife and two sturdy boys up the Hudson. He is in the navy, and his duties are connected with the arrival and departure of ships in this harbor. His younger brother, Frank, is a lieutenant in the army, stationed up in Montana Territory, whither he has taken the young wife he recently captured in New York—a daughter of John D. Townsend, the lawyer. Both of the boys closely resemble their father. "When Frank went West," said Mrs. Fremont, "I suggested that he stop and call on General Sibley in Minnesota, who had never seen him. He did it; called in citizen's dress, and said: 'General Sibley, who am I?' 'You're a Fremont,' said the general; 'there's no mistaking you. How is your father?'" The sons are both tall, black-haired, black-eyed, and "bearded like a pard," and they both, like their sisters, show strains of their Gallic blood—the influence of their grandfather, the poor, scholarly French gentleman, who came to Virginia at the beginning of the century and found their grandmother in her teens.

Mrs. Fremont, that "Jessie Benton" the mention of whose name in the notable campaign of '56 always evoked a cheer, holds her own remarkably well. It doesn't seem possible that she could have made her famous runaway-match nearly forty-three years ago. She was a handsome blonde when she ran away from the headquarters of "Old Bullion," in Washington, and joined the fortunes of the young explorer; now her hair is as white as snow, but she shows few indications of aging, and talks as brilliantly as ever.

I should not violate social canons by saying so much of a personal nature, about people whose guest I have been, for the gratification of mere curiosity; but the Fremonts are objects of affectionate and grateful interest to hundreds of thousands in the land—a feeling very far removed from pruriency.

A Battle With Consumption.

I once said to Mrs. Fremont that it was fortunate she was the possessor of such prime health, as it had enabled her to be of so much help first to her father then to her husband.

"No, you mistake me," she replied. "Unfortunately I have no secure health. I belong to a consumptive family and inherit strong pulmonary tendencies. In fact, I have bled at the lungs myself and saved my life only by a fight of years.

As I expressed much surprise, she said: "Yes; my father was a man of tremendous energy and resolution, and people generally suppose him to have been robust. He never was. He belonged to a family of eight children, of whom five died of consumption before they were 21."

I asked her how Colonel Benton got out of "the line of promotion."

"When he was 8 years old his father died of consumption, and when his brothers followed, one after another, it set my father to thinking. He was studying law in Tennessee, practising, perhaps, by that time. The doctor told him that he had consumption of a fatal variety, and must die. He rebelled against this destiny, and said he never would perish in that ignoble manner; he would die on the battlefield. So he raised a company (it was in the war of 1812) and started with a detachment for New Orleans to join Jackson. In the march from Memphis to New Orleans he walked most of the way, lending his horse to others. He marched in the rain. He waded streams. He lay down in his wet clothes and slept, and marched on. He ate like a bear. He gained in strength. His hemorrhages diminished in number and finally ceased altogether. He always attributed his escape to out-door air and exposure.

"Well, after I was married, my life was despaired of, too, and the doctor intimated that my time had come. I quit civilized life at once and went and joined the general on the plains. That kept me alive undoubtedly.

"So it was with our youngest boy, Frank. He went into law, and had much ambition in its study, but suddenly the old symptoms came upon him, and the doctor told him he must quit the law office if he would live. Reluctantly he took the hint, and went into the army, where he can live out of doors as much as he likes."

I said that Colonel Benton was such an incessant and profound scholar along certain lines that I had supposed that his life must have been mostly sedentary, especially during the years when he was editor of the Missouri Inquirer.

"He always kept up the habit of free exercise in the air," said Mrs. Fremont, "but it made him comparatively strong, so that he could pursue long studies. I remember reading through to him, in French, the sixteen volumes of the 'Causes Celebres of France,' while he made an abstract of the cases."

I reflected that, perchance, the multitudinous duels that "Old Bullion" felt compelled to fight in those good old days, when it was considered the proper thing for any man to kill an editor, must have given him a good deal of exercise, and may have had some influence in keeping him alive. I asked General Fremont the other day if John Bigelow's allusion to his duels in the "Campaign Life of '56" repelled the Quakers from him, and he said: "Not at all, I am sure. The Quakers are sensible people. When I gathered that fine army of 60,000 around me in Missouri, several of the foremost young Quakers of Pennsylvania joined me, and put on the uniform and took up the sword, at the risk of expulsion from their church. Probably some of them actually were expelled."

"I remember," I said, "when we thought it was rather hard for you to be relieved of your command in Missouri for taking the very same attitude of hostility to slavery that Lincoln himself was compelled shortly to take."

"I don't allow myself to talk much about my old disappointments," said the general.

W. A. CROFFUT.

MGR. CAPEL ADVISES MARRIAGE.

No Happiness for Women Outside of Matrimony—Old Maids Not Known to God.

WASHINGTON, January 24.—Mgr. Capel was shown a published statement that he had said, in a lecture here last week, "that he had sisters who were married and sisters who were nuns, all of whom were useful and happy, but he expressed a gentle disbelief in there being any happiness for women who remained in the world and were unmarried. He added that he would advise every woman of 30, if she should have an offer in the next ten years, to accept it." The next day, it was added, before a ladies' association, when taken to task, he had taken back what he said. Mgr. Capel said: "The first part of that is correct, but the last part exactly the reverse. My views on the marriage tie are, briefly, that women were made by God Almighty to be either married or to become nuns, and that there is no such state as old maid recognizable. My advice to all young women is to accept marriage proposals instead of rejecting them. These opinions I expressed very plainly in my lecture, and so much of the paragraph is correct. Now for the remainder: The next morning I addressed the ladies of the society named, by invitation, not by engagement. The ladies were, not all unmarried; on the contrary, the majority of them had loving husbands. There was considerable good-natured chaffing about my remarks on the marriage tie on the evening before. So far from withdrawing what I had said, however, I reaffirmed it, and promised, under the guidance of the ladies present, that in my next lecture I should inform the bachelors the course they should pursue in order to do their part in lessening the number of old maids in the world. I haven't spent a couple of hours with more enjoyment than I did in the society of those ladies since I came here. There was no attack, and there was no withdrawal. Now you have the facts, just as they occurred."

DEATH OF REBECCA R. POMROY.

She Passes Away After Years of Philanthropic Labor—Her Army Record.

NEWTON, January 25.—Rebecca R. Pomroy, matron of the Newton Girls' Home, is dead, having been stricken down suddenly last evening with angina pectoris, her illness lasting five minutes. She is a lady who has spent many years of a useful life in the work of caring for the sick and suffering, the poor and friendless. In war times she was engaged during part of President Lincoln's term as a nurse at the White House, and she also served for quite a period as hospital nurse, caring tenderly for the sick and dying soldiers. In these spheres of usefulness she was well known, and was beloved and honored by philanthropists as well as by those she served. After the war she was given charge of a girls' home in Newton Centre, under the auspices of the Boston Children's Aid Society, which also opened a successful home for boys at West Newton. The Newton Centre Home was destroyed by fire, and then she founded the present girls' home at Newton. She has been an earnest and worthy manager, and her calls upon the public for provisions and clothing to sustain the inmates of the home were always met with a heartily liberal spirit. She has written a book, which was recently issued, entitled "Book Echoes from the Capital," in which she gives a detailed account of her experience at the White House. She was 66 years, 6 month old. Her funeral will take place from the Newton Baptist Church, Sunday, at 12.45 o'clock.

A NOVEL CORNET.

An Indiana Lad's Wall-Paper Imitation of Levy and the Music He Discourses.

[Chicago Times.]

Arias from "Il Trovatore" and "Boccaccio," rendered with the precision and perfectness of a cornet on a simple piece of wall paper rolled in the shape of a cornucopia are not often heard, yet yesterday afternoon, at the Tremont House, two dozen men stood amazed and enchanted listening to such music. The performer was a boy about 14 years old. His instrument was a home—or rather self—made affair. It consisted only of a square of wall paper rolled in a circumscribed circle at one end, and branching out toward the opposite end until the circumference of that terminus was about six or eight times greater than the mouth piece. The boy stood at the door with the crude instrument in his mouth with his left hand, while with his right he beat a species of bass on the panel of the portal. He had the peculiar power of so sounding the panel that it gave forth chords almost exactly imitative of a bass viol, which chimed in with the wall-paper music rhythmically and musically. The wall-paper cornet itself was as good a counterfeit on a brass and silver instrument as anything not brass and silver could be. It was really quite a wonderful performance, and the youth showed that he possessed a musical talent high above the usual order. When he had finished his renditions he doffed his cap and went around among the crowd of men whom he had attracted by his novel melange. A shower of coins indicated the men's appreciation of the performance, and the boy left the hotel with a couple of dollars. He has been in Chicago four days, and he says his name is Irving Ritter, and he resides in North Manchester, Ind. He came to Chicago without money and only his musical novelty to earn him bread. He went about the streets on the first day of his arrival here, playing his wall-paper instrument, and was gathering in a multitude of nickels, when a patent button-fastener peddler discovered him. That worthy, who, to attract attention to his wares, goes about the streets covered with a thousand different styles and colors of buttons sewed to his coat, vest, pants and hat in fantastic shapes, thought he saw in the boy a better card than his manifold buttons. He therefore entered into partnership with him, and now the boy plays his paper instrument on the streets while the button fastener vendor disposes of his patent to the crowd which the prodigy attracts. The boy is a musical prodigy, and it is likely that he will be engaged by some showman or other before long. As to how he makes his novel music the youth is reticent, but he confesses that he has nothing in his mouth, and the music is made by the paper alone. He discovered that the paper folded in a certain way made music of a cornet's volume and fineness, and he practised on it until he has now arrived at very near perfection.

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Address THE WEEKLY GLOBE, Boston, Mass.

THE CURSE OF UTAH.

Secrets of the Mormon Endowment House Disclosed.

Mysterious Disappearance of a Swedish Maiden and Her Affianced Lover.

A Massacre by the Danites and Indians Unknown to History.

For nine years Rev. D. J. McMillan, superintendent of the Presbyterian mission work in Utah, has lived among the Mormons, gaining an insight into their real life and customs, such as could only be obtained by working among them for the purpose of winning them from the clutches of their religion. To a Cleveland Leader reporter Mr. McMillan related many things of great interest about the Mormons. "In the first place," he said, "newspaper men, congressmen and other persons who go to Utah for the purpose of studying Mormonism very seldom see any of the worst and most important features of this institution. Working among them for nine years as a missionary, I have had ample opportunity to see all its iniquity, and I know whereof I speak. The political and civil power of the Mormons is increasing rapidly all along the Rocky Mountain range. They are already strongly rooted in Nevada and Colorado, and the Territories of Montana, New Mexico, Arizona, Utah, Idaho, Wyoming and Washington, and hope ere long to gain the balance of power in all of them. Sixteen thousand of their people could be spared from Utah to colonize Colorado, and yet they would have absolute control of the former. Their number is rapidly increasing. The natural increase of population by reason of polygamy is very much greater than is usually supposed, and from 4000 to 5000 converts are secured every year from other countries and from other parts of the United States.

"The Mormon priests scruple at nothing, and I have been threatened with peril in the pulpit. They have absolute control of all elections. No Mormon has the privilege of voting according to his own sentiments, but he must obey the priests, in whose hands he is supposed to lie, body and soul. The forms of election are gone through with, but all the chief officers are

Virtually Appointed by the Church.

To show you how completely Utah Territory is in the hands of the church I will relate a bit of history that came under my observation in 1876. A young Swede came to this country at about that time and settled in Iowa. He prospered, and sent back to his old home for his girl, who had promised to be his wife before he came across the ocean. She received his letter, but had some difficulty in obtaining the wherewithal to pay her passage. The girl was simple, pure-souled, rugged and possessed of an ordinary share of comeliness. One of the numerous Mormon missionaries sent to Europe to work for the church saw her and made her a friendly proposition, to the effect that she might go to America, free of charge, with a vessel-load of converts he had obtained. She accepted the offer and arrived safely in this country. The crowd of converts, mostly women, were sent by rail to Utah. When Iowa was reached the Swedish girl was not permitted to leave the train. She was taken to Utah and concealed by some of the priests. Her lover, in the course of a month, learned how his intended wife came to America, and, leaving his farm, he came to Salt Lake City, where I was. Some one sent him to me, and I helped him all I could. He had found where she was secreted, obtained a stolen interview with her, and laid plans for her escape. He came to my room and asked me to wait during the evening for his return, as he was to bring the girl back with him, and I was to marry them. The young Swede, firm, resolute and joyful at his success, left me at 6 o'clock in the evening. I waited until 2 o'clock in the morning, and then started out to look for them. I hunted through the city for nearly a month, but they were gone—swallowed up and removed from earth in the twinkling of an eye. It is my firm conviction that they were murdered by the Danites or avenging angels, the bloody servants of the priests, who had probably made what is termed the 'blood atonement,' which proclaims that heresy and apostacy

Shall be Expiated With Blood.

Brigham Young laid down the doctrine that it was better for an unbeliever to be murdered than for him to live out of the faith of the Mormon church. It is not now safe for a Mormon to desert his church, and only a few years ago apostacy was sure to be met by the sudden and mysterious death of the backslider at the hands of the saints. Three terrible massacres have occurred through the instrumentality of the Mormons with the help of their firm allies, the Indians. Two of them, those of Mountain Meadow and Morrisites, are well authenticated. The other, which occurred more than ten years ago in the valley where the town of Toquerville now stands in Utah, has never been ferreted out. The Mormons kept it a profound secret, but it is casually spoken of from time to time in their conversation, and I heard of it accidentally. I have tried to learn all the particulars relating to it, but have been only partially successful. As near as I can ascertain, a little settlement which stood in the beautiful valley was suddenly, on one fine summer's day, transformed into a slaughter-pen, in which the Danites and Indians figured most conspicuously. I judge that every man, woman and child, to the number of twenty or thirty, were ruthlessly butchered, as no one besides the Mormons have ever been heard to mention the occurrence. I think no account nor even announcement of this mysterious massacre has ever been published.

"Missionaries, instructed to secure as many women converts as possible, are sent from Utah to Europe every year. By representing to the simple creatures that in going to Utah they will be received into an enlightened community, living in the midst of peace and plenty, where they will have unlimited liberty and all the rights of woman in choosing a husband, their consent is gained. Without the women knowing it the missionaries obtain their photographs, and send them to Utah. At the Sunday services in the temple,

These Pictures are Displayed from the Pulpit,

and all good Mormons who need fresh wives are requested by the bishop to step forward and inspect them. Each one has to pay the passage to this country of the woman whose picture he chooses. He keeps the photograph and identifies his new wife among the crowd landed at the railroad station. Right in Salt Lake City I have seen pure-minded young girls brought to Utah by the false representations of the missionaries, dragged shrieking and struggling from the cars by brutal Mormons, placed in wagons and driven away. What could the Gentiles do to prevent it? The Mormons have supreme control there. The marriage ceremonies and initiations into the church are performed at the Endowment House, in the Temple. The utmost secresy is maintained, but the mysteries of the Endowment House have been revealed to me, if to no others. The first step the converts are obliged to take is to swear away all allegiance to the national government, and place themselves entirely at the disposal of the Mormon church. They are also obliged to renounce the obligation of all oaths administered in civil courts, making them absolutely useless as witnesses or jurors. This is done to protect Mormonism, with all its institutions, from conviction in court. Converts are not bound by oaths administered in the Endowment House, but the most fearful penalties are there imposed on disobedience of the church commandments. Much has been surmised about the marriage rites performed at this secret place. I know what they are, and say to you that they are as bad as they can be; that they shame even the most shocking ceremonies of any of the former Pacific islanders. The ceremony lasts from 8 o'clock until 4 o'clock. Several years ago the anti-Mormon women of Utah and the United States petitioned Congress to crush polygamy. Soon afterward a petition was sent to the same body by the Mormon women, asking that the institution be fostered and encouraged. I asked some of the Mormon women why they signed the last petition, and was told by them that though they

Prayed to God to Remove the Curse

from them, they were obliged to sign their names to the paper or suffer untold penalties. Mormon women are divided into four classes. First, those who are low enough to live in any condition, no matter how degraded. Second, fanatical women, who have been deluded into the honest belief that there is no hope for their souls unless they adhere to the Mormon church. Third, victims of polygamy. Fourth, women born and reared in the Mormon churches. Their condition is sad in the extreme. The men are constitutionally opposed to labor of any kind, and the women are obliged to support themselves as well as their husbands. They work in the fields and perform labor for the Gentiles. At one time a wife of Brigham Young washed my clothing every week. I will tell you another incident which shows the power of the Mormon church. About twenty young men, disaffected Mormons, threw off the yoke of the church in 1875, and pre-empting some government land in the San Pete valley, in the southern part of Utah, settled there with their wives and children. Brigham Young went down there in June and ordered them to surrender the territory they occupied. They refused, and a week later a tribe of Indians allied to the Mormons surrounded the little settlement, cutting the horses loose from the ploughs and driving the men in-doors. A charge was made on the houses, and they were captured with but little bloodshed. The Indians carried all the women and children away and handed them over to the Mormons after driving the men out of the valley. The husbands and fathers were informed that they could not gain possession of their dear ones until they surrendered their land, rejoined the Mormon church, and paid all the back tithings due from them. Holding their wives and little ones dearer than life, they were obliged to conform with Brigham Young's demands. Young took this occasion to impress a lesson on his people. He instructed them that

God Had Given Him All the Land

in the Territory, and that neither the national government nor all the powers in hell or on earth could wrest it from him. He carried his assumption of power so far that no Mormon can today build a house or plant a tree without the consent of the church, and he once said that if he chose to exercise his authority not a woman in the Territory could darn the heel of a stocking without first obtaining his permission.

"The Mormon schools amount to almost nothing, all the teachers being obliged to join the church and pay tithings. There are numerous instances of children being turned out because their parents refused to allow them to study the Book of Mormon. In spite of this 40 per cent. of all the school taxes in Utah are paid by Gentiles. The only schools there worthy of the name are those established by the missionaries. These mission schools represent five Christian denominations. The first Presbyterian school was opened nine years ago, and there are now thirty-eight in Utah and two in Colorado. The priests, as a class, do not believe in their own doctrine, as the following incident well illustrates: The Bishop of Mount Pleasant, Utah, for a period of two months preached violent sermons against a certain Gentile physician who had established himself within the precinct of his parish. He said it was an insult to God to take Gentile medicine and receive treatment from Gentile doctors. All good Mormons should go to the holy priests with their ills and be cured by the laying on of hands, and the pouring of oil. He pronounced the curse of God on all who should become patients of the obnoxious physician. The day after the bishop delivered his most fanatical sermon on this subject he was attacked severely with bilious colic, and sent at once for the Gentile doctor, who easily cured him.

"How should the Mormon question be dealt with? I think they should be

Deprived of All Civil and Political Rights

in the way of Governor Murry of Utah suggested, and President Arthur recomended. That is, by revoking the act giving them these rights, dissolving the Territorial civil government, and appointing a commission to transact all their public and judicial business. The laws of the Territory should also be changed. At present Mormons cannot be convicted of bigamy because the statutes provide that the fact of the marriage ceremonies must be established by witnesses. As the Endowment House shuts up these rites, there is no way of obtaining a conviction.

"If these reforms are made, many of the monstrous wrongs of the system will be obliterated. Their religion, if not meddled with by law, will gradually break to pieces before the attacks of churches, charitable organizations and free schools. A reform must be accomplished very soon, or it is possible within five years that it may be too late. If it is difficult to legislate against the Mormons now what can be done when they acquire the control of the two States and seven Territories in which they already have a firm foothold? They are increasing with astonishing rapidity. I do not think it requires a very clear head to see what the result will be if effective measures are not taken. In the event that the Mormons gain possession of the States and Territories mentioned, by their increase in population, they will have a country to themselves twice as large as the Southern Confederacy had at the beginning of the rebellion, and it will have twice as much wealth in variety and extent of natural resources. Its exports now equal those of the present reorganized South. The Mormons have baptized every Indian in Utah and made firm allies of them, and they are endeavoring to do the same in the six other Territories. Captain Jack, with his handful of Sioux warriors, held an army at bay until he was starved out, in the mountainous lands the Mormons are seeking to obtain. The Mormons, with their present resources, could never be starved out. In case of an open declaration of hostility they would never meet the national troops in the open field, but the fastnesses of the 'bad lands' would be the strongholds sought by them and their Indian allies."

MR. BENJAMIN'S LETTER.

Showing that the South Contemplated Renewing Allegiance to Great Britain.

NEW YORK, January 28.—The Tribune reproduces from advance sheets the following letter from Judah P. Benjamin, written when he was senator from Louisiana, to the British consul in New York, left among Thurlow Weed's papers, and given in the volume of memoirs of his grandfather, which Thurlow Weed Barnes is now carrying through the press:

NEW YORK, August 11, 1860.

DEAR SIR—I exceedingly regret your absence from New York at this time, as the important object of my visit is to have a personal and confidential interview with you.

My apology for this breach of conventional usage, in presuming to address you without the formality of an introduction, may be pardoned in consequence of the very extraordinary nature of the business which induced me to approach you without the friendly intervention of a third party. Indeed, it would not only have been unwise but actually dangerous for me to have even borne a letter of introduction.

Having assumed the whole responsibility of this very critical step I cannot use too much caution and circumspection to ensure my personal safety and the successful accomplishment of the mission I have in view. Therefore I prefer trusting my own judgment in approaching a genteel stranger on such business to that of bringing into my service the scrawls of governors or members of Congress, with whom, perhaps, you are as little acquainted as myself.

The official confidence which your government seems to repose in you, by intrusting to your charge its great commercial affairs in the most important city on this continent, I think is sufficient to warrant me in trusting to your discretion, patriotism and loyalty a secret of the greatest importance and interest to her Britannic majesty's kingdom.

The present disastrous condition of political affairs in the United States (which has no parallel in the past history of the country) seems to have split the Democratic party into many contending factions, all of which are so hungry after the public spoils that its disintegrated parts render them an easy prey to the opposing black Republicans.

The doctrines maintained by the Republican party are so unsuitable to the great interests of the whole South that an election of their candidate (which is almost certain) amounts to a total destruction of all plantation interests, which the South, as sure as there is a God in heaven, will not submit to. Sooner than yield to the arbitrary dictates of traitorous allies and false friends, who have proven recreant to the solemn obligations of our old Constitution, we will either secede from the Union and form a separate government, or, upon certain conditions, *at once return to our allegiance to Great Britain, our mother country.*

Many, very many of the most wealthy and influential planters throughout the South have already discussed this alternative, in the event of the election of Mr. Lincoln, and the popularity of the proposition seems to pass from one to another almost with an elastic rapidity. It is true they have made no public demonstration of their intentions, for such a course would be attended with direful consequences at this time, BUT THE PEAR WILL BE FULLY RIPE BEFORE NOVEMBER.

Gossipping newsmongers and babbling pothouse politicians are not allowed to know what is going on in their very midst.

Select dinner parties come off every day throughout the whole South, and not one of them ends without a strong accession to our forces.

I have even heard some of them address each other by titles already.

My object in approaching you is to cultivate your friendship and procure your co-operation in aid of accomplishing this grand object of returning to the dominion of our fathers' kingdom. Through your kindness and loyalty to your Queen, I am desirous of properly approaching her majesty's minister at Washington City, with a view to the accomplishment of this great end. If you will condescend to grant me the necessary assistance for this purpose you will soon receive the meritorious reward of your most gracious Queen, and the hearty cheer from every true Briton's heart for having aided in the return of the national prodigals.

Reposing that confidence in you which your position in life warrants me in doing, you must at present excuse me for not signing my name for fear of an accident. This much you may know, I am a Southron, and am a member of Congress, whose untiring perseverance will never cease until the object I have thus boldy undertaken is fully accomplished. Be so kind as to answer this as early as possible. Allow me a personal interview, and, if you cannot come to New York, address your answer to "Benjamin," in care of some one at your office.

Captain Cash on the Relief Expedition.

WASHINGTON, January 24.—Captain Cash, an old and experienced navigator and whaler of Groton, Conn., is here to talk to the secretary of the navy and secretary of war in regard to the relief of Greely and his party, who are now in the Arctic regions.

Captain Cash says if the President will offer a reward of $50,000, there will be at least six whaling ships which will go after Greely, find him, and bring him and his party back to this country. They can make their catch of whales during the same time. He says most of the whalers will start out by March, and if such a reward is offered the chances are in favor of Greely and his party being found by one of them and returned to this country before any of the ships ordered by Congress on Tuesday can be built, and at least six months before any of the government expeditions can be got ready. He says, if the whalers fail no harm will be done, and the government expeditions can still be sent out, but the probabilities are that Greely can be brought back before any of the government expeditions are ready to start. His plan, be says, besides being prompt in its action, will, if successful, not cost one-thirtieth as much as the proposed government expeditions, and be of no cost whatever to the government if it fails. He thinks Arctic expeditions are nonsense on general principles, but if they have to be made it is better that they should be put in the hands of practical whalers, who are forced by their calling to learn something of the Arctic ocean, than to send out inexperienced army or navy officers on them, in charge of a lot of green soldiers, as made up the Greely and Garlington parties.

A FURIOUS GALE.

Many Lives Lost on the British Coast.

Several Miners Killed in a Colliery Explosion in Wales.

Nationalists Wounded by the Police—Egyptian Matters.

LONDON, January 27.—The gale continues on the southern coast, and many vessels have been swept ashore and wrecked, involving the loss of many lives. The latest intelligence from Cowes is to the effect that twenty five of the crew of the Simla were lost.

DUBLIN, January 27.—The gale has been severe all over the eastern part of Ireland. At Mullagahmoor the barometer fell to 27.72.

LONDON, January 27.—A furious gale has raged here all day. Several houses have been unroofed and many new buildings have been blown down. Similar disasters are reported from Birmingham and other points.

LONDON, January 28.—The storm which set in Saturday evening continues, but with less severity. In Scotland a snow storm prevailed last night, and all the railways are blockaded, trains being on an average two hours late.

Gold in Egypt.

LONDON, January 27.—General Gordon has telegraphed to Colonel Coetlogan directing him to send an emissary from Khartoum to the False Prophet, El Mahdi, and to suspend any active operations until he receives further orders from General Gordon, who is the only one empowered to take definite action. General Gordon brought with him £40,000 and has since received £60,000. Some important Bedouin tribes near Bicharieh have yielded to persuasion and have surrendered at Berber.

The Rothschilds have lent the Khedive £950,000 for six months at 6 per cent.

Musurus Pasha, the Turkish ambassador to Great Britain, has lately been conferring with Lord Granville, and it is reported that Turkey is seeking the mediation of the treaty powers to avert the threatened war in the Soudan.

CAIRO, January 27.—The chiefs of the Bicharieh tribes of Bedouins, in the Bishareen country, have offered to protect the route from Berber to Suakim on condition that the tributary taxes be remitted for six months.

CAIRO, January 27.—General Gordon started tonight for Assout. He is accompanied by Ameer Shakoor, who has been definitely appointed Governor of Darfour.

Devon and His Tenants.

EASTBOURNE, Sussex County, England, January 27.—The negotiations by the Earl of Devon and his tenants in county Limerick, Ireland, have fallen through. Of the 800 tenants, to whom his circular was addressed, 300 offered to purchase their holdings at from twelve to sixteen years' value. These offers were refused by the earl, because he believed they were instigated by the Land League agitators.

Panic in a Paris Theatre.

PARIS, January 27.—During the performance this evening at the Theatre Porte Ste. Martin, while Mme. Sarah Bernhardt was playing the title-role in "Les Dames aux Camelias," a chandelier suspended over the stage fell and some of the glass hit Dona Sol. A small panic was created and half the audience rushed towards the doors. Mme. Bernhardt was not injured.

Nationalists Wounded by the Police.

CORK, January 27.—A Nationalist meeting was held today at Mallow, despite the government's prohibition. In dispersing the assemblage the police made a charge and several people were injured. One woman, who was among the crowd, was fatally hurt, her ribs being broken.

Rescuing the Simla's Men.

LONDON, January 28.—Seventy-three of the crew of the ship Simla, which was sunk in the English channel on Friday by a collision with the ship City of Lucknow, were picked up by a passing vessel off the Isle of Wight, and have been landed at Dunkirk. There are a few of the crew still unaccounted for.

Herr Lasker's Remains.

BERLIN, January 27.—The remains of Dr. Edward Lasker were today transferred to the Central Synagogue, and received by a large congregation of friends, relatives and prominent citizens. At the services tomorrow the principal orator will be Dr. Frederick Kapp.

Fifteen Miners Killed.

CARDIFF, Wales, January 27.—A terrible explosion, caused by fire-damp, occurred this morning in the Perry Craig colliery mine. Fifteen men are reported killed, and from the inquiries made others are probably in the drift.

Paris Left With Only One Wire.

PARIS, January 28.—The storm of Saturday night almost completely cut off Paris from telegraphic communication with other cities for eighteen hours. The only city that could be reached by telegraph was Rome, and only one wire was working there. The indications are that considerable damage has been done to property in the surrounding country.

Bubear Wins Over Elliott.

LONDON, January 28.—The rowing match between Bubear and W. Elliott for £400 took place this morning. The course was on the Thames from Putney to Mortlake. Bubear was the victor by four lengths.

Wreck of the Juno.

LIVERPOOL, January 28.—The ship Juno has been wrecked in the Mersey, and it is feared that twenty-five persons have been drowned.

Cable Clicks.

Sir Evelyn Baring, the British diplomatic agent, is ill.

A merchant who escaped from Obeid on the 15th inst., says that El Mahdi has 37,000 men and plenty of guns. He also states that 300 men belonging to Hicks Pasha's command are with the false prophet.

"FRITZ" BUYS A DOG.

Four Thousand Dollars Given for the Imported St. Bernard Dog Rector.

NEW YORK, January 27.—Mr. J. K. Emmet, having mourned a sufficient length of time over the death of his St. Bernard dog, Bayard, Jr., for which he gave the sum of $2500 at the New York dog show of 1882, has been on the look out for another gigantic pet. Rumors of the arrival of a canine giant from England had reached "Fritz" while journeying by theatrical stages to New York, and one of his first missions after his arrival in this city was to call upon a gentleman prominently known in connection with dog shows. Full information with regard to the dog inquired after was forthcoming that he was owned by Mr. E. R. Hearn of Passaic, N. J., was named Rector, of pure St. Bernard breed, and, beyond all doubt, the largest dog in the world. On Friday Mr. Emmet went to Passaic to see "the mighty Rector," and as the large mountain of flesh rose upon his feet and elevated his shoulders to a height of thirty-five inches from the floor, memories of the lost Bayard, Jr., were wiped out by admiration for the new wonder. To see was but to crave for the possession of Rector, and although Mr. Hearn stated positively to begin with that his dog was not for sale, Mr. Emmet found out at last that every dog as well as every man has his price. The sum agreed upon was $4000, the largest amount ever paid for a dog, and yesterday at noon Rector was brought from Passaic and was exchanged for Mr. Emmet's check for the stipulated price. Last night he was taken by Mr. Emmet to Albany, where he will be kept for some time. He has a brindled head and a brindled and white body, and what is remarkable in a dog of such proportions he stands as straight on his legs as a terrier, and carries his 195 pounds of bone and muscle with surprising activity.

A Providence Shoe Dealer's Suspension.

PROVIDENCE, January 26.—Eben J. Beane, the largest retail boot and shoe dealer in this city, made an assignment at 5 o'clock this afternoon to Walter B. Vincent. He has always dealt directly with New York manufacturers, and for seven years has never found any trouble in meeting all his bills. He has done business to the amount of $100,000. At present his liabilities are less than $10,000, and up to this afternoon he confidently expected an extension of time from his creditors, as he had asked for it. At the last moment he received word that the accommodation could not be granted. Mr. Beane says he cannot tonight tell the amount of his liabilities, but his stock far exceeds the amount of the debts. He is confident he can pay every cent.

The Bodecker Murderer Commits Suicide.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., January 26.—News that the murder of the Bodecker family has turned up as a suicide in Pillsbury caused much commotion in police circles today. Bodecker and his young wife had given over their only spare apartment on the night of the murder to the murderer, who arose during the night and chopped off both their heads. The young wife had evidently heard the assassin enter her room, and had run out of the house. He followed and killed her, and then dragged her body back to the house. The only clew left was a bloody shirt. The man was described as of medium height, with thin face and smoothly shaven. His age was about 25. He appeared to be an American, of German descent, and wore a suit of dark clothes. This is the man whom the police are satisfied did the bloody work, and this description is believed to tally with the Pittsburg suicide, who is said to have confessed the crime. This is the first news regarding the case which the police have received from outside sources.

SHORTER HOURS FOR WORK.

Maryland's Governor Defies the Manufacturers—He Makes a Vigorous Appeal for the Enactment of New Laws for Labor.

BALTIMORE, January 23.—Governor McLane, in view of the opposition by the Merchants and Manufacturers' Association to his proposed labor legislation, has issued a rather defiant reply, maintaining his former position. He says he anticipated such opposition, but holds that such legislation as he proposes will benefit the employer as much as the employes.

He says: "The law does not mean eight hours a day for work, but eight hours actual work, which is equal to twelve hours actual work each day. That allows two hours for dinner and the time consumed in walking night and morning from one to five miles a day. Today no enlightened manufacturer in New England asks for more than nine hours' working time. Gladstone, Bright and Beaconsfield have expressed opinions favoring eight hours, though they compromised on nine hours. The manufacturers of Maryland, instead of misrepresenting me, had better come to an understanding with their workingmen. As to the women and children not being allowed to make their own contracts; it has been found that husbands and fathers often prefer to make their wives and children work, while they smoke and tipple in the alehouses. Besides, women and children have not the constitution and strength to bear the work put on them. Children are often ruined and maimed by work, and women are made to work when they should be at home nursing their children. This legislation is more important than any other that can be proposed. It is for their benefit as much as for their rights. Nothing is so blinding to man's judgment as the love of lucre, and if the workingmen wait until the capitalists give them relief, they will wait till doomsday. The question of time is left a matter of agreement between the workingman and his employer. There is not a feature of any of the bills that has not the respect of all the humanitarians of the Old World especially, and surely so here. I shall not deviate one iota from the position I have taken."

The protest of the manufacturers has had considerable effect already upon the Legislature, which, in this State, is ever ready to listen to the money power, and it is hardly expected that the Governor will be successful in his efforts. A compromise more favorable to the manufacturers than the employe is about the only result anticipated.

JAMES NUTT NOT GUILTY.

His Plead of Insanity Prevails with the Jury—Excitement in the Court-Room and Among the Dense Crowd Outside.

PITTSBURG, January 22.—The court resumed its session promptly at 9.30 this morning. The room was crowded to suffocation with anxious spectators. The prisoner was placed in the dock at 9.45 a. m. At 10 o'clock the jury was announced, and after the roll-call the usual questions were put. The reply was:

"We have agreed upon a verdict."
"What may it be?"
"Not guilty."

Scarcely had the hum of approval ceased in the court-room before the cry was taken up by the crowd in the street below, and shouts were heard from those unable to gain an entrance sufficient to temporarily render it a matter of impossibility for the voices of the jury or judge to be heard. The excitement in the court-room was also intense, but previous to the appearance of the jury the judge had issued such strict orders in regard to manifestation of approval or disapproval that the reception of the verdict was received rather tamely, though the faces of those present spoke volumes.

No sooner had the words, "Not guilty," been spoken, than there was a general rush for the doors, and in the eagerness of some to get to the telegraph and newspaper offices several were slightly injured.

The mother and sister, who had been within a few feet of the prisoner during the trial, sprang forward and embraced him. The scene cannot be reduced, with all its intensity, to paper. Counsel and clients mingled, and congratulations were heard all over the room. It was a long while before the confusion subsided and the happy people were allowed to depart from the court-room.

The prisoner was remanded to jail, and tomorrow a committee will inquire into his present mental condition. The result will be release from imprisonment.

For fully fifteen minutes previous to the appearance of the jury a rumor was flying from mouth to mouth, originating, it was said, with a prominent attorney who had told a few friends that the verdict was acquittal. At 10 o'clock word was brought privately to the United Press representative confirming the rumor of the favorable verdict, who immediately told the happy news to the Nutt family—Mrs. Snowden, Mr. Wells, Miss Lizzie Nutt, Mrs. Steven Nutt and husband. There was one prolonged "Thank God!" from all, and a flood of tears relieved their pent-up feelings.

GAY MR. VAN NESS OF BROOKLYN.

Once Married to His Old Wife and Twice to His New One.

NEW YORK, January 25.—Two handsome, tearful women, a blonde and a brunette, one the mother of several interesting, flossy-haired, prattling babes, and the other a debonnaire, maiden-like little creature, sat side by side in Justice Walsh's court, Brooklyn, yesterday. They were the wives of Frank Wright Van Ness.

Mr. Van Ness was present in answer to a charge of bigamy, having, as alleged, deserted his wife and four children and wedded Miss Lilla Diaz, the daughter of ex-President Diaz of Mexico, with whom he ran away to Philadelphia. While returning to Brooklyn in charge of Detective Zeublin the runaway couple were most affectionate in their attentions to each other, and seemed entirely indifferent to the result of their escapade. In proof of this it is stated the young lady alternated between placing her head upon her companion's shoulder and having her feet on the back of the forward seat in the car puffing a cigarette. Since the arrival of the runaways, Mr. Van Ness seems to have repented of his sins and vowed eternal allegiance to his lawful spouse.

When the case was called for a hearing the district attorney stated that Mrs. Van Ness desired to withdraw the complaint against her husband. "She says that if he is sent to State prison," said the district attorney, "she and her family of little ones will be left destitute. I state these facts because I feel that it is my duty, and not from any consideration of the fact that Mrs. Van Ness wishes to withdraw the suit, as a sufficient justification of the withdrawal of the prosecution of a man who is clearly guilty before the law. But I shall be satisfied if the prisoner gives bail for the support of his family in the sum of $1000."

Mr. Ridgway said that he had learned that the accused had been married twice to Miss Diaz by two clergymen of Brooklyn, once on December 27 and again on January 9.

Van Ness was placed under bonds by Justice Walsh, and the amount being secured he was allowed to returned to his much-abused wife and children. A brother-in-law of Miss Diaz threatened to shoot Mr. Van Ness, and grave fears are entertained that a tragedy may yet be a sequel to the proceedings. The district attorney told a reporter who asked the question that Van Ness was married a second time, because Van Ness was under the influence of liquor at the first wedding and the young lady's parents were not satisfied.

A PROUD MOTHER'S CRIME.

Reduced to Poverty and Despair She Poisons Herself and Her Six Children.

ELKTON, Md., January 23.—Mrs. William Hall, a most respectable lady, driven to despair by poverty and too proud to ask assistance from her neighbors, last night attempted to poison her six children by giving them arsenic, and then took a dose of the drug herself. Their condition was not discovered until this evening. The youngest child and the mother will probably die, but of the other five children there is a hope of recovery. Upon investigation it was found that there was not a morsel of food in the house, and that they were without fire. This state of affairs was entirely unknown to the residents of Elkton, who, as soon as the truth was known, provided the family with much-needed comforts.

PLEDGE OF PEACE FROM APACHES.

Fifty-five of Their Children to Attend the Carlisle Training School.

WILLCOX, A. T., January 28.—A substantial pledge of peace has been offered by the Apaches of the San Carlos agency in the persons of fifty-five of their children, who left Willcox yesterday on the eastward-bound train for the Carlisle training school in Pennsylvania, in charge of Dr. O. G. Gwin, school physician. They were accompanied by Agent Willcox and four chiefs of the tribe, who are to visit Carlisle, Washington and the Indian school at Hampton, and also by Lieutenant Parker W. West of the Third Cavalry, who will assist in escorting the children to Carlisle.

An Honest Boy Who Reads The Globe.

Mrs. John Corse of Winchester on Saturday lost a chatelaine watch. She valued it highly as a souvenir. She advertised in THE GLOBE, and this morning Warren Schwaub, an errand boy for A. D. Puffer & Co., returned it to Sergeant Savory, at the superintendent of police's office. He found it on Washington street. As a reward for his honesty Mrs. Corse gave him $10.

How Women Would Vote.

Were women allowed to vote every one in the land who has used Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" would vote it to be an unfailing remedy for the diseases peculiar to her sex. By druggists.

THE TURKEY OF AMERICA.

Mexico's Natural Wealth and National Weakness.

Our Laws and Customs Will Probably Follow Our Wealth and Industry.

A Great Field for Religious and Educational Work.

At the weekly meeting of the Congregational ministers this morning, Rev. William Barrows read an interesting and instructive paper upon the "Civil, Commercial, and Religious Relations of the United States and Mexico." He pointed out that at the close of the Mexican war the United States annexed an area equal in extent to 127 States of the size of Massachusetts, leaving to Mexico an area equal in extent to 106 States of the same size. The country, though thus despoiled of more than half of its territory, is still rich in resources. It possesses great advantages in the production of cabinet woods, tropical fruits, grain and metals, and its commerce, though now comparatively small, is rapidly growing.

The government of Mexico has always been proverbially unstable, and when it is considered how weak the country is nationally, and how rich naturally, it is not to be wondered at that it has always been looked upon as a tempting prize by nations disposed to extend their possessions. Mexico, indeed, may with propriety be termed the Turkey of America, and it is only a question of time as to when it shall be conquered or annexed by some foreign power. Assuming this to be true, it seems probable that the sovereignty of the country will fall to the United States or England, with only a slight possibility in favor of France. In 1867 Mexico was freed from foreign invasion by the energetic protest of this country. Mexico and the United States are geographically too closely connected to make it safe for the latter country to allow any foreign nation to interfere in the affairs of the former. The two countries have a common boundary for 1572 miles, and out of thirty-three railroad concessions made by the Mexican government nineteen were in favor of American citizens.

It is not preposterous to assume that where American wealth and industry have gone to so great an extent, American customs and laws will follow. That such an innovation would be distasteful to the Mexicans themselves is by no means certain. The Mexicans today are but the decaying remnants of a pre-historic race, and need the fostering care of a great commercial government like our own. With this prospect in view there is an immense field for mission work in the Southwest on both sides of the Rio Grande. When Texas was annexed the whole district was Mexicanized, and every effort should be made to change this state of affairs by introducing there religious and educational teachers.

STEALINGS FOR 1883.

The Amount Figures Up the Nice Little Sum of $13,380,000.

The following table shows the amount of money stolen by different classes of people in the United States, so far as their stealings were brought to light, during the past year. Amounts of less than $5000 are not counted. The amounts stolen by bankers and heads of banking institutions lead in point of magnitude, while lawyers have been discovered in the least number of cases:

Occupation.	No.	Amount.
Bankers	19	$3,581,000
Bank cashiers and clerks	12	1,070,000
Broker	6	559,000
State treasurers	3	863,000
Merchants and agents	28	2,360,000
Clerks, treasurers, etc	31	970,000
Charity and trust	9	1,031,700
City employes	20	1,786,000
County employes and revenue agents	16	709,000
Lawyers	4	451,000
Totals	148	$13,380,000

A MODERN RESURRECTION.

A Miracle that Took Place in Our Midst Unknown to the Public—The Details in Full.

[Detroit Free Press.]

One of the most remarkable occurrences ever given to the public, which took place here in our midst, has just come to our knowledge and will undoubtedly awaken as much surprise and attract as great attention as it has already in newspaper circles. The facts are, briefly, as follows: Mr. William A Crombie, a young man formerly residing at Birmingham, a suburb of Detroit, and now living at 287 Michigan avenue in this city, can truthfully say that he has looked into the future world and yet returned to this. A representative of this paper has interviewed him upon this important subject, and his experiences are given to the public for the first time. He said:

"I had been having most peculiar sensations for a long while. My head felt dull and heavy; my eyesight did not seem so clear as formerly; my appetite was uncertain and I was unaccountably tired. It was an effort to arise in the morning, and yet I could not sleep at night. My mouth tasted badly, I had a faint all-gone sensation in the pit of my stomach that food did not satisfy, while my hands and feet felt cold and clammy. I was nervous and irritable, and lost all enthusiasm. At times my head would seem to whirl and my heart palpitated terribly. I had no energy, no ambition, and I seemed indifferent of the present and thoughtless for the future. I tried to shake the feeling off, and persuade myself it was simply a cold or a little malaria. But it would not go. I was determined not to give up, and so time passed along and all the while I was getting worse. It was about this time that I noticed I had begun to bloat fearfully. My limbs were swollen so that by pressing my fingers upon them deep depressions would be made. My face also began to enlarge, and continued to until I could scarcely see out of my eyes. One of my friends, describing my appearance at that time, said: '*It* is an animated *something*, but I should like to know what. In this condition I passed several weeks of the greatest agony."

"Finally, one Saturday night, the misery culminated. Nature could endure no more. I became irrational and apparently insensible. Cold sweat gathered on my forehead; my eyes became glazed and my throat rattled. I seemed to be in another sphere and with other surroundings. I knew nothing of what occurred around me, although I have since learned it was considered as death by those who stood by. It was to me a quiet state, and yet one of great agony. I was helpless, hopeless and pain was my only companion. I remember trying to see what was beyond me, but the mist before my eyes was too great. I tried to reason, but I had lost all power. I felt that it was death, and realized how terrible it was. At last the strain upon my mind gave way and all was a blank. How long this continued I do not know, but at last I realized the presence of friends and recognized my mother. I then thought it was earth, but was not certain. I gradually regained consciousness, however, and the pain lessened. I found that my friends had, during my unconsciousness, been giving me a preparation I had never taken before, and the next day, under the influence of this treatment, the bloating began to disappear and from that time on I steadily improved, until today I am as well as ever before in my life, have no traces of the terrible acute Bright's disease, which so nearly killed me, and all through the wonderful instrumentality of Warner's Safe Cure, the remedy that brought me to life after I was virtually in another world."

"You have had an unusual experience, Mr. Crombie," said the writer, who had been breathlessly listening to the recital.

"Yes, I think I have," was the reply, "and it has been a valuable lesson to me. I am certain, though, there are thousands of men and women at this very moment who have the same ailment which came so near killing me, and they do not know it. I believe kidney disease is the most deceptive trouble in the world. It comes like a thief in the night. It has no certain symptoms, but seems to attack each one differently. It is quiet, treacherous, and all the more dangerous. It is killing more people today than any other one complaint. If I had the power I would warn the entire world against it and urge them to remove it from the system before it is too late."

One of the members of the firm of Whitehead & Mitchell, proprietors of the Birmingham *Eccentric*, paid a fraternal visit to this office yesterday, and in the course of conversation, Mr. Crombie's name was mentioned.

"I knew about his sickness," said the editor, "and his remarkable recovery. I had his obituary all in type and announced in the *Eccentric* that he could not live until its next issue. It was certainly a most wonderful case."

Rev. A. R. Bartlett, formerly pastor of the M. E. Church at Birmingham, and now of Schoolcraft, Mich., in response to a telegram, replied:

"Mr. W. A. Crombie was a member of my congregation at the time of his sickness. The prayers of the church were requested for him on two different occasions. I was with him the day he was reported by his physicians as dying, and consider his recovery almost a miracle."

Not one person in a million ever comes so near death as did Mr. Crombie and then recover, but the men and women who are drifting toward the same end are legion. To note the slightest symptoms, to realize their significance and to meet them in time by the remedy which has been shown to be most efficient, is a duty from which there can be no escape. They are fortunate who do this; they are on the sure road to death who neglect it.

FINANCE AND COMMERCE.

MONEY AND STOCK REPORTS.

Boston and New York Discounts, with General Financial Notes.

STATE STREET, SATURDAY AFTERNOON, January 26, 1884.

The money market shows no change in its condition or features. There exists but a moderate demand for accommodation, owing to the general quiet state of trade, while loanable funds continue to accumulate, and rates of discount and interest still rule quite low. Neither are there any symptoms of immediate change from these conditions.

The general run of good mercantile paper, while ranging from 5@6 per cent. discount, rules at 5@5½; prime notes and acceptances, consisting chiefly of corporation paper, remain in but limited supply, and is nominally quoted at 4@4½ per cent.; the country banks quote local rates at 5@5½ per cent. Outside of the banks the note brokers are placing paper at rates which range from 4½@6 per cent., but are doing but a limited business, reporting that, while a good demand exists for prime rates and acceptances, paper of such grade is very scarce. Call loans on collateral range from 3@4½ per cent. per annum, the rate depending in a great measure upon the nature of the security. The saving banks and trust companies are ready to make short-time loans at 4 per cent. per annum, but requiring the best security, which can at a moment's notice be converted into cash and ample margin.

Between banks today balances loaned at 1½ per cent., which has been the ruling rate of the week.

At the clearing house the gross exchanges for the past week amounted to $64,190,561, while this morning they were $9,176,236; the balances for the week amounted to $8,274,738, and this morning were $1,488,845. New York funds today sold at 5@8 cents premium per $1000.

Money rates in New York remain easy and unchanged. On stock collateral the ruling rate is 2 per cent., while ranging from 1½ to 2½; first-class double-named paper, 4@4½ per cent. discount, while "good" paper of the same class ranges from 5 to 5½; first-class single-named paper is quoted at 5@5½, and good at 6@7 per cent.

The bank statement today shows an increase in every item, as follows:

Loans, increased	$1,402,400
Specie, increased	2,540,700
Legal tenders, increased	732,200
Deposits, increased	4,313,400
Circulation, increased	243,400
Reserve, increased	2,194,550

The banks are now $19,443,095 in excess of legal requirements, against $17,248,545 in excess last week, and $10,007,825 in excess the corresponding week last year.

Government Bonds.

These securities continue to show their accustomed strength, any change in prices being only fractional. The opening bids this morning, as compared with yesterday's closing, showed a rise of ⅛ per cent. for the 4½s and coupon 4 per cents, while the 6s were all ¼ per cent. better; but the closing bids tonight, as compared with the opening, show a decline of ¼ for the 4½s; as compared with last Saturday's closing, the 4½s and 4 per cents are ¼ per cent. lower, while the 3 per cents are ½ per cent. better.

Sales at Boston Stock Exchange, Jan. 28.

FIRST BOARD—BEFORE CALL.

BONDS.	RAILROADS.
4,000 No Pacific 6s 97½	50 Northern NH 110
RAILROADS.	200 Union Pacific 76
1 Bos & Lowell 112	

FIRST CALL.

BONDS.	RAILROADS.
5,000 Con'ton Val 5s 16	210 Connotton V 25c
1,000 Eastern 6s 110⅜	6 Fitchburg 118
1,000 K C St Jo & C B 1st 7s 118	200 F & S C 76⅜
15,000 Mex Cent 7s 47⅛	56 Old Colony 138½
5,000 do 47⅜	24 Union Pacific 76⅛
10,000 do 47½	3 do 76½
5,000 do s10 47⅜	MINING COS.
1,000 N M & S F 7s 116¼	100 Huron 1⅜
RAILROADS.	25 Quincy 44¼
10 Atch T & S F 74½	25 do 44
225 do 74¾	10 do 44¼
4 do 74⅞	LAND COS.
47 do 74¾	200 Boston 6
50 do s10 74⅝	MISCELLANEOUS.
4 Boston & Me 162	70 Am Bell Tel 152
62 Chi Bur & Q 121	10 Mex Teleph 2½

SECOND CALL.

BONDS.	RAILROADS.
5,000 Louis N A & St Louis 6s 49½	100 Atch T & S F 74⅞
RAILROADS.	50 do b3 74⅞
7 N Y & N Eng 13	

Prices of Bonds and Stocks at 3 P. M.

[Furnished by Evans & Doane, Bankers and Brokers, 28 State street.]

LAND COS.	Bid.	Asked	RAILROADS.	Bid	Asked
Boston Land	6	6⅜	North'n NH	110	111
Boston W P	2	2¼	N Y & N E	13	—
Brookline	2¾	—	Old Colony	138½	139
Maverick	1⅝	1¾	Rutland pref	14½	18
BONDS.			Rutland com	2½	—
A T & S F 1sts	—	121½	Union Pac	76⅝	76¾
Eastern 6s	110¼	—	T C & St L	75c	87½c
N Y & N E 7s	94½	95	Wiscon Cen	12⅜	12½
N Y & N E 6s	85¼	86	Mexican Cen	9½	9¾
A & P 6s	—	91½	MINING COS.		
A & P inc	18	—	Allouez	50c	—
Mex Cen 7s	49¼	50	Atlantic	7	—
Sonora 7s	91	—	Bonanza	1½	—
RAILROADS.			Cal & Hecla	232	232½
A T & S F	75	75⅛	Catalpa	30c	—
F & P Mar	26	27	Franklin	10	—
do pref	99½	99¾	Osceola	12	—
L R & F S	15	20	Pewabic	1¼	2
La & Mo Riv	18	20	Quincy	44	44¼
M H & O	20	—	Silver Islet	—	1½
Connotton V	31¼c	37½c	Sullivan	50c	—
Bos & Lowell	112	—	San Pedro	—	10c
Bos & Maine	161½	162	TELEPHONE COS.		
Bos & Prov	—	167½	Bell	159	160
Ch B & Q	121⅞	122	Mexican	2½	3
Cin S & Clev	13	13½	Tropical	2	2½
Eastern	36½	—	MISCELLANEOUS.		
Fitchburg	115	117	Pul Pal Car	112¼	113

COMMERCIAL MATTERS.

BOSTON MARKETS.

OFFICE OF THE BOSTON DAILY GLOBE, SATURDAY EVENING, January 26.

BUTTER.—There has been a little more demand in the trade for butter, and prices are firmer. We quote:

Northern creamery, fine fall make, 33@35c ℔ lb; choice, 30@32c ℔ lb; summer make, 25@29 ℔ lb.

Western creamery, fine fresh, 35@36c ℔ lb; choice fresh, 30@33c ℔ lb; summer make, 24@28c ℔ lb.

Western Dairy—Choice, 20@23c ℔ lb.

Northern Dairy—Fine Franklin County, fall, ...@...c ℔ lb; choice Vermont and New York, fall, 26@28c ℔ lb; choice straight dairies, 20@23c ℔ lb; late fall and winter, 18@23c ℔ lb; fair to good, 17@19c ℔ lb; common to poor, 11@16c ℔ lb; choice Western ladle, 15@17c ℔ lb; do common to good, 11@16c ℔ lb.

COPPER.—We quote the last sales of Sheathing Copper at 21@22c ℔ lb; and Bolts and Braziers' Copper at at 23@24c ℔ lb; and Yellow Metal Bolts at 20c ℔ lb. Ingot Copper is quiet at 14¾@15c for Lake, and Balt. more and other brands at 14@14½c ℔ lb. Yellow Sheathing Metal sells at 17@17½c ℔ lb.

CORN.—The market has been quiet and we quote prices:

Steamer mixed at 64@65c; steamer yellow at 67@68c; high mixed at 68@69c ℔ bush. To arrive from Chicago new Corn is nominally 62@63c ℔ bush; and old high mixed at 6...@68c ℔ bush.

CRANBERRIES.—We quote sales of choice Cranberries at $11 50@13 ℔ bbl.

DRIED APPLES.—The demand for Dried Apples has been good and prices are firmer. We quote:

We quote sales of Southern quartered, 5@6c ℔ lb; do new sliced, 7@10c ℔ lb; New York quartered, 6@8c ℔ lb; do sliced, 6@8c ℔ lb; East and North quartered, 7@9c; do do sliced, 7@9c ℔ lb; fancy evaporated, 14@15c ℔ lb; choice do, 12@13c ℔ lb; common to good, 10@11c ℔ lb.

DYEWOODS.—In St Domingo Logwood there have been sales at $20 00@23 00 ℔ ton. Fustic has been in fair demand at $20@24 ℔ ton. Lima and Sapan Wood are quiet and prices are quite nominal. Lima Wood is also quiet and nominal.

EGGS.—The market for Eggs has been quiet, but fresh stock is active.

Fresh Eastern Eggs sell at 36@36c ℔ doz; Aroostook county, 2...@2...c ℔ doz; New York and Vermont, 35@36c ℔ doz; Northern, 3...@...c ℔ doz; Western, 34@36c ℔ doz; Nova Scotia and New Brunswick 2...@30c ℔ doz; P E Island 22@33c ℔ doz; held stock, 30@34c ℔ doz; limed, 26@30c ℔ doz; Southern, ...@35 ℔ 6.

FEED.—Sales of Shorts have been at $19 50@20 00 ℔ ton; Fine Feed and Middlings at $21 00@24 00 ℔ ton. Cotton Seed meal at $26 50@28 50 ℔ ton on spot and to arrive.

FLOUR.—The market remains dull and there are no indications of an improvement. We quote:

Springwheats—Western superfine, $3 00@3 25; common extras, $3 25@4 00; Wisconsin, $...@...; Minnesota bakers, $4 50@5 75; Minnesota patents, $...25@7 00. Winter wheats—We quote Choice patents, $6 25@6 50; do common to good $6 00@6 25; New York roller flour, $5 50@5 75; Michigan, $5 25@5 50; Ohio and Indiana roller flour $5 25@5 75; St Louis and Illinois, $5 75@6 00 ℔ bbl; Illinois and St Louis straights, $5 25@5 50; Ohio and Indiana straights, $5 00@5 ...; Michigan straights $5 00@5 25; Winter wheat seconds, $...00@4 50 ℔ bbl. Rye Flour, $...@4 00 ℔ bbl; Cornmeal, $2 75@...; Oatmeal, Western ground, $4 75@5 25; Oatmeal, cut fancy brands, $5 75@6 25.

FREIGHTS.—Ocean freight rates have remained about the same as before noticed.

To Melbourne the rates are 22@...c ℔ foot for measurement goods; to Sydney 22@...c ℔ foot for measurement goods, and 21@...c to Adelaide for measurement goods. To Brisbane ...c ℔ foot for measurement goods; and to New Zealand 25@27½c for measurement goods. By steam to Liverpool—Provisions, 1s 6d; butter and cheese 20s 0d; cotton, 5 32d; leather, 40s ℔ ton; sack flour 1s 3d ℔ ton; measurement goods, ℔ 40 cubic feet 15@2...s; corn, 3d ℔ bush; barrel flour, 1s 0d ℔ bbl; wheat, 3d; ℔ bush. We quote rates to London—Bbl flour, 2s 0d; measurement goods, 27s 6d; sack flour, 15s 0d; corn, 3¾d; wheat, 3¾d; butter and cheese, 25s 0d; provisions, 2s 0d ℔ ton. To Glasgow—Corn, 4d bush; wheat, 4d ℔ bush; barrel flour, 1s 9d ℔ bbl; sack flour, 16s 3d ℔ ton; provisions, 20s 0d ℔ ...; butter and cheese, 2...s 6d ℔ ton; measurement goods, 40 cubic feet 25...d.

Coal freights—From Baltimore to Boston, $1 50@1 65 ℔ ton; from New York to Boston, $1 10@1 15; from Philadelphia to Boston, $1 50@ 60 ℔ ton.

FRESH MEAT.—There has been a good demand for Beef and prices are steady. Lamb and Veal command full prices. We quote:

Beef hindquarters, 12½@13c ℔ lb; do common, 7@10c ℔ lb; do choice forequarters, 6½@7c ℔ lb; do common to good, 5@5½c ℔ lb. Extra Mutton has been sold at 9@10c ℔ lb; common to good do, 4@8c ℔ lb; choice Spring Lamb, 7@9c ℔ lb; common to good do, 4@8c ℔ lb; choice Veal, 9@10c ℔ lb; fair to good do, 7@8c ℔ lb; common do, 4@5c ℔ lb; Worcester county choice do 9@11c ℔ lb; Worcester county common 7@9c ℔ lb.

Dressed Hogs—Western dressed, 7¼@7½c ℔ lb; do do extra heavy, ...@...c ℔ lb; City, 8@8¼c ℔ lb. Live Hogs 5...@...c ℔ lb.

HAY AND STRAW.—The market for Hay remains without change. We quote choice Eastern and Northern Hay at $18 00@...0 ℔ ton; good, $...@15; fine, $13 00@14 00 ℔ ton; poor, $10 00@12 00 ℔ ton; damaged Hay has been selling at 9@10 ℔ ton; Western Timothy, $16@... ℔ ton; Swale Hay, $8 ℔ ton; choice Rye Straw, $18@... 50 ℔ ton; do common to good, $12 00@1... 50 ℔ ton; Oat Straw $9 ℔ ton.

HEMP.—The market for Manila Hemp is dull and prices are nominally 10¼c ℔ lb. Sisal Hemp has sold at 4½@4¾c ℔ lb. Jute Butts are quiet at 2⅜@2¾c ℔ lb for paper and bagging grades.

HIDES.—There has been ... business transacted in hides during the week. We quote current prices as follows: Calcutta Cow—laughter, 12½@13c; Dead Green, 10½c; Buffalo, 8¼@8½c; Buenos Ayres, 24...@...c; Rio Grande 21½@22c; Montevideo 24@...; California, 21@21...c; wet Buenos Ayres, 10¾@11c; dry Western, 16@16½c; wet do, 9@10c; Southern dry, 15@18c. Goat Skins—Madras, 55@60c; Buenos Ayres, 54@57; Cape Good Hope, 24@25c.

HOPS.—The market for Hops has been dull and we quote fancy, 1883, 20@24c ℔ lb; choice, 18@20c ℔ lb; fair to good, 15@18c ℔ lb; common, 10@15c ℔ lb.

INDIGO.—We quote sales of Bengal, fine, $1 65@1 80; good consuming grades, $1 40@1 60; ordinary, 80c@1 25; Guatemala, 70@90c.

INDIA RUBBER.—Prices of fine Para have ranged from 94@95c; coarse do, 55@56c.

IRON.—The demand for Pig Iron has been light and prices remain without improvement. We quote:

American Pig at $21@24 ℔ ton. In Scotch Pig the sales have been at $21 00@23 00 ℔ ton. Bar Iron has been very quiet and in good demand at $1 82@2 00 ℔ 100 lbs. Common Sheet Iron has been selling at 3½@4½c ℔ lb. Steel Rails range from $35 ℔ ton at the works.

LEAD.—The market for Pig Lead has been firm and we quote:

Lead Pipe has been selling at 6¾c ℔ lb; and Sheet Lead at 7½c ℔ lb; Tin-lined Pipe at 15c, and Block Tin Pipe at 45c ℔ lb. Old Lead has been taken in exchange for new at 4¼c for lead.

LEATHER.—Sole Leather has been in moderate demand; sales of Hemlock have been at 20½@25c ℔ lb, as to quality. Union tanned ranges from 33@37c for backs, 29@32c for crop. Rough Upper has sold at 2...@27½c ℔ lb, as to quality, including selected lots. Rough Calf Skins have been selling at 45@4...c ℔ lb; finished Calf ranges from 6...@...c, as to quality. The different kinds of finished Leather have been in moderate demand.

LIME.—There have been sales of Rockland at 95c@$1 ℔ cask.

LUMBER.—We give the following as the quotations: Clear Pine, Nos 1 and 2, $50@60; No 3, $40@45; No 4, $32@33; No 5, $25@26. Coarse pine—No 5, $17@18; refuse, $...@...; shipping boards, $17@18. Spruce—Nos 1 and 2, $12 00@13 00; Hemlock boards—Nos 1 and 2, $11 00@12 00; refuse, $...@... Southern pine—Flooring boards, Nos 1 and 2, $...@33; flooring boards, ¼ and ½ step, $33 00@34 00; ship stock $28@30; dimension factory, $21@24; random cargoes, assorted, $18@20; black walnut, $75@90; cherry $70@75; white wood, inch, $2...@3...; do do 5/8, $22@26; oak, $38@55; ash, $35@4...; Clapboards—Heart pine, $40@55; saps, $33@50; spruce $18@30; shingles $1 75@5 50; spruce laths, $2 5...@2 75; pine do, $2 75@3 00.

OATS.—The demand for Oats has been moderate and we quote sales of No 1 and extra white at 46@4...c ℔ bush; No 2 white at 4...½@45c ℔ bush; No 3 white at 43@43½c ℔ bush; and mixed at 40@43c ℔ bush.

OIL.—There has been a quiet market for Linseed Oil; sales at 56@...c for Western; Calcutta, 58@...c ℔ gal. Lard Oil has been in steady demand; sales of Western extra at 72@75c; Boston at 60@6...c ℔ gal; No 1, 60@6...c ℔ gal. In Red Oil sales have been at 52@53c for saponified; Elaine, 60@62c. Palm Oil has sold at nominal prices. In Fish Oils we quote last sales at 40@44c for Menhaden, and Cod Oil at 43@48c ℔ gal for the different kinds. Sperm and Whale Oils are in fair demand.

ONIONS.—We quote sales of Onions at $1 75@2 00 ℔ bbl.

PEAS.—There has been a fair demand for Peas at steady prices. We quote:

Canada Peas at $1 05@1 10 ℔ bush; do common, 80@90c ℔ bush; Northern Green Peas, $1@1 10 ℔ bush; do Western $1 25@1 40 ℔ bush.

POTATOES.—The market continues to be well supplied and prices are easier. We quote:

Eastern Rose Potatoes at ...@...c ℔ bush; Northern Rose at 45@48c ℔ bush; Eastern Prolifics, 48@50c ℔ bush; Burbank Seedlings at 40@47c ℔ bush; Houlton Rose, 48@50c ℔ bush; Aroostook Rose, 48@...c ℔ bush; Provincial potatoes, 40@45c ℔ bush. Sweet Potatoes at ...@... ℔ bbl.

POULTRY AND GAME.—There has been a fair demand for Poultry. Game is selling at about previous prices. We quote:

Northern Turkeys, extra, 20@21c; fair to choice, 15@18c; choice Chickens, 17@18c; choice Fowl, 14@15c ℔ lb; com to good 10@13c ℔ lb; live fowl, mixed lots, ...@...c; live Spring Chickens, ...@...c ℔ lb for heavy weight.

Western Turkeys, choice, 18@18½c ℔ lb; fair to good, 14@15c ℔ lb; common, 10@13 ℔ lb; choice Chickens, 13@15c ℔ lb; Chickens and Fowls, mixed, 12@13c ℔ lb; common, 10@12c ℔ lb.

Geese, 10@14c ℔ lb; Ducks, 12@16c ℔ lb; Grouse, $1@1 20 ℔ pr; Quail, $1@1 25 ℔ doz; Venison saddles, 14@16c ℔ lb; Rabbits, 16@20c ℔ pr; Hares, 16@25c.

PROVISIONS.—The market has been very steady for Pork. We quote sales of old mess at $...@... ℔ bbl; new mess at $16@16 50 ℔ bbl; Boston clear, has sold at $17 50@18 00 ℔ bbl; backs $18 50@19 00 ℔ bbl. Beef has been in fair demand and the sales of Western mess have been at $13 00@14 00; Western extra mess at $13@14 00. We quote sales of Western plate at $14 00@14 ...; extra plate at $14 00@15 00 ℔ bbl. Smoked Hams have been in fair demand and the sales have been at 12@13c ℔ lb as to quality. Lard is in steady demand, with sales at 9½@9¾c, including city and Western.

RICE.—There has been an active demand for foreign and domestic Rice. Prices are in favor of buyers. We quote sales of Carolina at 5½@7c; Rangoon at 5c ℔ lb; Java at 5¼@5¾c; Patna at 5¼@...c.

RYE.—The market is quiet, with sales in small lots at 75@80c ℔ bush.

SALT.—Prices of Turks Island range from $1 90@2 00 ℔ hhd, duty paid; Cadiz, in bond, has sold at $1 62½@1 75 ℔ hhd; Trapani, $1 75@1 87½ ℔ hhd; Liverpool coarse, $1 40@1 50 ℔ hhd; do fine, in bond, $1 50@2 50 ℔ hhd.

SALTPETRE.—The sales are confined to small lots at 5...@5½c ℔ lb.

SEEDS.—Domestic Flaxseed has become firmer and selling at $1 92@... ℔ bush at Chicago. Calcutta Linseed is steady at $1 85@1 90 ℔ bush.

STARCH.—We quote the following as the current prices: Potato 4½@4¾c; Corn, 3¼@4c; choice do, 4½@5; Wheat, 6½@7c ℔ lb.

WOOL.—The market for Wool has been comparatively quiet, but fine fleeces are held with a good deal of confidence, while other grades are easier and more difficult to place. Sales include Ohio and Pennsylvania fleeces at 36@37c for X, and 38@40 for XX, and 41@42c for XX and above, including choice selections. In Michigan fleeces very little has been done, and some small lots of X have been sold at 34@35 ℔ lb. In combing and delaine fleeces the sales of fine Ohio delaine have been at 40@42c; and Ohio combing at 43@45c for fine and No 1; and Michigan fine delaine at 37@39c ℔ lb. In unwashed Wools prices are easy for low and inferior lots, but desirable lots of fine Wool remain about the same. Principal sales of Western have been in the range of 23@28c ℔ lb. California spring has sold at 25@...7c. Pulled Wools have been in settled demand and prices are unchanged. Choice Eastern and Maine supers have sold at 40@41c, and common and good supers from 25@38c. Principal sales have been in the range of 34@37c for X, and 30@37c for supers. The market for foreign Wool has been very quiet. Carpet Wools are quiet.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

SATURDAY, January 26.

FLOUR—Was firm but quiet; No. 2, $2 10@2 85.

GRAIN.—Wheat futures were fairly active within a narrow range of prices, opening ½@¾c lower, and later recovering the decline. It was for the most part a brokers' market; sales, 4,968,000 bush. No. 2 red, January, $1 05@1 05½; February, $1 05¾@1 06; March, $1 07⅞@1 08⅝; April $1 10¼@1 11; May, $1 12⅝@1 13¼; June $1 13½@1 14¼; spot sales, 172,000 bush. Of rye 8000 bush Western sold at 71c; of barley 50,000 bush sold at 84@87c for ungraded Canada; 90c for No. 1 do. and 73@74c for 6-rowed State. Oats dull and lower; sales 185,000 bush. No. 2 mixed, 39¾@40c; February, 39¾@40c; May, 42¾@42⅞c. Corn futures dull and slightly lower; sales, 1,048,000 bush. No 2 mixed; January, 61@61½c; March, 62⅝@63c; February, 61¼@61½c; March, 62⅝@63c; May, 65¼@66; spot sales, 87,000 bush. After 'Change—Wheat closed firm; No. 2 red, cash, $1 09¼ in elevator; January, $1 05; February, $1 06; March, $1 08½; April, $1 10⅞; May, $1 13¼; June, $1 14. Corn firm; No 2 mixed, 62½c, delivered; January, 61¼c; February, 61⅜c; March, 62⅝c; May, 65⅜c. Oats weak; No 2 mixed, February, 39¾c; March, 40¾c; May, 42⅞c.

COTTON.—Futures opened dull, but closed firmer, at 10.71c for January, 10.72c for February, 10.91c for March, 11.06c for April, 11.20c for May, 11.33c for June, 11.44c for July, 11.52c for August, 11.15c for September, 10.80c for October, and 10.70c for November; sales, 87,000 bales. Spots dull; middling uplands, 10 11-16c. Port receipts, 14,000 bales.

PROVISIONS.—Lard futures had a slight advance early in the day, and then reacted, but closed firm; sales, 9000 tcs., closing January, 9.29c; February, 9.27@9.29c; March, 9.32@9.34c; April, 9.39@9.41c; May, 9.48@9.50c; June, 9.5...@9.55; July, 9.55@9.60c. On the spot, city sold at 8.85@8.90c. Western, 9.27½@9.30c; refined, to the Continent, 9.50c; South America, 9.75c. Pork firm at a further advance; sales, 600 bbls mess, $15 25@15 7...; 200 bbls family, $16@16 75. All other provisions quiet and unchanged. Dressed hogs firm at 7½@8¼c, latter for pigs. Butter lower; Elgin creameries, 39@40c. Cheese firm at 13½@14c for the best State factory. Eggs strong at 36@38c. Tallow easier at 7½@7⅝c. Stearine quoted at 9½@9¾c for prime; oleomargarine, 8½@8¾c.

GROCERIES.—Rio coffee options a shade easier; sales, 13,500 bags, February, 10.35@10.40c; March, 10.60; April, 10.70@10.75; May, 10.85@10.90c; June, 10.95c; July, 11c; sugar, 12@12¼c. Java tea active and firm; sales, 510,000 lbs. February, 25½c; March, 25¼@25⅝c; April, 25¾@26; May, 26⅛@26¼c; June, 26¾. Fair sugar, 5 13-16c; sales increased to 4500 hhds.; centrifugal, 6½c; molasses, 5¼c; muscovado, 5 11-16@5 13 16; granulated, 7 13-16c.

PETROLEUM.—Refined for export was firm at 9½c for 70 Abel test. Cases, 11⅜@12⅜; naphtha, 7c. Crude oil certificates had a strong day, and after selling at $1.10⅝@1 11⅛, closed at $1.11@1.11⅛. Sales at the two exchanges, 9,585,000 bbls.

LIVE STOCK MARKETS.

Brighton and Watertown Markets.

Arrivals of live stock at Brighton and Watertown for the week ending Friday, January 25, 1884:

Western cattle, 2140; Eastern cattle, 136; Northern cattle, 539. Total, 2765.

Western sheep and lambs, 8800; Northern sheep and lambs, 3077; Eastern sheep and lambs, ... Total, 11 877.

Swine, 20,182. Veals, 240. Horses, 227.

PRICES OF BEEF CATTLE PER 100 LBS. LIVE WEIGHT.

Extra quality	$6 75 @7 37½
First quality	6 12½@6 62½
Second quality	5 62½@6 00
Third quality	4 50 @5 50
Poorest grade of coarse oxen, etc	3 12½@4 37½

PRICES OF HIDES AND TALLOW.

Brigh. hides..7 @7½ ℔ lb	Country tal... 4@ 5c ℔
Brigh. tallow.6½@ ℔ lb	Calfskins..... @11c lb
Country hds..6 @6¼ ℔ lb	Sheepsk's... 85c@$1 40
do do h'vy...6½@7 ℔ lb	Lambskins...85c@$1 40

Prices of beef cattle, ℔ 100 pounds, dressed weight, $4 00@9 75.

GLOUCESTER FISH MARKET.

[Special Correspondence of The Sunday Globe.]

GLOUCESTER, January 26—[For the week past.]—The market for fish has been dull, and without any improvement in prices. Sales are limited. We quote last prices as follows: Fresh halibut, 13½c ℔ lb for white; 11½c ℔ lb for gray; market codfish, 3½c ℔ lb; steak codfish, 5c ℔ lb; fresh haddock, 2...c lb; frozen herring, 80c ℔ 100. The market for salt fish has been quiet at former quotations: Georges codfish, $5 50@5 75 ℔ qtl for large; $3 75 ℔ qtl for small and medium; Grand and Western Bank $5 50 ℔ qtl for large and $... ℔ qtl for small; shore codfish, $5 00 ℔ qtl for large and $4 ℔ qtl for small; English cured $5 75 ℔ qtl for large, $3 25 for small. Sales of Cusk have been at $3@3 50 ℔ qtl; haddock $2 ...; ℔ qtl; pollock, $2 50 ℔ qtl; hake, $2 25@2 50; slack salted pollock, $3@3 5...; smoked halibut, 1...c ℔ lb; boneless and prepared fish, 3½@5c ℔ lb; Grand Bank and Georges boneless, 6@8c ℔ lb; scaled herring, 18c ℔ box; No 1 herring, 14c ℔ box; smoked alewives, 90c ℔ 100; salmon, $20 ℔ bbl; Eastern round herring, $3@4 75 ℔ bbl; Nova Scotia split herring, $5 50 ℔ bbl; Labrador split herring $5 50@6 ℔ bbl; new shore herring, $4@4 50 ℔ bbl; trout, $15 ℔ bbl; pickled codfish, $5 50 ℔ bbl; haddock, $5 75 ℔ bbl; halibut heads, $3 50 ℔ bbl; codfish tongues and sounds, $11 ℔ bbl; tongues, $10 50 ℔ bbl; sounds, $12; new trimmed halibut fins, $15 ℔ bbl; alewives, $5 50 ℔ bbl. Fish oil—Medicinal oil $1 ℔ gal; crude medicine oil, 80c ℔ gal; blackfish oil, 65c ℔ gal; cod oil, 46@48c ℔ gal; porgie oil, 44@45c ℔ gal; shore, 45c ℔ gal; porgie scrap, $15 ℔ ton; fish do, $1... ℔ ton; liver do, $9 ℔ ton. Mackerel are steady. We quote No 1 at $22 ℔ bbl; $15 00 ℔ bbl for No 2; $9 50@10 50 ℔ bbl for No 3; No 4s, $4 50@5 ℔ bbl.

LAKE ERIE PIRATES.

A Dramatic Chapter in the History of the War.

Daring Capture of the Island Queen and Philo Parsons by Confederates.

Fishermen Suddenly Transformed to Armed Soldiers.

[Cincinnati Enquirer.]

A weather-beaten man of firm build and erect carriage stood looking over the frozen surface of Lake Erie. As he spoke he pointed toward the distance with a gesture of eager interest, for he was recalling the incidents of the most eventful day of his life.

"Yes, it is true that I was captured by pirates once while boating on this lake. It was a thrilling experience. Our steamer was named the Island Queen, and in September, 1864, she was captured by the rebel raiders who were then engaged in a conspiracy to free the Confederate prisoners on Johnson's Island yonder and in the different camps in the Northwest. She was scuttled and sunk within sight of this town when the sun shines. A very different day, this, from the one about twenty years ago, when we were taken prisoners and our vessel destroyed.

"On that afternoon," he continued, "the Island Queen left this wharf on her usual trip to Toledo. She carried but little freight and only a few passengers. We were to make our first stop at Kelly's Island to take on about thirty 100-day men, who were going to our destination to be mustered out. We steamed out past Johnson's Island, where 3000 Confederate officers were confined, passing the gunboat Michigan on the way. Off Marble Head, just beyond, we met the Philo Parsons on her way, as we supposed, to Sandusky. The two steamers exchanged salutes, and the Queen ran on to Kelly's Island, where the soldiers camped, who were all unarmed, and most of them unfit for active service. We had to wait some time before they came on board, and while we lay at the landing all of us were greatly surprised to see the Parsons run directly out into the lake instead of heading for her regular destination. Not one of us had the slightest suspicion of the truth—that she was already in the hands of the Confederates. We watched her for a moment, and were still more puzzled when she turned back, steamed passed the Queen, and put into Middle Bass Island. Every one on our boat supposed that something was wrong with her machinery, and that she wished to transfer her passengers to us.

"The soldiers were finally marched on board, and we headed for Middle Bass.

It Was Growing Dusk

as we approached the little landing where the Parsons lay, and silent as though she had tied up for the night. Not a single light was shown, and only now and then could a man be seen on her deck. We ran alongside, and yet not a word was spoken. She lay flush against the dock, so that we had to make fast to her. When we hailed the crew to take our rope not a man responded to lend a hand. This was a discourtesy so unusual that we were both vexed and astonished. All attempts to get a word from her proved fruitless. There she lay, dark and gloomy in the gathering twilight, with a mysterious air about her that every moment increased our perplexity and wonder. With some difficulty we made fast to her bow; but the sterns of the two steamers swung wide apart, with a black stretch of water between them.

"'Go over to the Parsons and tell the clerk we will take the passengers off if their boat is disabled,' said I to Frank Kelly, one of our crew, as soon as we had made fast. Kelly jumped over to the other boat, disappeared, and I did not see him again. I waited, expecting a response; but there was still on the apparently deserted vessel that singular silence, which seemed to grow more and more intense. I afterward learned that the rebels were puzzled and somewhat frightened by seeing soldiers on the Queen. Time passes very slowly when you are in suspense, and I don't suppose I waited for Kelly more than a minute or two, when I took a lantern and waved it in the air to attract the attention of men I could see standing on the upper deck of the Parsons, shouting as I did so:

"'What's the matter over there?'

"Not a sound came back from there. I then ran forward to Captain Orr of our boat, and had a hurried consultation with him as to the best way of unloading what freight we had for that point.

"'I'll see to that,' said he. 'You get the passengers ashore who are to land.'

"They were waiting impatiently near the rear gangway on the lower deck, and we as well as they were anxious to get off, for we were much behind time.

"While all this was going on not a word had been heard from the Parsons; but not the slightest suspicion crossed any of our minds as to what had happened. Being greatly puzzled I ran out on the rear deck to get some signal from her if possible. I stood

Dumb With Astonishment

when I saw that the men on the Parsons were swinging her life-boat on the davits, and as it vibrated back and forth were jumping from it to the upper deck of the Queen. I was angry at their foolhardiness, for it was very dangerous. There was quite a wide space between the steamers, and the life-boat was high in the air.

"'Don't, don't do that,' I shouted at the top of my voice; 'some of you will get hurt.'

"I took them for passengers who wished to come on our boat, but I soon found my mistake. Scarcely had I got the words of warning out of my mouth, when four of the men rushed down from the upper deck to where I stood, looking up at those who were still boarding the Queen, expecting every moment to see some of them drop into the water. Quick as a flash they surrounded my head with revolvers, and one of them said in a quick, sharp undertone:

"'Surrender, or I'll blow your brains out.'

"I was badly scared, for cold revolvers pointed at your head are not cheerful. A glance told me that each of these men also carried a bowie-knife and a hatchet at his belt. I was paralyzed with astonishment, and for a moment couldn't speak a word.

"'Surrender; you're my prisoner. We're Confederate officers, and resistance is useless,' commanded the leader, as he pressed his revolver closer to my cheek.

"'I'm making no resistance.'

"'March up stairs, then,' he ordered, pointing to the upper deck.

"'Take down your revolvers, and I will.'

"All this happened like a flash, and was done without commotion. In other parts of the boat I heard the sharp crack of pistol shots, the shrieks of the lady passengers, and wild exclamations of men. There was also noise of scuffling, and the impression came to me that there was a severe fight forward. Before I had time to collect myself I was hurried to the upper deck, where a file of Confederates led me to the railing of the bow.

"The sensations of that first moment will never cease to thrill me. Bewildered by capture in a scene where none of us had ever dreamed of the hazards of war, uncertain as to the fate of the rest of the crew and our passengers, and perplexed as to the intentions of our enemies, I lost all power to reason upon the situation. While I was standing a minute trying to collect my thoughts, the rebel in charge of me shouted:

"'Get over to the Parsons.'

"As I started to obey and took hold of the rail, so as not to stumble in the darkness, the same officer shouted:

"'Don't you drop into the water, or I'll shoot you like a dog.'

"'I want to keep hold of the rail so that I can climb over instead of jumping. I might slip and fall between the boats.'

"'Well, hurry up, then; hurry up,' he gruffly replied.

"I scrambled over as best I could, and as I reached the deck of the Parsons another officer led me to the cabin door. He gave three low raps, the door opened and I was shoved inside. Here I found myself

In the Midst of a Curious Scene.

The cabin was crowded with the passengers and officers of the Parsons. A dim light threw fitful shadows over the room. In one corner were several ladies pale with fright. Yet they seemed brave, and bore up under the ordeal with remarkable fortitude. A few of the men were evidently scared out of their wits. They walked up and down, beating their hands together in an agony of fear. Others crouched close to the floor, as if in dread of being shot. It was a strange scene to witness on a passenger boat in Lake Erie, and the Parsons' cabin at that moment made a thrilling picture. Captain Atwood and Clerk Ashley were sitting together at one side. The captain was evidently bewildered, and scarcely recognized me as I approached.

"'Captain,' said I, jokingly, for I had by that time recovered myself, 'I've often been invited to ride on your boat, and I'll accept the invitation now.'

"He only looked at me in a confused way and gazed anxiously about the cabin. The clerk was cooler, and, as we sat waiting and wondering what was to happen next, he told me this story of their capture:

"'Three days ago, when the Parsons was lying at Detroit a man I never saw before came to me and asked that we land today at Sandwich, Windsor, and Malden to take on board some fishermen. We don't usually stop at those places, you know, but I agreed to put the steamer in for these men. About ten came on board at each place. They were all roughly dressed, and seemed to have little to say to one onother. At the last place, Malden, they brought on an old trunk all tied up with ropes, which was evidently very heavy, as it took four of them to carry it. The porter wanted to take charge of it and put it below with the other baggage, but several of them objected, saying that it contained nothing but fishing tackle and might as well be left on deck, as it was of no particular value.

"'These strange men, after we left Malden, kept mostly on the main and upper decks. It was a bright and beautiful day, and we steamed along quietly up the lake upon as pleasant a voyage as the Parsons ever made. These few passengers you see here in the cabin were all we had on board, besides the pretended fishermen. We made our landings without trouble at North Bass, Put-in-Bay, Middle Bass and Kelly's Island. Just after we had left the last place, and about the time we first met the Queen, the men seemed to be very busy about the trunk. Suddenly they rushed to all parts of the boat. Three of them surrounded the captain, two covered the engineer with revolvers, and two others caught me in my office and dragged me in here. The crew, about eighteen men, were driven down into the hold. They then made the engineer and two firemen work, and guards stood over a wheelman and ordered him how to steer. They ran the Parsons out into the lake, heaved overboard a lot of the pig-iron and all the rest of the freight. This lighted the boat very much. Nobody made any resistance because the attack was sudden and we were outnumbered. Beale took command of the boat, and Burleigh was his lieutenant. Both declared that no woman should be harmed, and Beale, who had a voice of great sweetness as well as strength, called out to the frightened ladies: "The Confederate flag is a guarantee of safety to women and children."

"'Immediately after our capture Captain Beale posted his men in the various parts of the vessel, so as not to excite the suspicions of the officers of the Queen, and then turned her toward Middle Bass.'"

DRAMATICS ON A FLATBOAT.

A Floating Theatre Famous when this Century was Young.

"The project now being mooted of a floating theatre," said Mr. George F. Browne in the New York Sun, "reminds me of the only one that was ever a success. It was that built by William Chapman, the eldest of the wonderful Chapman family, not one member of which but was an artist, and hardly one but was a musician. They were so many that it would take a long time to give a separate history of each. Caroline Chapman was for a long time in Burton's company. Harry Chapman, a nephew of W. B., married Julia Drake, and was the father of the Chapman sisters, Blanche and Ella. The Chapmans were English, and dated from Drury Lane, London, very far back—two centuries ago the name was on old English playbills.

"The family were called 'the gypsy family,' because they spoke a gibberish among themselves that none but themselves could understand. It was neither a dead nor a living language, unless, perhaps, that of some gypsy tribe. It used to make those acting with them nervous to hear them jabbering this jargon. The name of the gypsy family was afterward fastened upon them by their travelling in their floating theatre. It was in reality only a Mississippi flatboat, but was exceedingly large, as it could seat 400 people, and contained the scenery, properties, etc., and living accommodations for the entire family.

"I cannot tell you exactly how many years they ran the flatboat, but you may judge that it was no inconsiderable period from the fact that a large family of children was born to William Hamilton on that floating theatre. Hamilton married one of old Chapman's daughters, and what with the original family, the marriages and intermarriages, they had sufficient people to cast even the fullest of Shakespeare's tragedies. Of course, some of the parts had to be doubled occasionally, and a man who was killed in one scene would appear in the next, alive and well, as some other character; but that was only in such plays as demanded very large casts, like "Hamlet."

"Orchestra they had none—that is, not in the front of their theatre—but they played all the necessary music behind the scenes. That was in the day of music in plays. No actor or actress could come on then without a chord. The 'front-wood robber,' dressed in top boots and buried in inky whiskers and wig, delivered himself of his villainous schemes confidentially to the audience to pizzicato music. Everybody died to slow music. In one piece Harry Chapman, who was first violin, was on the stage, and so was every one else. Harry received a fatal sword thrust, and fell with his head and shoulders off the stage, and spoke his last speech, and played slow music for himself to die by. The Chapman family were even more ingenious in stage expedients than the rest of the strollers of that time.

"They hardly ever bought anything to eat on the boat, but subsisted mainly on the fish they caught. The lines were always out trolling during the performances, and any one of them would rush off even in the middle of a speech to pull in a fish. One night the elder Chapman was playing the Stranger. He had just exclaimed:

"'Oh, God! oh, God! what are the chains of death——,' when some one behind cried out:

"'A bite, a bite, Bill!'

"He flew off, pulled up his line, returned and continued his speech—

"'Compared to misery like mine?'

"In the same play the Stranger calls 'Francis' twice, but Francis does not appear until the second time of calling. The Stranger then impatiently demands: 'Where were you when I called?'

"One night the Stranger called four times before Francis made his appearance, and in reply to the Stranger's question, the Chapman who played Francis answered, with a smile of great satisfaction:

"'I was hauling in the finest nine-pound cat-fish you ever laid your eyes on.'

"It was jokingly said that the Chapmans always smelt fishy, even years after they had given up the flatboat. I used to fancy so."

"Did they eat nothing but fish?"

"Oh, yes, they had plenty of provisions. They would take chickens, eggs, hams, meat, flour, butter, corn, and anything of that kind as admittance fees, and as the farmers were very liberal with such commodities, you may be sure the floating actors had a variety of food and plenty of it. Of course they charged an admittance fee, and as it was in the old slavery times, the Southerners were not stingy. They would inquire: 'How much to see the show?' and being told—I forget the scale of prices, but think it was high—they would fling down a $10 or $20 gold piece and never wait for change. Then, too, there prevailed a custom of throwing money to the performers instead of flowers, and if anything pleased the fancy of the audience, like a dance or a song, they would shower down the 'yellow boys.' I fancy that custom would even now be acceptable to some of our performers.

"I do not think the floating gypsies had any bills—certainly not any programmes. They drew up to a wharf, moored, and put out a canvas announcing their entertainment. This was sufficient. The news that 'the players had come' soon spread among the country folk, and long before the doors were opened the farmers and planters, with their families, were on hand, in every style of conveyance, and loaded down with the best products of that rich and fertile country.

"It took the Chapman family pretty much a whole season to travel down the Mississippi and Ohio. The men did the navigating, the women the cooking. They finally broke up the show, becoming weary of the life, but not because it was not profitable, for the small places they usually played in never saw any theatre but theirs. They never played in the large cities, like Cincinnati, although they often laid up there for a while. They drifted apart, going various ways, each winning more or less renown."

HISTORY OF THE BEARD.

A Terrible Record of Masculine Folly.

Clergymen and Barristers Reproved and Dishonored for Not Shaving.

Introduction of Barbers into Ancient Rome.

[London Spectator.]

The history of the beard is a terrible record of male folly. If some inhabitant of a superior sphere were called down to hear the case, as in Leigh Hunt's apologue the angel is called in to arbitrate between the man and the fish, what would he say when it was thus presented? Here is a natural growth, which is commonly allowed to be ornamental, which certainly conceals what are often the weaker and less shapely parts of the face, which helps to protect important organs of life, the removal of which is tedious, painful, and, in possibility at least, dangerous—was not Dionysius compelled to singe off his beard with hot walnut shells, for fear of letting a razor approach his tyrannous throat?—and yet at various epochs sundry nations have agreed, as far as might be, to remove it—and not only this, but to make its removal a test of mental sanity and moral goodness. It is this last fact, the bigotry, so to speak, which has commonly been associated with this fashion, that makes the history of the beard so strange, and, we may venture to say, so humiliating a record. Does it not seem absolutely incredible that, not more than a quarter of a century ago, Archbishop Tait, then bishop of London, an exceptionally liberal prelate, actually forbade one of his clergy, a man of the highest character, to read prayers in his own church on the occasion of a confirmation, because he had the sense to let the hair grow on his upper lip; and that Lord Justice Knight Bruce absolutely refused to hear, in fact ignored the presence of a bearded young barrister who attempted to address him; and that in a case well known to the present writer, all the dignified machinery of a governing body of a school was called in by the head master to compel an innovating colleague to shave.

These instances are striking because they are recent, but the whole history of the subject is full of the most curious anomalies. In earlier antiquity the wearing of the beard was, with the exception of Egypt, where the priests certainly were shaven, universally customary. It was, indeed, held to be peculiarly sacred. To touch it was to make

The Most Solemn Appeal

possible to compassion (a fact possibly connected with the helplessness of a man so grasped).

Shaving seems to have become common after the best days of Greece had passed. Alexander the Great is represented with a beardless face; and he is said to have made his Macedonians doff their beards, as affording a dangerous hold to the enemy in close combat. It was certainly one of the Greek fashions that made their way into Rome, and after a long struggle it seems to have prevailed. Barbers from Sicily are said to have settled in the city as early as 300 B. C. Conservatives, such as Cato the Elder, seem to have fiercely resisted the change. Scipio Africanus the Younger is said to have been the first who shaved daily. But the fashion prevailed. The heads of the great Romans of the last age of the republic are beardless; and the custom seems to have continued during the early empire. To be able to grow a beard was, of course, a sign of manly years, and the young Romans cultivated it as diligently as an ambitious lad among ourselves; but to cut it off was a necessary sacrifice to custom; though, if we may judge from an expression in one of Cicero's letters, there was a class of ultra-fashionable youth who wore a small beard. Augustus the Elder, Pliny tells us, always used the razor. "Bearded" became a synonyme for something old-fashioned and even silly. The philosophers, however, still were champions of nature, though not always creditable champions, as they were often believed to make the beard and its accompaniment the cloak, serve in the stead of both wisdom and virtue. Some of the emperors, however, after the end of the first century of our era, seem to have worn the beard; Julian, in the fourth century, being a conspicuous example.

In our own country the English before the Conquest were commonly bearded, though the Norman fashion of shaving was creeping in, just as the Greek fashion had crept into Rome. "An army of priests," was the report brought back by Harold's spy from the camp of the invaders. The conquerors of Senlac seem to have imposed their custom of shaving upon the conquered, and it was one of the grievances of the English under their new masters that they were compelled to shave. After two centuries, however, beards again asserted their right to exist. The portraits of pre-reformation founders at Oxford and Cambridge frequently display the beard; and it seems to have gone partially out of fashion in the days of the Tudors. Dr. Doran tells us that the benchers of Lincoln's Inn forbade any bearded person to sit at the table unless he paid for double commons. Still, there are conspicuous exceptions. The beard which Sir Thomas More moved out of the way of the executioner's axe has become famous. The appendage, too, must have been common, when Elizabeth thought it worth while to impose

A Tax On All Who Wore a Beard

of more than a fortnight's growth. The Reformers, again, certainly were bearded, as in the earlier half of the next century were the statesmen and prelates of the Stuart monarchy. Meanwhile, shaving became more and more common among the ecclesiastics of the Roman church (the Greek communion, conservative in this as in all things, has always clung to the beard), though the Popes as late as the end of the seventeenth century seem not to have personally followed the practice. With us shaving became almost universal with the Restoration, the second Charles, with whom the growth seems to have been naturally deficient, setting the fashion. Still there were those who refused to surrender the beard. In Ely Cathedral, for instance, as late as the first decade of the eighteenth century, we see a bearded effigy of a bishop of the see.

Then came a long period, lasting down almost to this generation, during which no words were hard enough for the audacious creature who dared to show himself in the haunts of his fellows as, it may be presumed, nature had intended him to be. He was supposed to be revolutionary in politics and heretical in faith, if not positively an atheist. Persons not yet middle aged will remember how fiercely the controversy raged. It sounds ludicrous now to a younger generation, which, thanks to the struggles of their elders, enjoy a perfect freedom in such matters; but it was not a laughing matter at the time. Bishops and judges, as has been said before, not only denounced but persecuted the beard. Masters forbade it to their employes. A well-known West End bank, with a certain humor that does something to atone for the tyranny of the act, issued an edict that "Gentlemen were not to wear beards or moustaches during office hours." Congregations deserted ministers who had the presumption to appear, as according to all tradition, and indeed, all probability, the founder of their religion appeared. Slowly the opposition became less vehement. A bearded clergyman was appointed to a bishopric (not in England, it is true—that has not yet, we think, happened), and declined to follow the suggestion of his metropolitan, and shave. Now every man may do as he pleases; but certainly, while he has to own to a record of such unreasonable intolerance on the part of his own sex he cannot say much about feminine subservience to fashion.

Origin of the Baton.

[Belgravia.]

The baton was first used at the King's Theatre by Chelard. He came over at Monck Mason's invitation with a German company in 1832, and always conducted with a baton. Before that the leader alone with his violin bow conducted the orchestra. Costa instantly saw the advantage of the baton, and adopted it from that time. But the practice was much criticised, both in the case of Weber and Mendelssohn, who used it in conducting for the Philharmonic Society. Ella told me that Mendelssohn, in company with Meyerbeer and Costa, were dining with him the day after the Philharmonic rehearsal and was so much annoyed at the impertinent remarks made by the leaders of the orchestra, who criticised his use of the baton, that he was seriously thinking of giving it up, when Ella exclaimed with his usual strong sense, "My dear Mendelssohn, do no such thing; don't pay any attention to them; if you give up the baton to please them it will be put down to cowardice on your part." Both Costa and Meyerbeer urged the leaders to set a good example by accepting the baton. This decided Mendelssohn and he retained the use of the baton, which was also used by Moscheles and has been retained ever since.

ROMANCE OF THE JAM-POTS.

Remarkable Discovery of an Important Document.

[Romantic Stories of the Legal Profession.]

It often happens that the issue of great suits at law, particularly in England, depends upon a single document which it is very difficult to produce. That was the weak point in the case which Messrs. Sharpe & Floyd were managing for Mr. Morpeth. A certain deed was almost absolutely essential to success, and it was not to be found for love or money. An advertisement had been inserted in all the leading papers for months, offering a reward of £300 for the valuable parchment, but not a word had come in response. The lawyers felt confident that it could not be in existence; an offer of £300 must have brought it to light, they argued, if anybody had it in possession. But Morpeth insisted upon believing that it could be found. So he instructed Messrs. Sharpe & Floyd to increase the sum to £500 and go on advertising; and accordingly Tom Halliday, a clerk in the office, was despatched to the advertising agency with orders to contract for the necessary space in all the dailies for a fortnight.

Tom had a sweetheart, naturally enough, and they were going to be married as soon as they could contrive to buy furniture for a couple of rooms. It was his habit of a Saturday to take a stroll with her, and accompany her home to tea; and as it was on a Saturday that he made this trip to the advertising agency, of course he told her all about it, and they amused themselves by discussing what they would do with the reward, supposing they should chance to find the missing deed. They were talking in this ridiculous strain when they reached the girl's home. The table was spread, and among the dainties of the occasion was a pot of home-made raspberry jam, brought out especially in honor of his visit, Tom was informed. "Thank you, madame; since you're so pressing, I don't mind if I do," said Tom, and proceeded to help himself. He had hardly taken the first mouthful, however, when he turned suddenly pale, his lower jaw dropped, and he sat gazing fixedly at the jam pot, like one spellbound. The girl fancied he must be ill, the mother wondered if he had come upon a black beetle. "It's nothing," Tom managed to gasp after a time; "I shall be all right directly. It's—it's—the £500."

When he had recovered from his bewilderment he began to compare the names of the parties to the missing deed, as mentioned in the advertisement, with the piece of parchment that had covered the jam-pot, and that lay upside down upon the table before him. There they were, the very same. He had certainly found the missing deed, or at least a fragment of it. "And now, if we can trace the rest," he exclaimed, "our fortune's made." The mother threw open her cupboard, and there were two dozen jam-pots, lacking one, each with a piece of the parchment tied over it for a cover. It was an anxious moment. The pots were quickly uncovered, the circular bits fitted together, and at last the thing took definite and symmetrical shape, and not a line was wanting. A few of the "and whereases" and "provided alsos" were a trifle sticky, but not the smallest part had been destroyed. Tom did not stop to finish his dinner. He chucked the precious jam-pot covers into his pocket and ran at the top of his deed to Messrs. Sharpe & Floyd. They agreed with him at once that he had secured the longest speed; and then they recalled the fact that they had once had offices in the quarter where the mother of Tom's sweetheart lived, and that on coming away they had swept a good many useless papers into a corner and left them there, and this deed must somehow have been among them, though they had never been able before to surmise how it could have slipped from their custody. They hastened to Mr. Morpeth with the good news, and he drew a check on the spot for £500, payable to Tom's order; and Mr. Morpeth won his suit, and Tom married the girl of his heart as soon as the wedding gown could be made—all because a nice-fingered old lady had cut covers out of parchment for her jam-pots in such a happy way.

SHOWED HIS METTLE.

The Horse Smashed the Wagon, but It's an Ill Wind That Blows Nobody Any Good.

[Detroit Free Press.]

An old horse attached to a still older ash-wagon was left standing on Larned street west yesterday, when the dumping of a load of coal started him off on the run. When the owner returned to the spot where he had left his rig, a boy informed him of what had occurred.

"Ran away! Do you say my horse ran away?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did he strike into a gallop?"

"He did."

"And people were excited?"

"Yes, sir. There was quite a crowd around."

"And after he turned the corner he broke the wagon, you say?"

"Smashed it all to pieces, sir."

"Well, by George! I was off trying to find some one who'd give me $10 for that horse, but now I won't take a cent less than $25! Actually struck a gallop and ran away, eh? I believe I won't sell short of $30!"

GALLANTRY PUNISHED.

The Mistake He Made in Wooing the Wife of a Dyer.

[Chambers' Journal.]

A gallant French gentleman became enamored of the handsome young wife of a dyer, who, as a punishment for the assurance of his addresses, conspired with her to bring the would-be lover to grief. According to the arrangement a meeting of the lady and her admirer, at the house of the former, was interrupted by the entrance of the outraged artisan, who, rushing upon the conditionally indefensible lover, caught him around the body and hurled him head foremost into an immense vat filled with a liquid die. Of the manner of his preservation from drowning, of his escape and return to his home, tradition is silent. Awakening the next morning, the ex-gay French gentleman discovered, to his consternation and disgust, that from crown to sole his entire skin was indelibly dyed a darkly, deeply blue, toward the removal of which all saponaceous friction or thermal parboiling was as but a tinkling cymbal and a sounding brass! Truth to state, each attempt at a removal seemed but to result in a deeper setting of the cuticular coloring. Physicians and chemists failing, a noted dyer was summoned. In an instant he recognized the peculiar tint. "I can do nothing with that," said he. "There is but one dyer living who holds the secret of that color. He is its inventor and patentee. To him alone must you apply for help." In agony of despair the ex-gallant was therefore compelled to send for the author of his sorrow. After viewing the pitiable object, the inventor shook his head. "Sorry," said he, "but I can effect no eradication of that color. You see, the entire permanency of the tint is the main merit of the patent."

"And must I remain blue forever!" gasped the shivering victim.

"Well, not exactly that," replied the dyer, musing. "I can modify the trouble some. If, sir, you are capable of sustaining a certain degree of steaming, I can alter this blue to a charming green!"

Young Quartz.

[Carson Appeal.]

It is a generally-accepted theory that quartz, sandstone and slate are geological formations which require thousands of years to form. A few days ago, in Virginia City, Conductor Havenor showed a specimen of quartz which never could have existed over fifteen years ago. The quartz in question was taken out of the Yellow Jacket mine, from between the timbers. The timbers were put in fifteen years ago, and the matter forming the quartz had apparently oozed through a crack and adhered to the timber. It was about the size and had the appearance of a cauliflower. There was a mass rather soft and crumbling to the touch, and in places woven together like threads; and in this mass, and a part of it, were three distinct and perfectly-formed quartz crystals. The mass had been pushed through the crack while in a plastic state, and then formed in the bunch described. The specimen in the possession of Mr. Havenor shows where it adhered to the timber. He also has a piece of sandstone taken from the creek at Stevens' Mill, near Dayton. The mill was built twelve years ago, and a portion of a wooden stake driven into the ground at the time is solidly imbedded in the sandstone, which is as firm and hard as any sandstone of the old sandstone period. There is a rusty nail in the wedge.

A CHAPTER ON DRUMS.

The Fabled Invention of the Ancient God of Wine.

Universal Popularity of the Noisy Accompaniment of War and Festivity.

King Monboddo's Entertainments—Saint Patrick's Drum.

Drums are said to have been invented by Bacchus, the noisiest of the gods, and the cymbals of his revels were appropriately fitted with asses' skin. But when, says the London Telegraph, the merry divinity is described as carrying his wine-cup through the world on the sword's point, and compelling every nation, as Mahomet did with the Koran, to accept or take the fatal consequences, Bacchus is said to have improved the cymbal into a drum. And, though it is not anywhere so stated, there would be nothing irrational in supposing that the ease with which the bibulous general overcame the world was largely due to the outrageous novelty of his military band. Up to that time antiquity had been accustomed to the signals of the trumpet, and soldiers, shouting together, made their own music. The tones of the lyre, pipe and flute were the loudest noises they made in Greece under the name of music. Yet these were dulcet and gentle, lyric in fact, and not suited to the roll of the epic or the thunder of tragedy. How the war dances of the Spartans would have been enhanced in dignity had there been a drum among the chorus!

"Dancing to song," says Bacon, "is a thing of great state; but let the songs be loud and cheerful, not chirping or puling"; and that warlike king of Scythia was right who said that he preferred the neighing of a horse to any of the scrannel strains men picked with their fingers off the strings of the cithar or phorminx. The reeds of Pan and Syrinx and Jubal were no doubt all sweet enough; but, as compared with the majestic voice of the drum, they were as the "leathery creak, or small residual extra squeak" of the damaged organ-bellows as compared with the full-breathed diapason of that tremendous instrument when it shakes the building with a gathering storm of sound. For, the organ excepted, there has been no instrument ever made that has such powers as the drum. In the trumpet there is something of the cry of victory. On the battlefield it takes a human voice. At all times it is blood-stirring. But there is in the drum a dignity of tone that is only matched by the first menacing thunders of the rousing lion. When it actually does roar the utterance of the beast has not so much of terror in it as that rolling, half-muttered growl which leads up to the actual outburst. The drum never does roar. It seems, even when loudest, to be still reserving itself for a crisis, which never arrives. So Niagara is tremendous. Listening to it, it seems as if now, and now, and now the awful utterance of the cataract must surely come to a climax. But it never does. And the effect of this sustained reservation of strength is prodigious, overpowering. In the same way, though, of course, in infinitely smaller degree, the drum asserts its claim to be, emphatically, the music of war. It supports the other instruments with a background of deep-voiced menace, and gives dignity to every passage in which it is heard. No wonder, therefore, that when Bacchus had shown them

How to Make so Much Noise

the Egyptains imitated the vinous rioter, or that other countries copied it from them, so that when in course of centuries the Moors introduced the instrument in Europe it soon spread over the continent.

England can claim a lion's share of the drum. Everybody has known, since Daniel Webster said it, how our "morning drum-beat, following the sun, and keeping company with the hours, circles the earth with one continuous and unbroken strain of the martial airs of England," and during the half-century that has elapsed since then the national rub-a-dub-dub has travelled into many strange lands.

But go where it may, the British drum is sure to find an indigenous variety of the species. In India during the mutinies the rebels mustered from north, east, south and west, tap-tapping as they came; the bazaars and country side were all noisy with tam-tams recruiting for the mutineers. In Abyssinia we found King Theodore's soldiers marching to the sound of kettle-drums. In Ashantee these instruments not only made the forest fastnesses of Koffee Kalkall perpetually hideous, but were among that potentate's insignia of sovereignty. The Afghans had drums, and so had the Zulus. The Black Flags, with whom the French are now fighting, use them, and so do the Arabs and Nubians of the Soudan. So all the world over—if noise is the object in view—whether in war times or in peace, the drum is always to the front. For one thing it is an instrument out of which it is very easy to extract noise.

There is no long apprenticeship needed to be able to thump a drum. It is within the reach of the meanest capacity. In the west of America it is sometimes used for summoning the folk to chapel, reminding them, in fact, that it is Sunday, and on these occasions there is much competition among the local youth as to which of them shall bang the parchment. The community has not to pay for a professional drummer. It is an instinct of humanity to make a noise, and, though the infirmities of advancing age incline the elderly to avoid it, youth is alway forward in the matter. What delights the rugged urchin more than a tin can? Was there ever a child yet that, if left alone with a tea-tray did not proceed to thump it? To ingratiate one's self with a juvenile it is only necessary to give him a drum. They of his household may consecrate your memory to undying odium in consequence of the gift—but what of that? You have made the boy as happy as he can be. The same desire to be loudly heard survives to the end of life among savages. Travellers call it "barbarous music," but the savage does not mean it for music at all. He intends it for what it is, and nothing more, a prodigious noise.

When the King of Monboddo gives a party, it is a matter for beheading if any one comes without an instrument of some kind, and the honors of the evening remain with that side of the reception-room which makes the more hideous din. There is no bandmaster, no rehearsal of the entertainment. But everybody is supposed to blow and beat as hard as he or she can, and success is gauged by the aggregate sum of the disturbance thus created. Everybody performs independently, and the King of Monboddo is said to be much gratified by these concerts, and rather prides himself upon being a patron of the arts. Prominent among his musical instruments are conical drums,

Covered with Human Skin,

the people of Monboddo being, unfortunately, cannibals, and garnished, as to the edges, with a chaste adornment of human teeth, fragments of skull and similar indigestible morsels.

What an abyss separates the Central African from the tam-tam of the Asiatic bazaar, and yet the chasm between the tam-tam and the majestic cylinder upon which the tambour-major performs is even greater. For the tam-tams may be reasonably reckoned among the drawbacks of residence in the East. Snakes, great heat, cholera, mosquitoes, perjury and tam-tams are the chief inconveniences which Europeans experience in Asia, and the chiefest, perhaps, is the last on the list. Snakes can be easily guarded against; the heat can be modified by the proper appliances, or fled from to the hills; cholera is a matter of kismet if it will be so it must be; mosquitoes are baffled by curtains; perjury can be punished; but how is the tam-tam to be circumvented? The oriental is the most persistent of performers, the tam-tam the most monotonous of instruments. Without being loud, it is very far-reaching; and, in the dead, still nights of the Indian hot weather, the abominable sound from which the thing takes its name can be heard throbbing on the air in a score of directions. Every village has its musicians, and no concert is too long for the Hindoo to squat out. And so there they sit, hour after hour, dismally tapping on the wretched kettle-drum, till the listener longs for she-bears to come out from the woods and devour them all. It is no use trying to forget the sound—to pretend that you can not hear it, for the tam-tam, a mile away though it be, might as well be inside the listener's head and the performer be striking his tympanum instead of the detestable parchment. It is a small instrument, too, this prodigious nuisance, and, perhaps, therefore all the more odious. The extreme youth of the urchin who is squeaking on a penny whistle aggravates his offence, just as the very diminutive size of a mosquito makes its exasperating recitative so intolerable.

Yet the tam-tam is the Asiatic analogue of the European drum; and how wide the difference between them!—as wide as the distance between the pipes of the Punch and Judy man and those with which Sigurd made the rafters of the banqueting hall reel and set the furniture all agog. For the modern drum as played by skilled bandsmen is a very noble instrument indeed. It adds dignity to the procession of princes, terror to the advance of armies, and a solemnity to death itself. No voice heralds the approach of royalty so befittingly—"Let the drums be beat; the emperor comes!" When recalling his eventful career, Othello hears the "spirit-stirring" roll of the drum. In the Dead March from "Saul" what a surpassing gravity possesses the music as the drums pour out their muffled thunders.

Besides, was it not with a drum that the blessed St. Patrick drove all the snakes out of Ireland? He drummed them out of the island, too, with such fervor that he made a hole in the skin, but an angel appeared and miraculously patched it up, and the saint was able to bring this "Grand March of the Varmints" to a successful termination.

CAT TALK.

The Eminent Friends of the Little Animal—Its Language.

[London News.]

The cat is a beast of very ancient lineage and high degree. Perhaps it was from Nubia that the Egyptians got the cat, which they at once began to worship as the Goddess Pasht. The etymology of the names for the cat throw little or no light on its original home. A recent American writer mentions some children who invented a "cat language," in which cats could be intelligently addressed. Oddly enough, a French philosopher, Dupont de Nemours, had anticipated this childish idea, and made considerable researches into the language which cats talk among themselves. He decided that cats, which have a more extensive view of the world from the tree-tops and house-tops than dogs enjoy, have also a more fully developed language than their natural enemies.

"The cat has a speech in which all the vowels of the dog are found, with six consonants into the bargain; these being m, n, g, h, y and f. Hence the cat has a far greater number of words than the dog; hence, too, its superior intelligence and cunning."

The Abbe Galiani, a famous wit, was also fond of studying cats. He maintained that "the language of the tom is quite different from that of the tabby, as it ought to be." In this case cats resemble several savage races (such as the Carribs, and a people mentioned by Herodotus), in that the males and females of the race speak twenty different tongues. The abbe detected "more than twenty inflections in the language of cats." He was certain that "cats always use the same sound to express the same thing." These philosophers might well have wondered, like Montaigne, what their cat was thinking of their diversions. Chateaubriand, a great friend of cats, had rather a good story of a ghost of a cat, accompanied by a ghost of a wooden leg, which used to walk up and down stairs together in an ancient house. And if cats have a language, why should they not leave ghosts behind them?

Among the most illustrious friends of cats have been Victor Hugo, Theophile Gautier, Prosper Merimee, Chateaubriand, Cardinal Wolsey, Richelieu and Mahomet. The cat of Mahomet was named Muezza, and for this worthy animal he showed the highest consideration. One day the cat fell asleep on the wide sleeve of the prophet's coat. Mahomet had a business engagement, but he could not dream of disturbing Muezza. At last, as the matter became pressing, this good-natured prophet cut the sleeves off his coat, went about his business, and left Muezza to repose. Chateaubriand thought, and justly, that the independence of the cat was one of its most remarkable features. There is always one who loves and one who lets himself be loved in every affair of the heart, and the cat invariably occupies the latter position. And why not? "Man has sought the society of the cat, it is not the cat that has sought the society of man," says Champfleury. It is a natural, comfortable, selfish, independent animal, and probably its society is valued because it so obviously and unaffectedly makes the best of this life without pretending to any enthusiasm for humanity.

AN ACCOMMODATING HUSBAND.

He Marries His Divorced Wife to the Other Fellow and Helps Them to be Happy.

"Two queer men, one woman and two grown-up boys occupy those two houses over there," said a lounger at a little station in Florida to a wayfarer who had "missed connection," and was whiling away a weary hour by studying the movements of the people who came and went from the door of one of the houses referred to.

"The woman, one of the men and the two boys occupy the larger house, while the other man lives, or rather sleeps, in the smaller one. He takes his meals at the other.

"Both the men are, or I should say were, the husband of that woman whom you have noticed so peculiarly dressed.

They hail from Illinois. This Mrs. Smith left her husband and came here with Samuel Brown—he leaving a family behind, she bringing her two boys along. They came here some years ago and homesteaded government land in this, at that time, unsettled portion. They passed in this community as man and wife. Mrs. Smith, being a strong-minded woman's rights advocate, and having some education, began corresponding for a Northern paper. After a while Smith, finding out the whereabouts of the runaways, concluded to follow them, ostensibly for the purpose of getting his children. When he arrived on the scene and found Mrs. Brown, nee Smith, so comfortable and happy, he declined to interfere, and left them unmolested. A divorce was obtained without trouble. Smith took a homestead adjoining Brown's and boarded with his ci-devant wife.

"That's pretty good for an amateur story-teller. You don't expect to believe it. Can prove every word of it if you will go with me to Smith's cabin. He will tell you the same. But I haven't finished.

"While the divorce case was pending Smith was appointed a justice of the peace, for you know people were scarce here then. When the divorce was granted he, being on hand, was asked to perform the marriage ceremony for the parties, which he did with hearty good will. He still boards with them whenever here. Being a carpenter he works away from home a great deal."

"How about the boys? Who claims them?"

"They seem to be independent agents, making their home with the mother, but being frequently away with the father. The two men get on amicably. When Smith is away Brown works his place and keeps it in order for him, and Smith doesn't seem to be a bit afraid to trust him. Pretty hard to find two more such men, eh?"

An Awkward Emergency.

[M. Quad.]

A few days ago a man with a weak and humble expression, and wearing a summer suit of clothes, applied to one of the railroad passenger agents for a dead-head pass to Toledo.

"Why do you want to go to Toledo?"

"To git married."

"And you haven't any money?"

"Not above twenty-five cents."

"Hadn't you better be worth your fare to Toledo before taking a wife on your hands to support?"

"You don't understand the case," protested the man. "I'm going to marry a widow worth at least $5000, and the first thing I shall do will be to remit you the price of the ticket. I'm poor and the widow knows it, but she marries me for love."

He protested so long and earnestly that he was finally passed down the road. Two days elapsed, and then a letter was received from him saying:

"Heaven bless you for your kindness. Reached here all right, and married the widow, according to programme. It turns out that she isn't worth a copper. In this emergency may I ask you to pass us both to Detroit, where I have hopes of striking a job?"

Mary Ann's Residence.

[Washington Republican.]

Everybody knows "Mary Ann," the newsgirl who sells the afternoon papers in the vicinity of Fifteenth street and the avenue. Though not a beauty, she is an indefatigable worker, and usually head the line with her check, and has a regular run of customers, who purchase her papers every day. An elderly lady, evidently of a benevolent turn of mind, accosted Mary Ann recently, and said:

"My good woman, why don't you get some work more befitting your sex? Tell me your name, and where you reside, and I will try to assist you?"

Mary Ann laid a finger alongside her nose, and gave the portly dowager a knowing wink, as she answered with a rich Tuscan accent:

"Whist now! I'll do it. But don't you let it git round. My name is Misthress Langtury, and I dwell in Buckingham Palace."

BRIC-A-BRAC.

A Picture.

[Lewis Morris.]

Long rolling surges of a falling sea,
Smiting the sheer cliffs of an unknown shore;
And by a tangled rock, swaying helplessly
A mast with broken cordage—nothing more.

The Most Envied of Her Sex.

[New York Commercial Advertiser.]

A Nevada girl died in a bear's embrace. When found there was a smile on her face.

Thoughts of a Bashful Man.

[New York Morning Journal.]

Ah, sweet are the songs of the summer birds,
And sweet are the flowers that bloom in the shade
When the skies are bright above you;
But sweeter far are the whispered words
From the lips of a pretty, modest maid,
Who at leap year time is not afraid
To say, "My dear, I love you."

He had Learned His Lesson.

[New York Mercury.]

Sunday school examiner—"Give an instance from Scripture of an animal endowed with speech." Pupil—"And the whale said unto Moses, 'Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian.'"

Tricks of Memory.

[Every Other Saturday.]

How is it, growing old, that what we've been
In earliest days should cling to memory yet,
When all the interval of life between,
Compared to that, seems easy to forget?

How life, in which we've fought, and fagged and striven
Looked back upon, should be but empty noise,
While far between it, like the hills of heaven,
Stand out the days when we were girls and boys?

The Smaller the Better.

[Detroit Post.]

There is a difference between the lips of a young man and the lips of a young lady, but sometimes it is a mighty small one.

Clothes Do Not Make the Man.

[Oil City Derrick.]

Beware, proud world, how thou despisest
The humblest of thy creatures, and lookest
With disdain upon the man with battered
Hat and mud-stained pantaloons;
For it has often been found a truth
That though a man wear ragged clothes,
He yet within his coat-sleeve wears
An arm with muscle great, whose
Blows will weigh a ton, and perchance,
When he is very mad, a few
Hundred pounds additional.

A Practical View of Elopement.

[Tit Bits.]

Young man, never marry the girl who will elope with you. The woman who has sufficient will to elope generally has the determination that will make her head of the family.

The Midnight Rambler's Soliloquy.

[Waif.]

Putting the names of the streets on the street lamps is a good thing. On moonlight nights, if the lamps are not lighted, by getting out of the tram-car, climbing the lamp-post and striking a match you may read the name of the street distinctly, if the wind doesn't blow out your match.

Contrasts.

[Ada Louise Martin.]

I.

Blythe winds that sing along the lea,
White clouds in airy fleeces curl'd,
Fresh reaches of a sapphire sea,
A sound of laughter thro' the world.

A pair of lovers in a lane,
A coy coquetting with a ring.
A gleam of sun. A scud of rain.
A day in Spring.

II.

Rough blasts that roar across the wold,
Chill mists on mountain-summits spread,
Black branches naked to the cold,
The river frozen in its bed.

A gray head either side the fire,
Dim eyes that watch each crackling splinter,
A snowy roof. A snowy spire.
A day in Winter.

A New Complexion.

[Evansville Argus.]

The other day a rather green-looking young fellow—though he evidently lived in the city—went into a dry goods store and walked up to one of the lady clerks, and the following conversation occurred:

"I want to get four yards of wide ribbon for a girl."

"All right, sir. What color do you want?"

"I don't know; I just want four yards of ribbon, that's all."

"Yes; but we ought to give her some color that will suit her. Is she a blonde or a brunette?"

"She ain't neither; she's a hired girl."

Change of Base.

"O, no!" she replied, with a smile so entrancing,
When he ventured to ask if the seat were engaged,
That the hurry and worry of business commotion
Were, for the time being, entirely assuaged.

O, that chin, with its dimple and wonderful curving,
And marvellous fairness—he'd ne'er seen its match;
And 'twas greatly enhanced by a bit of court-plaster;
His innocence thought was concealing a scratch!

At first, as was natural, they talked of the weather,
How hot and how sultry the day that had passed;
Then he spoke of the last showy wedding of fashion—
How enormous the fortune the groom had amassed.

The next thing in order, of course, was the tunnel,
With the darkness of Egypt—whatever that is—
And the little black patch, when they merged into daylight,
Had changed its position from her chin to his!

Five Miles from the Other Place.

[Arkansaw Correspondence N. Y. Times.]

They have a story down here of a trapper travelling with his boy Ike, who came unexpectedly upon the hot springs one day before there was any settlement. The boy saw the steaming water pouring from the rocks and wanted to stop and watch it. "No, go on, go on," said the old man; "don't stop here for your life; this place ain't more than five miles from perdition!" Only he didn't say perdition; that isn't the Arkansaw name for it. If the trapper were to come here now and fall into the hands of any of the army of quack doctors and other sharks who have pitched their tents here he might possibly think he had covered the remaining five miles.

Three Reflections.

[S. M. Peck.]

HE.

If I should steal a little kiss,
Oh, would she weep, I wonder?
I tremble at the thought of this—
If I should steal a little kiss,
Such pouting lips would never miss
The dainty bit of plunder;
If I should steal a little kiss
Oh, would she weep, I wonder?

SHE.

He longs to steal a kiss of mine—
He may, if he'll return it:
If I can read the tender sign,
He longs to steal a kiss of mine;
"In love and war"—you know the line,
Why cannot he discern it?
He longs to steal a kiss of mine—
He may, if he'll return it.

THE POET.

A little kiss when no one sees—
Where is the impropriety?
How sweet amid the birds and bees
A little kiss when no one sees;
Nor is it wrong the world agrees,
If taken with sobriety.
A little kiss when no one sees,
Where is the impropriety?

Not a Satisfactory Job.

[San Francisco Examiner.]

A gentleman from the country stopped at a barber shop to ask for directions concerning the locality of a place where he wished to go, when one of the new hands said: "Boss, yer got mighty long hair. Better let me take som ob it offen yer." "I haven't time now," the gentleman replied, with a smile, "but I'll be in again soon." The gentleman went away, met several acquaintances, became somewhat boozy, and in that condition went to the shop, said he wanted to be shaved, laid his head back on the cushion, and was soon asleep. After shaving the gentleman, the ambitious barber, remembering the conversation of a few hours before, determined to cut his hair. Just as he was completing the work the gentleman awakened, and springing from the chair exclaimed: "I've a good mind to shoot the top of your head off!" "What's de matter, boss? Job not done satisfactory, sah?" "Satisfactory! you stupid wretch! You shingled my wig!"

ELSIE'S LOVER.

A STORY:

By JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

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CHAPTER IV.

Elsie's hope was, according to her own assertion, that her husband might have come to the pasture, and either in joke, or for some reason, have carried the child home. It was a most improbable hypothesis, but it was not impossible. He was not given to practical joking, least of all to such a cruel kind of joking as this; but then, she told herself, he might not have known that she was at hand, or the child might have met with some little accident that made it desirable he should be taken to the house. So the distracted mother ran across the fields to the village, and reached home panting from exhaustion, and trembling from head to foot—her dress torn, her hands and face bleeding from thorns, and her hair hanging on her shoulders. As she came up to the door it was opened, and her husband met her on the threshold.

"Why, Elsie," he said, "I didn't know what was become of you. I was just going to look you up—why, you're all torn, and—Elsie, what's the matter? Has anything happened?"

"Oh, Tom, don't tell me you haven't seen him? You brought him back, didn't you? Answer me! —don't! Oh, God! I can't bear it! Is he here?"

"Is who here? What do you mean? Where have you been?"

"My baby! my baby! Tom, my husband, I love you—I do love you! Don't be cruel to me—tell me! Our baby—where is he? Haven't you—"

"What, Tommy? Why, I thought he was asleep up stairs. Did you take him with you?" The husband and wife gazed into each other's eyes in silent terror. At last Tom said: "Elsie, what does this mean? What have you done? What have you done with our child?" He spoke with difficulty, and with a sternness she had never heard in his voice before. She could not answer him. Strength, courage and hope forsook her all at once. She struck her clenched hands against her face, uttered a broken cry, and stumbled forwards across the doorstep. Her husband put out his arm and partly broke her fall, and dragged her into the house and shut the door, for several persons had been attracted to the place, and were trying to get a notion of what was happening.

For some time all was a blank to Elsie, but when she came to herself there sat her husband, pale, grave, with his large eyes fixed upon her, waiting for her to speak. There was something in his aspect that puzzled her; something unfamiliar and repellent. She told her story as clearly and promptly as she could; he listened closely, occasionally putting a brief question, and watching her face narrowly all the while. When she had finished he got up and said, "I'll get volunteers, and we'll go out and look for him. If he's anywhere about I'll find him—alive or dead." He said this quietly, even impassively; then he suddenly stepped close to her, and bending forward, added in a sharp, penetrating tone, "Have you told me all you know?"

"I don't understand you," she faltered. "What more can I know?"

"Well, I thought you might have omitted something," he replied heavily, turning away. "You'll come with us, and show us the place where you last saw him. I'll get a wagon. Then you can drive yourself home. Of course, the rest of us will be out all night, unless we find—something—before."

Elsie rose up, unsteadily, and approached him. "Tom, what is it?" she said in a whisper. "You are so strange. You speak to me so coldly—and you almost act as if you didn't care."

"I don't know; I can't cry and faint, as a woman can; I only feel—as if I were about half dead. Oh, I dare say it's all right. I'll get the wagon, and be here again in ten minutes. Get your dress in order and be ready to come along." And with that he left her.

The volunteers were easily found; indeed, as soon as the news was made known, all that was needed was to make a selection. The whole village was on the alert, and discussing the matter. It was just before sunset when the party set out armed with horns, shotguns, provisions and lanterns. The moon was in the second quarter, and the night promised to be clear. The general opinion was that the child would either be found very soon, or not at all. It was impossible that he should have gone far himself, since he could not walk. He might have fallen down some place and stunned himself, or worse; or he might have crawled under a bush and gone to sleep; or—somebody might have carried him off. But this, which might seem the most probable hypothesis, was generally discredited. Nobody would take a child of that age, and a case of kidnapping had not been known in that neighborhood for a hundred years. "We'll have him before bed-time, dear boys, if he's in this living world," said old Wiper, the hotel-keeper; and he expressed the prevailing sentiment.

Under Elsie's guidance they were soon at the pasture, and found the hickory tree and the baby-wagon standing beneath it. On the grass, likewise, were the bits of mica with which the child had been playing. The first passion of Elsie's emotion had spent itself before she came out and confronted her fellow-townspeople, insomuch that some of them had remarked that she looked rather cool about it; but when she saw the bits of mica lying there, the nerves of her face seemed to contract or shrivel; her eyes half closed, and she pressed her hands over her bosom. At that moment she felt that she had become old, and would never be young again.

The searchers, having carefully examined the place and the surroundings, settled the details of their plan of operation, and departed, each man by himself. Tom was the last to start; and Elsie had hoped that, before going, he would come to her for a farewell kiss and word. For, now that her baby was gone, the harsh and complaining demeanor which she had been accustomed to adopt towards her husband, and which had been more external than real, had fallen off like a mask, and she longed unspeakably for the tenderness and countenance of his affection. But, by some fatality, as it seemed, which she could not comprehend, this first time that she had needed his love was also the first time that he had withheld all expression of it. She had told herself, however, that this apparent reticence was perhaps due to the stunning effect of the shock he had received—that it was involuntary or unconscious. But now, surely—now, if ever—at this moment of parting, he would say or do something to show that he felt, as she did, that this great calamity had swept away all their peevish disagreements, and had drawn them closer together than any good fortune could have done.

In truth, he half turned and looked at her, as she sat in the wagon; and there was an expression in his face of mingled wistfulness, grief and doubt. She leaned forward, trembling and piteously smiling; then all at once that dull, repellent light came into his eyes again; he turned his back on her and tramped away through the underbrush and was out of sight in a few moments. Elsie was alone. Mechanically she gathered up the reins and drove back, jolting over the ruts and stones, to the village. When she got to the house, there was her father. He helped her down from the seat, held her in his arms and kissed her silently, and led her indoors. "Thank God for you, father!" she said, clinging to him; "I have no one but you now." He said very little, but she felt comfort in his presence; she knew he loved her. They stayed together all that night, waiting for the news. Sometimes, in the distance, they could hear a gun fired or the faint echo of a horn. Each time Elsie started and trembled. The dawn began early; Elsie saw it slowly whiten the eastern sky, and advance through all its pure gradations of loveliness and splendor. Then she bent her aching eyes towards the distant belt of woodland from which she expected the returning searchers to emerge. And then she gave a scream and sprang to her feet; for there, just below the window, as if he had risen up out of the earth, stood her husband, haggard and dishevelled—and alone.

Her father hastened down stairs, and the two men spoke together for a few moments in low tones, but what they said was indistinguishable to Elsie. When they entered the room, Tom dropped wearily into a chair, and asked if he could have any brandy. He gulped down a few mouthfuls, and leaned back with a sigh. Mr. Willard inquired whether all the others had been heard from?

"There will be nothing worth hearing," Tom replied. "By the way, Elsie," he added, keeping his eyes averted from her, "have you got the brooch you wear on your dress, that forget-me-not brooch, you know, that I gave you before we were married?"

She put her hand to her throat. "I must have dropped it somewhere," she said; "I have missed it since yesterday."

"How far is Stony pond from here, should you think?" continued Tom, slowly looking round at her. She thought he must be a little out of his head, the question was so unexpected and apparently so idle.

"About two or three miles, I should say," she faltered.

"Haven't been there lately, have you?"

"No, Tom. Won't you lie down, dear, and get some rest?"

"You haven't been boating there, I suppose?" he went on doggedly. "I shall rest by and by—all in good time. Well, are you going to tell me what you did yesterday, or must I tell you? Come, Elsie, it's no use. They are going to drag the pond—"

Elsie sat rigid, with starring eyes, feeling all her life running out of her. Mr. Willard interfered. "My dear Tom," said he—and there was something almost like severity in his usually gentle voice—"your first duty now is to your wife. If you bear ill news, let it come to her from you tenderly. Is it not hard enough as it is?"

"It's harder than you think, sir," Tom replied. "But since she won't speak, I must. Stony Pond is a little over two miles from the pasture on the other side of the woods. We were beating up the woods most of the night; but about half an hour before dawn, I and one or two others got to the pond. It ain't very large; but it's deep, and has a soft mud bottom. We saw a boat out near the middle. One of the men stripped and swam out to it; I don't know what he expected to find. He got the boat ashore, but there was nothing in it—nothing except this." And at this point Tom held out his open palm towards his wife. In it lay the forget-me-not brooch.

She looked at it, but without seeming to comprehend its significance. Her mind was preoccupied in another direction. "I don't believe it!" she said, as if speaking to herself. "Drown my baby! no one would do that."

"How could the brooch be in the boat, since Elsie herself says she only missed it yesterday?" It was Mr. Willard who put this question.

"You are not the only one who has been puzzled by that," Tom replied. "And if Elsie can't explain it, some of them will think she dropped it there herself."

"But I told you I was not near the pond—" she began; but then she broke off, rose to her feet, and, with her eyes fixed fearfully upon her husband, tottered across to Mr. Willard, and clutched him by the arm. "Father," she cried, "don't you see—I understand him now—he thinks I drowned my baby! Look at him—he believes it! Ha, ha, ha!—Oh!"

"If you are not a madman, or a scoundrel, Tom Fielding," exclaimed the little clergyman, waxing great and formidable in his indignation, "tell her she is mistaken! Face me, sir! Dare you say my daughter is a murderess?"

"I shall say nothing but what I know," returned Tom, "and you shall know it, too. You have not heard what has been going on in this house for two or three months past. If she has said it once she has said it twenty times, that it was a sin to bring a child into the world, if there was no chance for him except to starve or be a beggar; and that it would be no crime to put it out of the world; and that the only way she could compensate it for having become its mother would be to kill it. Aye, those were her words, and she can't deny them. And when I asked her not to talk so, even in jest, she said, 'I am more in earnest than you think.' Well, I was so used to her ways, and I didn't think much of it then. But yesterday, when she came in, looking so wild and scared, and told me the baby was lost—why, those threats she had made came back to me like a stab. The child couldn't have lost itself, and who was to steal him? And she had been away with him four hours, and no one had seen them in that time. She says she was picking berries in the pasture; but she might have travelled ten miles, baby and all, in that time. I tell you the thought struck me, 'She may have done it!' and I couldn't get rid of it. It wasn't that I believed it; I couldn't actually believe it; but the thought that it might be took all the soul out of me; I didn't feel half alive; and so I couldn't comfort her, or kiss her, or say good-by, even, until I could be sure that I had wronged her. And I said to myself, then, 'I'd sooner have killed the child myself and have killed myself afterwards than know that its mother did it.' Well, then, we came to the pond; and when I saw Buttrick swimming for the boat it came over me that now we should find a clew. And what we did find was the brooch. How did it get there? I saw it on her yesterday morning. She was alone with Tommy all the afternoon. This morning it was in the boat at Stony pond, and Tommy was lost. I don't know what to believe, unless I believe either that she's guilty, or in a miracle. But it isn't what I think or believe that counts; the trouble is, the men who were with me at the pond think the same, and by breakfast time everybody in Pinefield will be talking of it. I tell you, what I most hope now is, they'll never find that child's body; for if they do, it will go hard with Elsie, whether she's innocent or not."

"If you have finished, sir," said the little clergyman, rising up in a stately manner, with his arm round Elsie's waist, "my daughter and I will go. This is no place for her. If it is your purpose to send the officers of justice after us, you will find us at my house. I will only add that better men than you or I have been saved before now, by believing in what you call a miracle. But the true miracle here is, that a man who has lived with my daughter for two years as her husband, should believe in the possibility of her guilt. May the Lord give you repentance. Amen!"

Tom sat in a sort of gloomy apathy, with his head resting on his hand, and neither stirred nor spoke in reply as the father and daughter moved towards the door. But at the threshold Elsie paused; she began to breathe hurriedly, and her cheeks to flush. She disengaged herself from her father, ran back to Tom and threw her arms round his neck.

"I won't leave him, father," she said. "I'll stay with him, whether he believes me innocent or not. He shan't lose his wife and his child the same day. And he shall not believe me guilty! Tom, my dear, poor boy,—look in your wife's eyes, and say if you can think that of me! I have said many wicked things, I know; but it was partly because I knew I could never have the heart to do them. And as for the brooch, dear, I think I can tell how it may have come there."

"You'd make a new man of me if you can, Elsie."

"Well, you know, I went to kiss him just before—" here her voice quavered and failed, but she struggled on after a moment—"just before I was going to another part of the pasture, and he put his little arms round my neck; and I think it must have been then that the brooch came unpinned, and fell into his lap. And then, I—suppose, he—used it as a plaything, you know, instead of the mica. So, you see, if he was carried away by any one, he would have taken the brooch with him; and in that way it might have been dropped in the boat. And I don't believe he's drowned. Tom," she added, laying her cheek against his, "I don't feel as if he had died in anyway; though, perhaps, he may be dead as far as we are concerned. I mean, that we may never see him again."

Tom sat with his head bent, and so still, that one might have thought him asleep. But suddenly his unnatural apathy gave way, and he burst into a passion of weeping, the tears streamed down his cheeks, and he hugged his wife to his heart, and sobbed out all his misery and remorse, and prayers to be forgiven. "I would trust you against my own eyesight, Elsie," he said; "and now I know that I never did believe it; for if I had, I should have been at the bottom of that pond at this moment. And now let them say what they dare about you, no harm shall ever come near you, darling, while I am alive!"

At certain crises of our lives, when we are wrought up to a high pitch of excitement and exaltation, it seems as if we were stronger than all the world, and as if all wrong and misfortune must give way before so lofty a mood, and only what is good and noble have power thenceforth. But then the slow and heavy days and weeks and years begin their inevitable work again, and heap up over us their imperceptibly increasing burden of petty fatigues and ignominious cares; and the weak places of our nature are sought out and tried, and perhaps give way at last; until in the end we find ourselves sinking back again into the slough out of which we fancied we had escaped forever. And so it happened with poor Tom and Elsie. For a long time they struggled against the chilling suspicion which encompassed them on all sides. They told their story, and strove to bring the matter to some final test. But, though no conclusive evidence was ever found against Elsie; though Stony pond was drained and its foul bottom searched in vain; though the whole country round about was roused to find some traces of the missing child, all ended in a cruel uncertainty, which left the doubters free to doubt still, and made those who were more charitably-minded timorous of avowing their opinion. To live amidst such misgivings is a trial to the strongest soul; and Tom Fielding was not one of the strongest. His courage gradually weakened and gave out; by way of cheering himself, he took to drinking, and in a few years he was no better than an amiable sot, with no manliness or ambition left. His wife clung to him faithfully; but she could not save him, or greatly help him, even; she had no practical, persistent energy, or knowledge of the world. Her temper, which had never been imperturbable, deteriorated under the pressure of mean and mortifying annoyances, and she became chronically fretful and unhappy. They fell at length into a very sordid and unlovely way of life; she lost the beauty which had once been so brilliant and fascinating, and which, under happier conditions, might have remained with her till old age; and as for Tom, he looked like the lazy and worthless drunkard that he was. When he died his best friend could not have felt other than relieved. Since that time Elsie had lived in her father's house. A new generation of young people had sprung up in Pinefield, who had no personal knowledge of the gloomy story of Elsie's youth; and she kept wholly away from society, nor was her face often seen on the village streets. But more than once, as she passed a group of children on their way to school, or trooping homeward, she would see them look askance at her, and hear them whispering among themselves, "Who is that woman?" or, "Don't you know? She's the wicked woman that killed her baby!"

When the Reverend Joshua Willard had finished telling me his tale it was after midnight. I opened the window and breathed the pure night air, coming cool and fresh from across the high pasture land. The stars sparkled peacefully in the silent abyss; and I was glad to think that Elsie had gone beyond all earthly troubles. Yet it made me indignant to remember that she had died under the blight of that unrighteous suspicion. Oh, for some champion—some angel from heaven, if need be—to come and vindicate her memory before the world, even now, when she had left it!

I withdrew from the window and saw in old Joshua's face a certain expression which I comprehended without need of words. I followed him into the little entry. He opened another door, and we entered the chamber in which Elsie's body lay.

The coffin rested upon a table in the centre of the room. Some flowers were laid upon it. At the top a part of the lid was turned back, showing the dead woman's face. It was with some hesitation that I brought myself to look at it. I feared to find the alteration too melancholy. But I was pleasantly disappointed. The colorless countenance, though thin almost to transparency, had lost whatever lines of pain and sorrow time may have drawn upon it. Her dark luxuriant hair, with a few white threads in it, framed her delicate cheeks and forehead; her long, thick eye-lashes lay heavily, as in sleep. Something like a smile—the dream of one—touched her pale lips. She seemed to be at rest.

Mr. Willard had been standing beside me with the lamp; as he moved away I looked up and saw on the other side of the coffin a tall, slightly bowed figure, with snow-white hair and beard. The shadow on that side of the room made him but indistinctly visible; the outlines of his form seemed blurred, and the shadow itself entered, as it were, into his substance. He advanced with a perfectly noiseless step until he bent over the coffin; for several moments—while one might count fifty, perhaps—he gazed earnestly and with a most benign expression at the face upturned to him; then he raised his hand, which contained a bunch of white roses, and laid them on her bosom. Then he looked up, and, for the first time his eyes met mine. There could be no doubt as to his identity; he was my mysterious friend from India. He made a gesture of his head toward Mr. Willard; I turned and saw the clergyman in the doorway, where he was arranging some hangings that had been disturbed. In a moment I looked round again; but the venerable figure was no longer there.

"Mr. Willard," I said, "come here a moment."

He came immediately, lamp in hand.

"Where did those flowers come from?" I asked, pointing to the bunch of roses on Elsie's bosom.

"Oh! Oh! how beautiful! Why, I didn't see them before. Dear me, they are the loveliest of them all. Ah! I see—they are yours!"

"No, they are not mine," I replied.

"They are no purer than she is," remarked the old man. "How happy the dear child looks. Shall we go now?"

At the door I turned to cast one more glance round the room. It was empty.

[TO BE CONTINUED NEXT SUNDAY.]

PECK'S BAD BOY AND HIS PA.

How Pa Prospered on His Failure—The Bad Boy Saves a Chum from Imprisonment.

[Peck's Sun.]

"Whew," said the groceryman, as the bad boy came in and backed up against the stove, when a strong smell of horse filled the air and counteracted the smell of decayed eggs, "you haven't gone to work in the livery stable again, have you?"

"No, but it is about the same. I am taking care of pa's trotter, and it is more work than running a whole livery stable, 'cause you have to rub a trotter about all the time, in one place or another, and blanket him, and bed him down, and treat him like a baby," said the bad boy, as he took a leather trotting boot out of his coat pocket and sat down by the stove to punch a hole in the strap.

"Well, by gum, that beats me," said the groceryman, as he put on his spectacles and looked at the boy, and held his nose as the horse fumes came fresh from the stove. "Only two weeks ago your father failed, and now he keeps a trotter, and he is a member of the church, too, in good standing, and prays regularly. I swow, I have lost confidence in everybody."

"O, you don't have to worry about pa," said the boy, as he buckled the trotting boot around his own ankle, and kicked his ankles together to see if it would hurt if he interfered. "Pa knows his business. Times were never so good in our family as they have been since pa failed, unless it was that time when pa was selling stock in the silver mine. Why, pa is full of fun at home, and ma, she laffs, and pa gets her anything she wants. He bought her a diamond lace pin last week with four big diamonds as big as hazel nuts. But ma ain't going to wear it here at home, where people think pa is busted, but she is going to wait till they go off travelling and paralyze people at the hotels. But I s'pose pa has more fun with the trotter than you can shake a stick at. He paid a terrible price for the horse, 'cause he was learned to trot without pulling on the lines. Pa goes out on the road, and when anybody tries to pass him he lets the reins lay on the dashboard of the cutter loose, and pa sort of shuts his eyes as though he was sweetly sleeping, and

The Horse Just Paws the Snow.

If anybody comes along that belongs to our church, pa begins to sing a hymn like he was happy, and the trotter goes for all that is out. Some of 'em think pa's mind is affected by his failure, and that his head is weak, but they don't want to fool themselves much on pa. A man who can settle with his creditors for ten cents on a dollar, and stand them off for the ten cents, and put his money in bonds, don't need much sympathy."

"Well, I guess your pa will pull through. But what is this I hear about you and your chum hanging around the Police Court? I heard that you and him made up a purse to pay a fellow's fine and save him from going to the house of correction. You fellows will get to mixing in with thieves, and the first thing you know you will get pulled by the police, and saltpetre won't save you," and the groceryman looked wise, as though he had saved two boys from ruin by his sage remarks.

"Well, sir, if we hadn't happened down to the Police Court that morning, that boy would have been ruined. The judge had just said, $5 fine, or ten days in the house of correction, and the policeman led the boy out, and as he passed me I thought his face was familiar, and as I knew the cop's sister, he let me go to the station and see the boy. He used to live where we did, before we came here, and his folks were rich then, but his father failed and his mother died, and the boy never learned to do anything, and he has been, for a year, walking around from town to town, eating when anybody offered him a meal, and going without when they didn't. 'Tother night he struck this town, and he was hungry and he didn't have ambition enough to even go and beg a piece of bread, and he stood leaning against an iron fence, ready to freeze, when a policeman took him in. The ambition was all chilled out of him, and he didn't make any defence at the charge of vagrancy, and was going to be sent up with thieves and drunkards, when we happened to see him. I tell you, it don't make any difference how rich a boy's father is, every boy ought to learn to do some kind of work, because the time may come when he will have to work or starve. Well, he was tickled to see me, and cried some, and said when he got out of jail he guessed he would go and drown himself, 'cause he wasn't no good, and he talked about his mother's dying, until it broke us all up; and then we paid his fine and I took him up to our house, and gave him some of my clothes, and we tried all the evening to think of some work he could do, but he never learned to do a thing when his pa was rich, except to walk down town and back.

I Never See a Boy So Helpless.

I happened to think that when we were little boys we used to go in his ma's kitchen on baking days, and they would give us some dough to mix, and I asked him if he remembered it, and he said he did. That was the only thing he could do. So I went down to the bakery and told the baker that I had a friend who didn't know anything on earth but to mix dough, and I wanted to get a job for him. Well, sir, it happened that one of the bakers was off on a drunk, and the boss said to bring my friend in, and I told the boy, and impressed upon his mind that he must act as though he had been brought up on dough, and knew all about it, and I took him down there, and the baker gave him a job, and he caught on so well the baker is going to give him $12 a week after next week. O, dear, but he could sling dough. Now this shows what a little thing will save a boy; but it was a narrow escape, and every boy should learn something. Seems singular, don't it, that the only thing that boy knew by which he could earn a living was something he learned when he was playing, in childhood, in his ma's kitchen. Say, I wish I was an orator, and could go around giving lectures, like Ingersoll and Beecher. I would talk to boys and girls entirely, and I would show them that they were the biggest fools on earth to neglect to learn a trade."

"Yes, that is all right, but what do you know by which you could earn a living?" asked the groceryman of the bad boy, thinking he had him.

"Me," said the boy, indignant at the idea that he didn't know anything, "I could do a dozen different things that I have learned. I could come into this grocery and double your business, by keeping it clean, giving full weight, treating everybody kindly, keeping good groceries instead of poor ones, and wearing a clean shirt and a smile instead of a dirty shirt and a frown, as you do. I could—"

"That will do, you can go," and the groceryman let the boy out and closed the grocery to go to dinner, while the boy went to the barn to feed his pa's trotter.

The Tragic Tale of a False Emerald.

[Paris Figaro.]

A curious plot, and one worthy of a place in the annals of mystification, has just been unravelled at Paris. An honest fellow who was working among the rocks found, fifteen years ago, a stone, which he hastened to show to a jeweler at Marseilles. This stone weighs not less than 1200 carats. So the happy possessor, like the cobbler in the fable, passed his nights in watching over his treasure, and from this time slept no more. He decided, however, to have his emerald appraised, went to Paris and applied to a distinguished chemist. The latter made so precise an analysis upon the diagnostic of the emerald that Mr. Vanderheym, an official expert, declared that if the precious stone was what the analysis represented, it was worth over 400,000 francs (about $80,000). A banker of Marseilles did not hesitate upon this to advance 25,000 francs to the owner, whose joy was very great. But, alas! when the stone was taken to M. Vanderheym he recognized it as a fictitious composition. The analysis of the chemist was erroneous, the jeweler of Marseilles had been deceived in his estimate, and what was much worse, the poor discoverer of the stone, bereft of his delusion, has become a maniac.

Yet He Won't Subscribe to Blaine's Book.

[Washington Special in Chicago News.]

Conkling's law practice today yields him an income that is stated by members of the profession to be over $100,000 yearly. In the Marie-Garrison suit for the recovery of $3,000,000 worth of railroad securities his contingent fee is $500,000, and in the Hoyt will contest his contingent fee is $100,000. He has also lately been retained as general counsel for the Union Pacific Railroad Company at a large yearly salary.

John Spring's Hard Luck.

[Virginia Enterprise.]

We are informed by Deputy United States Marshal Ricketts that about three years ago a fortune, estimated at $1,500,000, was left John Spring, who died in this city a few days ago. The property was left him by his cousin, Captain Arthur Spring, a merchant at Callao, Peru. Inquiries for John Spring were at the same time set on foot, but he was not found until about three weeks before his death.

His Papa's Religion.

[Philadelphia Call.]

"So, my little boy, you would like to join our Sunday school, would you?" said the superintendent, kindly.

"Yes, sir," replied the little boy.

"What is your name, did you say?"

"Johnnie Simpson."

"Oh, yes, you are the son of Mr. Simpson. Let me see, is your papa a Presbyterian or an Episcopalian?"

"No, sir; he isn't either; he's a newspaper man."

BARNUM'S HALE OLD AGE.

Reminiscences of His Remarkable Career.

Satisfied With Himself and the Deeds that Give Him Comfort.

Millions Made and Lost Since He First Started Out.

Under the moral influence of a great illuminated motto—"Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them"—in his luxuriously furnished parlor at Waldemere, his country seat near Bridgeport, the reporter of the New York Sun found the venerable showman, P. T. Barnum. Plump, ruddy, lively and active, the veteran looked as if he had juggled away a score, at least, of his seventy-four years. "But I'm getting pretty well on in years," he said, "for I was born on July 5, 1810."

"What is your actual present physical condition?" the reporter asked, having in mind Mr. Barnum's recent making of that stupendous 700-page will.

"I don't positively know, without trying, whether I could turn a somersault or not, but the chances are that I could, at least as well as ever. At all events, I never was better in my life. I eat well, sleep well and enjoy the most perfect health. Perhaps to maintain this condition I should walk more than I do, but I walk some, and go out riding every day twice. All the disease I have is old age, and my neighbors say I should not plead that, for I'm as young as most men of 60. The sickness I had in New York three years ago, when the doctors gave me up, was the only one I had in many years, and seems to have renovated me—given me a new lease of life."

"What have been and are the personal habits that have conduced to such a good result?"

"Primarily, regularity; secondarily, abstinence from things that tend to shorten life. Sometimes, when my neighbors do not come to me, I go out to them in the evenings and play a game of whist, and occasionally I go to the theatre, but as a rule I am in bed by 10 o'clock every night. All my work, directing my personal business, conducting my correspondence, and communicating with my partners, I do in the forenoons, getting through it in time for a drive before my dinner, which I take in the middle of the day. After dinner I am accustomed to doze for three or five minutes. If I just lose consciousness that long I am as much refreshed as if I had slept for hours. After that I take another drive. In the evening an hour's reading, a few games of cribbage or whist, or a little music fills up the time until my hour for retiring. I am always up by 7 o'clock in the morning."

"How long have you maintained such regular habits?"

"As far as practicable since 1847, when I became a teetotaller, although when I was a travelling showman my hours were necessarily not so good."

"Did You Drink Much Prior to 1847?"

"Well, I wouldn't have allowed anybody to tell me so, but when I look back over that time I know now that I did. When I built my magnificent oriental country seat Iranistan, I was proud of the house, but ten times prouder of my wine cellar than of anything else I had. I was not in the habit of drinking distilled liquors, but every day at dinner took my bottle of champagne, or its equivalent in other wines or malt liquors. I did no business after noon, and my mother-in-law used to say sometimes that I was 'heady' after dinner. I felt quite offended by the suggestion, and threatened to go back to whiskey if it was repeated, for I really considered myself quite a temperance man, and, since I drank only wine, thought my after-dinner feelings were due to overeating rather than drinking. But I got the Rev. Dr. Chapin to come up to Bridgeport and deliver a temperance lecture for the subject of which he took 'the moderate drinker,' and I saw myself in quite a new light. I realized for the first time the bad example I was setting, and when I went home that night was so worried that I could scarcely sleep. The next morning I had my coachman knock the necks of all the champagne bottles I had in my cellar, some five or six dozen; the port and other medicinal wines I gave away in case of sickness, and the liquors I returned to the dealers. That was the end of my drinking. As young bumblebees are biggest when they are first hatched, so I was, in the first heat of my conversion, an enthusiast on the subject of teetotalism. I went all over Connecticut and New York delivering free lectures on the subject, and even went to Wisconsin, stumped the State at my own expense, and at least helped to carry it on a temperance platform."

"You Swore off on Tobacco Also?"

"Yes—or at least I stopped its use. I never chewed, but I was a great smoker. When I went over to England lecturing, in 1856, after the Jerome Clock Company disaster overwhelmed me, I was in such a situation that every pound was of importance to me, and as I was then using every week a sovereign's worth of cigars I thought I would practice economy and stop it. One Sunday I chewed chamomile flowers all day instead of smoking, by a druggist's advice, and they almost killed me. The next day I went to smoking again, and continued it up to 1870. I could give up liquor easily enough, but not tobacco, and I averaged ten cigars a day. One day in 1860, on my way down to the museum, I felt a strange choking sensation away down in my throat, and then a throbbing or palpitation of my heart. I had noticed it a little for a year before, but paid no particular attention to it until then. I asked my manager, Greenwood, what it was, and he said it was heart disease, and the symptoms I described as mine meant death. That scared me pretty bad. I determined to give up business at once, retire to the country, and prepare to die, but before doing so consulted Dr. Willard Parker. He examined me, and said: 'You may have a very hard heart, for all I know, but you have as strong a one as there is in New York. Nicotine is all that is the matter with you. Stop smoking.' I did so at once, I was so scared, and never smoked again. For a year, however, I used to carry bits of calamus in my pocket to chew on when I wanted to smoke."

"So in your unregenerate state you used to drink and smoke. Did you gamble?"

"No, never. I never even speculated in stocks but once in my life. That was in the time of the great panic, ten years or more ago. I had some money lying idle in bank, and seeing everything tumbled down to the lowest point apparently, I thought it would be a good time to buy and hold on for a raise. So I took down $100,000 to Hatch & Foote and told them to put it in whatever they thought best. They invested it, and I thought I was sure of making $25,000 anyway, but on the whole I lost. Some of my stocks went up eventually, but others went down, and I was a loser. With that exception I have owned no railroad stocks or other speculative securities. I have my legitimate business as a showman, and want no other. In it I never made a mistake, but whenever I stepped outside it was pretty sure to."

"Why, when you made your will recently, did you take the trouble to call a conclave of physicians to certify to your condition?"

"Because of what I had seen of contests over wills, in the case of Frank Leslie and a dozen others."

"What have been your political affiliations?"

"I was a General Jackson man. I met the old general in New Haven and visited him at the Hermitage, and was a Democrat from my first vote until and including poor Pierce's administration. When they used the directories of Eastern cities to make lists of voters to carry slavery into Kansas, I said: 'I am still a Democrat, haven't a drop of blood in my veins that is not Democratic, and if I had would open them to let it out, but that is not Democratic and I can't stand it.' And I went over to the Republicans and have been with them, nominally, at least, ever since. I am no set politician, however, and when Greeley was nominated I worked for him as enthusiastically as anybody did. Although I have been, as a Republican, elected four times to the Legislature and once to the mayoralty of Bridgeport, I am rather a passive than an active politician, and have been supported by Democrats as well as Republicans on each occasion of my candidacy."

"Do You Belong to Any Secret Societies?"

"I became an Odd Fellow in New York thirty years ago, and when I came out as a teetotaller joined the Rechabites, Good Templars and Sons of Temperance. Those are all I ever was connected with."

"You said something about having been pretty uniformly unfortunate in business outside of your show life?"

"Yes, I have put a good deal of money into enterprises for the encouragement of manufacturing, but they did not pay me. I always lost. I lost $100,000 in manufacturing in Waterbury before that wretched Jerome Clock Company business, by which I lost five years of the best part of my life and more than $300,000. Taken all together, I have sunk at least $500,000 in manufacturing concerns. But I have lost more than double that much by fires. Yes, more than a million dollars have gone up in flame and smoke in the burning of my two museums, the Hippodrome, Iranistan, and other property. It is no wonder that I am always frightened by the possibility of a fire."

"Outside of the million and a half thus accounted for, how much more have you made and either given away or retained until now?"

"Oh, I don't know. Millions upon millions. I am amazed myself when I think over what I have expended and given away. I have made a good deal, outside of my show business, in real estate, much of it here in Bridgeport. I built up East Bridgeport, which, not many years ago, was all farms. In order to induce the erection of large manufactories there, I gave away many thousands of dollars' worth of valuable land, with the excellent result of causing the building up of hundreds of homes all about them, and the permanent establishment of a flourishing and contented population."

"Would there be any impropriety in asking for something like an approximate idea of the possible size of the

Barnum, Bailey & Hutchinson Show?"

"Not at all. And as my partners have just sent me the full detailed accounts of the past season's business, I am enabled to give you exact figures, substantiated by sworn affidavits, that may astonish some people. Here are the official accounts. Look them over and satisfy yourself. As you will observe the expenses for the season amounted to $1,034,000, or more than $6000 for each of the 176 exhibition days, out of which six performances were lost. When I first took hold of the travelling show business, in 1870, the daily expenses of the largest tent show in America did not exceed $500, or $78,000 for the season of twenty-six weeks. Now glance at some of these records of receipts that show where we get enough to pay $6000 a day and still have sufficient to make a very satisfying division of profits at the end of the season. Take the six days in Philadelphia: April 30, $8416 75; May 1, $12,006 15; May 2, $16,382 15; May 3, $17,187 25; May 4, $16,084 80; May 5, $10,053 10—aggregating a grand total of $80,130 20 from that city alone. Out of Chicago, in the ten days from June 4 to June 14, both inclusive, the show took $119,172 30. Then take these single day's receipts for notice: Detroit, $15,538 10; Cleveland, $14,792 20; Pittsburg, $14,376 20; Cincinnati, $14,133 65; Toronto, $13,864 80; Hamilton, $13,451 50; Toledo, $13,372 25; Baltimore, $13,352 05; Washington, $13,294 90; Louisville, $12,937 75; Montreal, $15,896 75; Brooklyn, $13,738. My contract with Messrs. James A. Bailey and James L. Hutchinson runs till 1899, with provisions for its continuance after that date.

"What direct descendants have you?"

"I have had three daughters, of whom two are still living. One married D. W. Thompson, a custom house officer, and they have one child, a girl. Another married S. H. Hurd, a financier, and they have had three children, of whom two, daughters, are still living. My third daughter married Nathan Seeley, and left three children, two sons and a daughter. I never had a son. Nobody of my line after me will bear the name of Barnum. Still I hope it will not soon be forgotten when I am gone."

THE "OLD WAGON."

Incidents Relating to the Frigate United States—French and English Vessels No Match for Her in Contests of Seamanship.

The following reminiscences of the frigate United States are from the pen of a well-known writer:

Some months ago I related a few incidents in the history of the United States seventy-four, Ohio, sold by the government as a useless hulk, to be broken up for the sake of fire-wood, iron and copper. I now propose to devote a little space to a ship equally as celebrated at one time as the Ohio, although she was not so large or so handsome in an architectural point of view, nor so good a sailer. I mean the frigate United States, of sixty guns, and which was sunk at Norfolk, Va., when the trouble between the North and South began, and our people, for the time being, lost their heads. The last time I saw the United States in commission was in Mazatlan, on the west coast of Mexico, in 1844, when she was homeward bound, and manned by 650 good sailors, far above the general average, even in those days of disciplined seamanship. In the navy we used to call the ship the "Old Wagon," because she had the bluntest, squarest stern that was ever seen on an American ship of war, but as handsome a bow as one could desire, being sharp and beautifully proportioned. She was always considered a dull sailer until some captain, during a trial of speed with an English frigate just out from Rio Janeiro, run ten or twenty heavy guns from the after part of the ship to the eyes, when to every one's surprise, the "Old Wagon" sailed like a modern clipper, with her stern out of water and her bow drawing two feet more than aft. When this discovery was made the United States was never again forced to see other men-of-war pass her either in a gale or a light breeze.

Lying in the outer Mazatlan harbor, which is only an open roadstead, exposed to strong northeast and southeast gales in the winter season, were the frigate United States, a French line-of-battle ship, whose name I have forgotten, the English sloop-of-war Champion, and the English forty-gun frigate Carrysford, Captain Lord George Pollock, the same ship and gentleman which Mr. William H. Thomes so graphically alludes to in his popular and successful novel, "The Belle of Australia," recently published by De Wolfe & Co. of Boston. I was living on shore at the time, waiting for a convoy to cross overland to the City of Mexico, as it was dangerous to travel without a cavalry escort just at that period, since Americans were not in great favor with the Mexicans, on account of our endeavors to annex Texas. I had nothing to do for amusement, and nearly every morning wandered down to a high bluff—a deserted silver mine—that overlooked the outer harbor, and from my elevated position watched the fleet cross-royal and topgallant yards at eight bells, or 8 o'clock, and I always shouted for joy when the "Old Wagon" excelled the other ships, which was sometimes the case, although not always, for the Champion used to put in a lot of good work, as her yards were much lighter than those of the other vessels.

One morning a fierce southeast gale sprang up, and as the ships could not claw off from land under sail, they had to drop several anchors and send down all their yards and spars, stripping the fleet to lower masts and lower yards. Each vessel had right and left bowers and sheet anchors down with full scope of cables. The holding ground was of mud and clay, and so the ships did not drag, but were in some danger for twenty-four hours. Early in the morning, after the gale abated, I went to my favorite lounging place on the point, lighted a pipe, and sat down to see the fleet send up spars and yards at 8 o'clock, as I supposed they would do. I was the only one on the point, but soon some person took a seat near me, and looking up I saw I had for company Captain Lord George Pollock. Neither of us spoke. He did not seem to care for my acquaintance, singular as it may seem. He had an opera-glass in his hand, but did not even offer me the use of it while we were watching the fleet.

At eight bells the crews commenced racing to see which ship could send up spars and cross-yards the quickest. The tops were alive with men, and the huge topmasts, topsail yards, topgallantmasts and yards were handled as if giants had hold of them and were using them for playthings. I never saw men work as they did on those four ships, and I never saw spars go up so rapidly. There was hardly a loud word spoken, except on the Frenchman, and there the sailors and officers screamed like parrots. The boatswain's pipes were enough for the Yankee and John Bull. At 9 o'clock the United States had crossed royal yards, and all of her rigging was "set up," how well I don't know, while all her yards were squared by lifts and braces, and only the men in the tops could be seen. The Carrysford was ten minutes later; the Champion was a little behind, and the Frenchman crossed his royals at 10 o'clock.

Lord George shut up his opera glass as the line-of-battle ship squared her yards by lifts and braces. Then he arose and turned to me.

"You are an American, are you not?" the Englishman asked.

"Yes, sir," was my reply.

"What are you doing in this town?" the lord demanded.

"Waiting to get home, sir," I answered, and touched my hat.

"You had better as quick as God will let you," and the captain strode off. That is the only time I ever held a conversation with an English lord.

But I have never forgotten Lord George at the grand trial of skill and speed in the harbor of Mazatlan in 1844. A few days afterwards I saw Lord George bang a drunken vaquero over the head with the flat of his sword because the fellow struck a woman. And, by Jove, the scamp endured it and did not dare to use his long knife, which he had in a sheath in his leggings. The lord was plucky, even if he was proud and rich. If I had struck the ladrone he would have cut me to pieces with his long cuchillo and fled to the mountains, and my death would never have been avenged, but a British naval officer in full uniform can do some strange things in a foreign port and escape harmless, while a civilian might get hurt. Some day I will tell the reader how I saw this same vaquero and five of his companions shot on the plaza one rainy morning for brutal murders.

The Prince of Wales and His Fond Momma.

[Philadelphia Call.]

Prince of Wales—"Don't you think, ma, that you should help me to pay off my debts? It will only take about a million pounds, and——"

Queen Vic.—"Good gracious, boy, are you crazy? A million pounds! and three cows on my Jersey farm have been dry for two months!"

The Prince—"But think of the millions that you own outside of the Jersey farm."

Queen Vic.—"Mere trifles, boy, mere trifles; only enough to keep me from want in my old age."

The Prince—"Well, if you wont help me, the tradesmen will enter suit."

Queen Vic.—"Why don't you earn the money yourself? Go to America and lecture."

The Prince—"It would not pay. The Americans would laugh at my drawling pronunciation."

Queen Vic.—"That is true. Let me see. What can you do? You can't act; you can't sing; you can play the banjo, of course, but that is of no use without the clog dance, and you don't know that. Oh! I have it. Write to that dear, good, kind Mr. Barnum. Perhaps he will give you a job to ride on his new white elephant."

Prompt and Honest.

One of the schoolmasters in Somerville has lately been going from room to room asking all the boys whether they read dime novels or not. The common answer was, "once in a while," or "not very often." One of the boys in the fifth class was not quite as bashful. The teacher had been to nearly every scholar in the room. "Do you read dime novels, Jimmie?" "Yes, and I like 'em, too," he promptly answered. "Here," as he lifted his desk-cover; "that's a boss one—'Rattlesnake Mike, or the Wild Man of the Prairies.' It's simply immense." Forty class-mates smiled. "What does your father say when he sees you reading them?" and the clear, loud tone of Jimmie was once more heard: "Says he'd rather I wouldn't spend quite so much money on 'em—so lately I've been buying half-dimes instead." The master could but admire his frankness, although he did not, of course, agree with the sentiment.

LOOKING FOR PLACES.

How a Large Class of People Find Employment

Some of the Many Ingenious Schemes Devised in Advertising for Help.

System of Teaching Practical Professions, and the Results.

"It's no use; I have tried my hand at a dozen different things, but I can't find the big profit that the proprietors advertise," exclaimed a young man as he stood in the doorway of one of the principal up-town employment offices, while he held in his hand an advertisement clipped from one of the daily newspapers. To a person seeing him there it would be unnecessary to make any inquiries; his pinched and poverty-stricken appearance and the look of almost hopeless despair plainly told the story. He was one of the thousands who are seeking to find something—anything—to do by which they can earn sufficient to keep the wolf from the door. Eagerly every morning had he scanned the advertising columns of the daily press. Presently he finds an advertisement: "Wanted—A young man, etc." Breathlessly he rushes to the place designated. Yes, they want young men to sell the patent so and so, best selling article in the market, 200 per cent. profit, but a capital of $2 is required for outfit and a guarantee of good faith. The young man has not the money and the advertiser has no place for him. The applicant tries one place after another, but with no better result, and at last he gives up the struggle in despair.

A great many places, however, are offered where no outfit funds are required, and hundreds eagerly accept these places, the majority of them with no qualification whatever, and with no especial recommendation except the urgent and pressing one of necessity—they must have bread. These soon see their inability; they also see in a majority of cases that even ability, in the line they have chosen, would be of no material benefit, as in a great many instances the enormous profits and tempting percentages exist only in the minds of the proprietors, who are endeavoring to get their goods upon the road; and the unfortunate bread-winners, leg-weary and heart-sore, soon give up the business in disgust.

In order to get some facts in detail regarding the manner of getting "places" through the columns of the newspapers, a GLOBE reporter, representing himself as out of a job, with a dozen of these "ads" in his pocket, paid a visit to the establishments designated. The following

Tempting Advertisement

was the first answered:

WANTED—An agent in every town to make $5 and $6 per day in giving away our new and handsomely-bound Bible.

"Giving away the new Bible," in this instance, proved to be a premium with a monthly publication. The proprietor explained that it only required thirty-five cents to procure an outfit, and the publication, because of the great value of the Bible, would have a ready sale. The yearly subscription for the paper which secured to every subscriber the aforesaid Bible was $1. The agent was to get in 40 per cent of the sales, and a good agent, male or female, could easily earn a good living. The proprietor further told the writer that a young physician, who was having a fair practice here, had sent his horse and carriage away, and had abandoned his practice entirely, in order to embark in the business of canvassing for this periodical. The visitor believing that he could not realize a very large profit from the sale of these goods quietly withdrew.

In looking down the list, the next advertisement that caught the writer's eye was the following, which he proceeded to investigate:

WANTED—Good agents in every town to sell our patent articles; quick sales and large profits.

"The large profits" necessitated—so the writer discovered—the disposal of "a very large" amount of goods, as the percentage was very small. The visitor, concluding that the walking was not good, gracefully retired.

This was the next:

WANTED—5 young gentlemen and ladies to learn telegraphy; great demand for competent operators at $40 to $120 monthly; 600 graduates successfully employed in the United States.

Here the visitor was told that students could, in a very short time, master the art of telegraphy, and after they had once acquired the skill, and could manipulate the key scientifically, they could secure these positions that were open, and the "student" would reap the golden salary. As a necessary adjunct, however, to the maintenance of the school, and a compensation for imparting this knowledge, the student was required to pay a tolerably fair tuition fee in advance. The visitor told the principal that he feared he would not be competent to take one of the juicy $120 per month positions at the expiration of a two-months' course. He was the more convinced of this fact because it was only before his

Visit to this School

that he was told by one of the most expert operators in Boston that it was absolutely impossible for a graduate in one of these schools to do legitimate work. He said that these graduates could not get employment with the Western Union, except to work some insignificant city branch office wire, for which the company paid a salary of from $25 to $35 per month. There were, he said, a thousand little technical things to be acquired, which could only be learned on a wire that was being practically worked. The managers themselves do not understand these things, and of course cannot impart to their pupils knowledge which they do not possess themselves. He said that a first-class press operator would consider himself well off if he got $125 per month, not to say anything of amateurs' pay.

An advertisement for students in shorthand writing was next answered. The visitor found the principal in a small room up four flights of stairs, where he was engaged in apparently explaining the secret of the mystic art to two or three young men.

"Oh! yes," said he, in reply to the reporter's suggestion that it must be a very nice and profitable occupation. "We are furnishing students with positions every day, and the only trouble I experience is that I have not pupils enough for the places. You see we have an agency here and we do a very large business in furnishing shorthand writers to banks, commission houses, to the daily metropolitan papers and to authors and lawyers. Students who have graduated from here are now filling positions of responsibility in business houses all over the country, and they are, in a majority of cases, giving entire satisfaction. About the salaries? Well, a good man, after he has been with us a month, can write at the lowest figure 125 words per minute, and any one who can do this can command a salary of from $1000 to $1500 a year. Quite a number of our students are now earning $1500, who only took a course of a month or six weeks of study. Why, we consider a

Student Extremely Dull

who cannot master the art and become a practical writer in three months' time. I know you could easily learn the art, and I would like to have you take a course of study here. These places are open and ready for any one who can fill them. About the tuition fee? Well, we charge $30 tuition, and, of course, if we secure a position for the student, we charge the nominal sum of 5 per cent of his salary, which is, indeed, very reasonable."

The visitor told the professor he would think the matter over and run in in a few days. The reporter, who has a practical knowledge of phonography, will not be likely to attend the school, because he knows full well that very little can be accomplished in the time the professor specified, and that a student in that time cannot begin to write anything like a hundred words and do it legibly. He also knows from experience that it takes months and months of practice, after the "system" has been acquired, before the learner can do legitimate short-hand work for a lawyer, in court, or on a newspaper. Mr. Yerrington, the veteran short hand writer of this city, once said that he would not employ a man to do short-hand work for him unless he had had seven years' experience. He claimed that a man could not be relied upon to do accurate work unless he had at least that amount of experience. In the face of this fact the professors tell the neophyte that in three months' practice, and supplemented with the tuition fee and commission, they can put them into first-class positions. It is beyond peradventure a fact that there is a great demand for short-hand writers, but it is equally true that the pseudo short-hand writers, put into places on the representations of some of these professors, fail completely to do satisfactory work, much to the disgust of merchants, bankers and newspaper managers, and to the detriment of the trade in general.

Giving Him a Reception.

[Philadelphia Call.]

"Oh, some one is coming up the steps, ma!" exclaimed Miss Pyrkins to her mother, who keeps a boarding-house. "Shall I go to the door?"

"No indeed," answered Mrs. Pyrkins, bustling around. "It is a young man who is probably looking for board. Go down into the parlor and be playing a dreamy air on the piano when he comes in."

"Yes, I know; but some one must attend to the door. There goes the bell now."

"Well, I will run to the kitchen and send Jane to open the door, and while you are playing and Jane is showing him in I will be pounding on the table with a rolling-pin."

"But what for, ma?"

"It will sound as if we had two servants and were going to have beefsteak for lunch."

LADIES who regard FASHION and ECONOMY write to the KURSHEEDT M'F'G CO., New York City, for samples and descriptive illustrations of Embroideries, Laces, Braids, Ruchings, Robes, Skirts, Tuckings, etc., which it mails free of charge to any address.

MEN OF MARK.

Some Personal Sketches and Incidents of New York Workers in the Highest Walks of Life.

The reader of the morning paper who sits by his cosy fireside and is informed of what is transpiring in every quarter of the globe, seldom realizes the amount of actual labor necessary to ascertain, collect, write, transmit and print this wonderful mass of news. And yet, aside from the special dispatches, it is all centered in one office located in the tower of the Telegraph building in New York, and presided over by a quiet gentleman in a most masterly manner.

Mr. William Henry Smith, manager of the Associated Press, is in the prime of life, and possesses a mind clear as to the requirements of the public. To properly and promptly handle the mass of matter that passes through his hands is an enormous undertaking, and one which may well test the capacity of any man. Mr. Smith has always been an arduous worker, and it is by no means surprising that his health should, in the past, have suffered more or less thereby. The mental strain necessary to the performance of his duties caused difficulties of digestion which are not easily overcome, and also a uremic colic both painful and exhausting. All attempts to overcome these tendencies by force of will power failed, and he consulted eminent physicians, among others, Dr. H. Webster Jones of Chicago and Dr. Barthol of Philadelphia. In spite however, of the care and skill of these practitioners, he grew worse constantly. The result can best be described in his own words. He said:

"My brother, C. W. Smith, manager of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad, came to visit me, and, seeing my condition, took upon himself to conduct my case, and so secured a preparation which, I have since learned, he had used successfully himself and in his family. I began its use and commenced improving at once. This improvement continued, until now I am well, and wholly through the influence of Warner's Safe Cure. I have since then used the remedy with good results in my family, and keep it on hand constantly. I consider it a remarkable medicine."

An interview with Mr. C. W. Smith, the C. & O. railroad manager above referred to, elicited the fact that he had been in even a more serious condition physically than his brother. In addition to his other troubles he had been afflicted with severe calculus or stone in the kidney. During the periods when these stones were being passed from the kidneys to the bladder he became completely prostrated by the pain and was scarcely able to move. The agony was indescribable. Since he began the use of this great remedy, however, he had been free from these troubles and all causes which produced them. He had also found the medicine of great value in his family and had used it with the best results continually.

Mr. George Alfred Townsend, the famous newspaper correspondent, whose letters, written over the nom-de-plume of "Gath," have attracted such wide attention, said to the writer: "This last summer, while in England, I had a pleasant visit with ex-Governor S. B. Packard, our consul at Liverpool. We were remarking on the death of a number of distinguished Americans, when the governor said: 'Townsend, I can't see why so many of our public men are passing away, victims of one dread scourge. There is no need of their dying if they will consent to avail themselves of what has been provided for them, as I have.' Governor Packard went on to describe his experience, and I found his symptoms corresponded almost exactly to my own. I soon after returned to America, began the same treatment, and when I had taken a number of bottles of Warner's Safe Cure—the remedy Governor Packard used and commended to me so strongly—I, too, was rid of back-ache, bad fluids, tired feelings, nervous exhaustion, irregular appetite, 'thick head,' and today am as sound as a nut. It indicated my disorder and removed it entirely. I regard it as a God-send to this country, where Bright's disease and all other kidney disorders are so prevalent."

Mr. W. A. Beach, the celebrated jurist, who has been actively engaged for the past fifty years and who so ably conducted the defence in the Beecher trial, said: "I have been in the constant use of Warner's Safe Cure, in connection with Warner's Safe Pills, for about eighteen months. I am not aware that I had any specific acute disease, but I am an old man and was worn and wearied by fifty years of professional labor, and daily prostration and langour quite disinclined me to any exertion. Doubtlessly I was unconsciously suffering from many affections of my different organs. My use of Warner's Safe Cure has given me renewed vigor and vitality, and enabled me to discharge my duties with spirit and zeal. I am still using it, and shall continue to do so, grateful that it has so much relieved me from the infirmities of age and toil."

The above statements are not from obscure sources, but from gentlemen in the most exalted stations of trust and responsibility, and the affirmations they make are the results of actual observation. Does it not stand to reason, therefore, that the article of which they speak is a most valuable one, and such as may be used with great benefit by all who are suffering? 1tsu&wyja29

ODD THINGS IN ENGLAND.

Tin Pails Unknown, Newsboys Dumb and Molasses Sold by the Pound.

[Prentice Mulford in San Francisco Chronicle.]

The tin pail as an article of kitchen and pantry furniture is quite unknown in England. It is seen only at oil and paint shops, and never with a cover. Coal with the English is always "coals." What we term the "gaiter" they call the boot. What we call boots they call "Wellingtons." A barber shop is one thing in London, a hair-cutting saloon is another and separate establishment. The average English shave is a brutal performance as compared with the American. The patient must arise from the straight-backed chair, wash his own face and brush his own hair. London newsboys do not cry their papers—printed placard placed on the walk notifies the public, and the boy stands by his stock in trade and seems to ponder over it.

Their "livery stable" signs read "Cars on Hire"; buggies are unknown. So is a general assortment of dry goods and groceries in one shop. The "haberdasher" keeps pins, needles, stays, takes, and all the other minutiæ necessary for the lady's outfit. The woollen draper, cloths. The green grocer never goes beyond vegetables, save to deal occasionally in coals. The exceptions to this rule are with the co-operative stores, which deal in everything. In the sale of cooked food, there are shops confining themselves to hams, corned beef, and a few vegetables, served hot at noon, and to be bought from two-pennyworth upwards. There are small shops making a specialty of eel and kidney pies; some of pea and beef soups, and others cook nothing but fried fish. "Crash," our name for coarse towelling, is an unknown term at least in London. Programmes must be bought of the theatre ushers. Molasses is called "treacle," and sold by the pound. A pie is either a "tart" or a "turnover."

The English street car is a "tram," and the road a "tramway." A pitcher is a "jug," and glasses are "tumblers." And when you call at the bar for beer they understand that you want porter. Breakfast in many families is not a set meal, but a morning lunch, to be eaten whenever you are ready. Business, election and militia notices are posted on church doors, and in some places the amount of last Sunday's collection, in pounds, shillings, pence and farthings.

Some Statistics About the Beautiful.

[T. P. R. in Pittsburg Dispatch.]

The late snow storm prevailed over western Pennsylvania and New York, parts of West Virginia and nearly all of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Michigan. Roughly estimated, the storm covered about 200,000 square miles, with an average of 1.7 feet, or twenty inches of snow. On this basis the total snowfall was equal to almost nine and a half trillion cubic feet. The largest pyramid in Egypt measures 693 feet along one side of its base and is 500 feet high. There is enough snow on the ground now, delivered in two days' time, to make over 118,000 such pyramids. As snow usually melts to one-ninth of its bulk, still this mass of snow, if melted, would fill a reservoir twenty miles square to the depth of about ninety feet. On such a sheet of water all the vessels afloat in the world could easily be accommodated. Pittsburg uses about 25,000,000 gallons of water daily, or about 4,000,000 cubic feet. At this rate of consumption it would require over 700 years for Pittsburg to use up all this water.

Cleaning Clothes With Benzine in a Horse Car.

On a crowded horse car out of town the other evening a smell, seemingly that of kerosene, suddenly pervaded the car, which had both doors closed. Women pulled their clothes around them and noses were upturned at the offensive odor. One woman stood up, exclaiming to the conductor, "Your lamps are leaking!" The smell increased. It became almost unendurable. The conductor carefully examined his lamps, but they were all right. "What can it be?" he asked, staring round the car. In a corner seat, with a can of benzine, sponge and cloth at his side, sat a man, busily cleaning his trousers, so hard at work as to not notice what was going on. As the car contained between sixty and seventy people, they were glad to see the conductor ask him to continue his work on the platform. He evidently believed in the old saying, "Time is money."

A Fortune from Breach of Promise Money.

[Kennebec Journal.]

It was not very many years since that a young lady, residing less than a hundred miles from Augusta, brought a breach of promise suit for damages against a quite wealthy gentleman, who had been wooing her. She recovered $5000. This became the foundation of a large fortune. The lady had two brothers in ordinary circumstances, who were employed by the day like thousands of other workmen. The brothers entered into business with the $5000 as capital. They were shrewd, and today are one of the wealthiest firms in the State, employing a large number of men.

IN addition to being a positive discomfort, cold feet predispose to coughs and colds. Keep the feet warm with Wilsonia Magnetic Insoles. Sold by druggists and shoe dealers. Price 50 cents. Made to fit all sizes. Insoles for ladies are very thin.

TOWNSEND'S LETTER.

More Men Must Work and Fewer Men Must Scheme.

Jay Jould and the Three Great Feather Beds He is Trying to Carry.

Reverend Heber Newton and the Request of Bishop Potter.

NEW YORK, January 25.—Bad weather here has assisted the depression some people have who systematically watch the Wall street sharpers at play. The same general list of big men were in both the Northern Pacific and the West Shore railroads—Woerishoffer, Drexel, Morgan, Pullman, Villard, the Millses, etc. By Villard's failure the West Shore property was suddenly brought to a stand, and there is some tendency toward a disintegration of Gould's great coagulated properties. Foreign exchange has risen from 4.84½ to 4.88, showing that exchange is scarce, for want of credits to our account on the other side, and some think that specie may begin to be exported, which would make money dearer, and that would result in stocks going still lower. I consider the moral of the day to be that more men must work and fewer men must scheme. There is too much money in personal property, and it will receive these rebukes ever and anon.

Jay Gould's Showing.

Mr. Gould during the week has been showing his securities again to a private friend for the purpose of establishing confidence. I had a friend who was taken in that way once when he first came to New York, as fresh as Mr. Gould when he peddled the mouse-trap. This friend was walking along Wall street near where Mr. Gould keeps his securities, when he saw a large wallet or pocket-book lying on the pavement. He was about to pick it up when another hand was thrust forward, and a respectable-looking stranger first laid hold of the pocket-book and tore it open, and there were seen the securities, all green and red, with large denominations on them. "Why, it's money," said the other person to my friend. "Just look at it! I dare say there will be a tremendous reward for this. But see here, stranger, I have got to catch a train, and I can't stay here to look after the reward, so you just take the pocket-book and hunt up the owner and give me ten dollars."

My friend thought to himself, "that is not a worldly-wise person." He paid over the small amount of money and let the man go, and chuckled to himself all the way to his hotel, where he locked the door and opened the pocket-book.

It contained some patent medicine wrappers of red and green, with some revenue numbers upon them, and not one cent of money!

My friend said to himself, "Pshaw! I am out a $10 bill; I wish I had looked at the money first."

It never occurred to him till he got home that it was what was called "the drop game," and it is played every day in our streets. Mr. Gould has played it now twice.

That method of relieving the market was expressed by the newsboy when he said to his chum: "Bill, give me a bite of your apple and I'll show you my sore toe." Whatever Mr. Gould's friends saw in that drawer was a piece of the sore toe, for Gould has been going pretty lame around here for some time, and it is amusing to hear him threaten that he will sue people for describing his financial condition as rickety, when he, for years, was engaged in no other business than trying to depress and smash the credit of the United States by bulling gold, thereby bearing the national currency and the bonds.

The way to do this in the war was to understand that the enemies of the country were everywhere successful, that our credit was exhausted, that different kinds of politicians were going to revolutionize all our States, and that foreign powers were coming to the aid of the rebellion. The "bears" of the present day are nearly all godchildren of Jay Gould and his old friends.

Gould has three large properties which he is trying to carry in a windy time, like three great feather beds, on his back. The first is Wabash, the second Missouri Pacific, and the third, Western Union, is the best, because it does about all the telegraph business in the country, and the aggregate of this must be large, even enough to make some considerable percentage of the enormous aggregate of the watered capital stock, which is somewhat about $80,000,000. Yet $80,000,000 in a rich country to do all the telegraphing is not such a vast sum. It not only represents the value of the material, but of the litigation and worry which another company would have to have to accumulate a similar property.

Telegraph I suppose to be like railroad property, a matter of good-will, of facilities, and of constant operation. I remember when I was in Boston last, talking to Mr. Lucius Tuttle about the New York & New England railroad, and he said: "It will take the new property almost as much time as the Boston & Albany has been in existence to establish itself firmly. Railroads do not jump into a fortune, but it is a matter of slow growth, and the beginning is for many years a hard trial." This has turned out to be the case.

So with the Western Union. No matter how quickly it is demonstrated that a new company can do all the business just as well and much cheaper, it seldom turns out that the business is as well done, or that the new concern meets its fixed charges. In the course of time the competitor will make its way, but I apprehend that we shall be under the dominion of Western Union for a good while. Suppose the government does build telegraph lines as Mr Edmunds has proposed, what guarantee have we that they will not fall, like the railroads the government has built, into the hands of more grasping capitalists than Gould himself? Huntington is one of the creations of government subsidy; Gould is one of the creations of freebooting. Balanced in any scale of morality or utility, or of charity, I think that Gould would weigh Huntington down. There seems to have been a slight feather, even if a black feather, of humanity wafted with Gould; he may have a little of the imp in his appearance, but even the imp was once an angel. Huntington seems to me to have been descended from those animals with tusks which the imp bit one time so that they dashed down the hill into the sea.

The Missouri Pacific railroad is the most scattered of Mr. Gould's properties, and is nearly all dependent on one good arm, the Missouri Pacific, reaching from St. Louis to Kansas City. His Arkansas road and all his north and south lines earn little or nothing. They were highly bonded, and were made to cost too much money in the act of bonding, and do not compare with the railroads put down by smaller interests and smaller men in Texas, such as the Pearce railroad from Galveston to San Antonio or the railroad owned by the Galveston people themselves to the north. I went over that system of roads nearly two years ago, and nearly everybody in Texas told me that the Gould system had been too extravagantly laid or charged up. The Missouri Pacific system is over 6000 miles of railroad, almost the diameter of the globe. The Wabash system, though it has no continental connections eastward of its own, is in a more populous country. Still, the stocks of all these properties are down. Missouri Pacific is at 86, when, if the statements as to its earnings were believed, it would be 110 to 120, Wabash common at 14 and preferred at 24, and Western Union, which ought to be above par, at 73, Texas Pacific at 16, Union Pacific at 74. These prices are enough to make Mr. Gould show out his tin boxes full of green paper.

I find two ideas prevailing among the stock operators and investors, first that a good many stocks are very low and are perhaps good purchases. Second, that Boston is regarded here as the most apprehensive point upon railroad matters.

The confidence with which the Boston people have gone forward, not only in building some of the longest Western lines, but in extending them to very distant places, such as to Denver, to Guaymas and to the City of Mexico, would naturally draw attention to them after some recent Boston failures, and in view of the collapse of some of these stocks in Boston, and in view of the temporary failure of similar new enterprises not exclusively or mainly of Boston parentage.

William H. Vanderbilt recently said that nearly all properties built within the past ten years, or since the panic of 1873, had or might turn out badly. About last Tuesday he modified his views somewhat, in a private conversation of which I heard, saying that there was still a great deal of money in the country waiting for investment, and he thought that much of it might buy the railroad stocks which were so low down. Of course he has to be a bull as well as a bear, because a huge amount of his fortune is in railroad stocks. He carries an immense amount in Northwestern, Michigan Central, Lake Shore, New York Central and other companies, and he must regard the tumble of the whole stock list as cutting many millions out of his pockets.

Among financiers here the failure of the Northern Pacific and of the West Shore railroads are imputed to the want of executive ability in their presidents, Villard and Porter.

Villard displayed all the qualities that might have been expected from a good newspaper correspondent and diplomatist; he discerned the true places to operate with the typographical eye of a newspaper man. His failure was in the want of the proper temper to call around him strong counsellors and then to take their advice, as a prudent king must take that of his cabinet. As Villard grew rich and successful he developed the wilful qualities of a literary man. He plunged out into fine steamships, fine dwellings, newspapers and great ovations where the assembled political history of America met the financial strength of Germany, and both sang the praises of Villard. Pride goeth before a fall, and this man's fall was quick. The bears insist that he has gone out rich, though retaining his literary ability enough to draw tears to the last.

Horace Porter is the son of an old governor of Pennsylvania who belonged to a family of which it has been said that they were "all smart and all rascals." I heard an old Pennsylvanian during the week say that he used to watch Horace Porter in Washington, and thought some day he would make a big failure with somebody else's money.

Porter stole out noiselessly, as it were, like one who concluded that he had another piece of business to do and it was not necessary to explain it. He was a West Pointer, who was called to General Grant's attention when he wanted artillery officers and engineers, and by something of the same address as Villard, by his story-telling qualities, etc., he kept with Grant after the war, and made an impression on Pullman, who is an uneducated man, I should think, though fond of educated people. Porter stepped from Grant's side to be vice-president in the Pullman company, and through Pullman and other friends he found in New York city, he got a hand in the elevated railroads, and then took up the old West Shore scheme with the idea that the New York Central would buy it up, if it was boldly pressed, or that financiers would buy it.

It now appears that the estimates on this road as to cost were far below the actual cost. My recollection is that General Porter said to me last spring that they had $50,000,000, which would drive the road through to Buffalo, finish both tracks and leave a million or two of dollars to meet emergencies. This has been far from the case. Again, the aide-de-camp and correspondent ability have not been equal to the details of railroad management. I thought I saw signs of decrepitude in the staff of this road at the time of the Newburg centennial, when, with the most splendid opportunity that they had ever had to earn money and good will, their trains were handled so badly that New York passengers starting from Newburg at 6 o'clock did not reach New York till almost midnight. Several accidents afterward happened also on the line which demolished locomotives and trains. All those persons with means who have followed the counsels of the builders of this road have reason to repent their credulity. It is said here that Judge Noah Davis, who came from the same town with Mr. Pullman, has lost all that he possessed in the North River Construction Company. The story is again told that George Jones of the Times bought $300,000 worth of West Shore bonds at 85. It was told to me by a man who has known Jones for years during the present week.

Construction Companies.

The honesty of construction companies is still a mooted question. They began, as you know, with the Credit Mobilier of the Union Pacific and a similar company in the Central Pacific railroads. Being too well advertised by a congressional investigation, that system was adopted in most of the large railroads, such as the Texas Pacific, the Nickel Plate, the Northern Pacific and the West Shore.

The idea was that you must subscribe a certain amount at a certain figure for the day, and if you failed to make any of the payments as called upon, you forfeited all you had put in. Your reward, if you faithfully paid up, was to get bonds of the company almost to the amount of your cash, then the second mortgage bonds to a large amount, and stock equal to your bonds. On paper the thing footed up for every $10,000 about $25,000.

Unlike other lotteries, these construction companies were officered by men of great reputation and bottom. The people have now been twelve years in finding out what Credit Mobilier means, and are no wiser than before, since today's events show that the Astors, the Belmonts and all kinds of educated chaps, smart in things of the world, have been putting their money in North River Construction stock.

May it not be true, as General Butler said when he defended Oakes Ames, that some of the congressmen who took Ames' construction stock never got it through their superficial sconces what the thing meant?

I have never been able to explain to more than four or five people what Credit Mobilier was. The French words seem to knock all the brains out of listeners in the first place. Then, when I told them about the bonds, I found that not more than one man in three knew what any bond was, and as to stock, he had never been able to know. We overestimate the information of the people on these physical things.

The average man if he receives a warrant to come to court loses one-half his common sense in the horror that he feels. Mankind at large buy and sell real things and do not understand the meaning of their paper representatives. That is why there was so much trouble on the greenback question; when the people got used to greenbacks they thought they were money. One would think that the true way to build a railroad was not to have any construction company about it, but for the railroad itself to make contracts to have the work done. This last Credit Mobilier has been terrific in its consequences, and has pulled down many a goodly fortune, and brought a most to necessity people who thought they had enough to go through life with. We may reflect what little benefit has been done to the people at large by the extravagant newspaper denunciations of the Credit Mobilier congressmen a few years ago. Some of those men, like Colfax, were beggars and "on the make," and would shave a government stationery bill. Other men were constitutionally incapable of mastering a business proposition, and entrusted their consciences with Ames and his associates, just as children would think anything was right that their father told them to do.

If the press at that time had taken up construction companies per se, instead of wasting all the ammunition on these poor vagrants of congressmen, several millions of dollars might have been saved today to people quite as credulous as those congressmen, but who will never be heard of.

The system of building a railroad by a job inside the directors savors of rascality, and it would be well, since the horse has now been taken out of the stable, if some of our social philosophers would inquire into the morality of this system.

The New Newton.

Rev. Heber Newton is being crowed over by some presses and persons because Bishop Potter closed him up. Some criticise the bishop because he did not take a club and go at Heber right in the pulpit. Your real (?) Christian wants a little physical torture now, as in the times of Tommy Torquemada and Calvin. It is so refreshing to our souls to hate a man whom we never saw because his conception of something neither of us ever saw differs a little from our own.

If two educated and mature men were brought into court for trying to set fire to each other's clothes because they differed as to what kind of man lived in the moon, there would be astonishment; but when it comes to the kind of man who lives in heaven, about whom everybody knows more distinctly than he does about anything here on earth, the whole street fills with people saying, "crucify him!"

The nicest point that I have heard made is, that it was not honorable for Mr. Newton to get up in the Episcopal pulpit and preach a doctrine there contrary from that of his "church." This sounds honorable, not to say religious, but when we look at it in practice we are nearly all descended from people who perverted the pulpits they went into.

Luther was a Catholic, and had kissed the Pope's toe, but he stole the orthodox pulpit to preach his Germanic gospels in.

Calvin took an old Catholic cathedral and "reformed" France from it. The English reversed all the Catholic churches in England. The Puritans reversed all the English churches. The Unitarians reversed half the Puritans' churches. Where is anybody's religion, if it is not founded on getting another man's pulpit and laying a different kind of egg in it?

When we come to these religious questions, it is singular that the common sense of people never can stand such a celestial reference. I understand that the church where Mr. Newton preached was owned by a congregation and its officers, and they were the persons to take exception to the pastor's preaching.

They did not do so because they were interested, as they probably could not be interested any longer in long-winded descriptions of old Hebrew characters, like David and Moses.

Moses himself had violated an Egyptian pulpit, for he was brought up an Egyptian priest.

Christ also went home to his native town, took the synagogue there and began to preach another gospel and raised a great outcry.

There are not many persons in this world thinking out for man at present his moral and spiritual paths, and this Mr. Newton had hardly opened his mouth to do so when the reporters went to see him and "took him down," because what he said everybody wanted to read.

At the same time the man never lost his head. Senator Pugh of Alabama told me that before the labor committee, which came up here, Mr. Newton appeared, and his experience and study of the labor question had been something remarkable; that there was no theory in what he said, but everything was practical, conscientious and in a missionary spirit.

The people who want to shut up the preachers whenever they venture upon a new line of thought or conviction are of the same class who went out to see the Jews burned in Spain, and every one of them carries a fagot in his hand at this moment, and if some of my readers will turn quickly around they will see the fagot.

The remedy for Christian churches seems to me to be to preach more strictly, dutifully and unflinchingly the precepts of Christ in His own tone, which was that of denunciation mainly to hypocrites, Pharisees, scribes, rich men, and the various devils that get into men and corrupt them.

Half the preaching is on nothing at all, or on some theological point which does not matter in our day. No tongue in this land, that has any power, is raised against the true demoralization of our time.

Mr. Beecher preaches that there is no hell; that rich men are the best kind of men; that he expects to be saved through Christ; and yet is descended from the monkey.

What becomes of the salvation of the monkey, who, since we are descended from him, should indubitably be saved first? It is pretty hard on our venerable ancestors that we shall be saved and they be burnt up.

GEORGE ALFRED TOWNSEND.

As a home remedy, to be kept at hand for use in cases of sudden illness, and for the prompt relief and cure of throat and lung diseases, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is invaluable.

BEECHER INDORSES NEWTON

How Preachers May Become Fishers of Men.

Evolution Should Work to Improve the Preaching of the Gospel.

A Brief Temperance Lecture by Way of Preliminary.

NEW YORK, January 27.—The fine weather this morning brought out an audience that filled Plymouth Church to its utmost capacity. Mr. Beecher had fully recovered from his recent slight indisposition, and spoke with his usual vigor. Previous to the sermon he announced that a meeting of members of the church would be held Monday evening to consider and report upon the bill pending in the Legislature raising the license fee for sale of liquors to $250 for fermented and $500 for distilled beverages, and limiting the number of saloons to one for each 500 of the population. Mr. Beecher, in advocating the measure, said: I am satisfied that ultimately it will be in the power of the regenerated and Christianized community to prohibit the manufacture and sale of intoxicating drinks, but I am reasonably satisfied that that time has not come, and that a premature endeavor to realize that end will not only not be beneficial, but will be so prejudicial to the cause of temperance that while regarding those who advocate this charitably, I am bound to say that the advocacy at present of the prohibition policy will be directly against the interests of temperance. I have reason to fear that some of the most sincere men working for temperance are today the best advocates of intemperance that we have in the community. Everything that is to be done to restrict this great national curse must be done on the law of unfolding, of development, of evolution. One step, being once taken, firmly held, is the basis of another step. And that which cannot be done at once, putting one foot on the bottom of the ladder and the next step on the top, can be done by taking

One Round at a Time.

I think the bill now pending is about as great an advance as is consistent at present with the but imperfectly educated public sentiment of our citizens. If a bill can be passed that shall separate entirely the sale of fermented from that of distilled liquors, that will be a great step. It it puts a lower price on the license for fermented drinks it brings to our support the whole German population, and furnishes a most proper distinction between the desperateness of the result which flows from the drinking of one kind and of the other. And if there is to be but one shop opened for every 500 people, I think that will be enough, unless folks are unnaturally thirsty.

The text of Mr. Beecher's sermon was made specially interesting by a reference to and indorsement of the course taken by Rev. Dr. Heber Newton, and of that gentleman's theories regarding Old Testament interpretation, which have caused a great deal of comment in the Episcopal church. The text was, "Follow me and I will make you fishers of men." Mr. Beecher said: This was among the earliest of God's calls to the ministry of Christ. He went on to say that as fishers of men the clergy should, by personal influence and a study of the peculiarities of men, as the angler studies the habits of the fish, to

Introduce Christ to the Hearts

of men through their reason enlightened by the imagination. In a mathematical calculation, if the man is correct it makes no difference whether his nature is hot or cold, but in moral truth it makes all the difference in the world. If a man be stern, acerb litigious, and preaches the truth of Christ, it goes down to zero, but if a man is Christlike and covers up a heresy with all the fruit and sweetness of a true Christian disposition, heresy is better for the world than truth is through the opposite manifestation. The personal element is the characteristic of the Christian ministry.

There is a great deal of noise now about what a minister may and may not do, believe and teach. It is worth while for us to go to the root of this thing. The scope of a minister's action is defined in Christ's words in the twenty-second chapter of Matthew's gospel, 37 to 40: "Jesus said unto him, thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind." This is the first and great commandment, and the second is like unto it: "thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets, and the law and the prophets signified the record, the fruit of all the institutions for religion from the beginning of the world up to that time. The great law of love of God and of man is the great root of religion in the whole Scripture. The whole of law, ordinances and priestly influence aimed at one and the same thing, to bring men to feel the despotism of love in the soul. Knowledge, reverence, hope, fear, pleasure, pain, are only aids on the staff of love. Love is commander-in-chief. Love to God is piety; love to men is morality. The roots are the same. Anything that brings near to men the invincible must be bounden to do it through imagination and reason co-operating. The soul that dwells itself in the love of God is itself a gospel, aside from ministerial functions, and is the best argument and the only example; and therefore he who preaches Christ, but so lives that men never think of Christ when they see him, is not in a proper sense a minister of the gospel. We are to teach men

The Knowledge and Love of God,

and then next the love of men. We are to teach men to dwell among men. And this we are to do with the utmost liberty, limited by the law alone which experience shows to be best. We must adapt our mode of fishing to the mouth of the fish desired to be caught. I would have the minister guide men in all their personal relations; I would teach hygiene, for the minister should know all about the person upon whom his ministry is to act. Too often the minister knows all that is outside and very little that is inside the world. It is his business also to introduce into his ministry all the just reforms which are weakening the power of temptation and increasing the power of morality. The day has gone by when men said they could not teach against slavery in the pulpit because they were ordained to preach the gospel. This is as if a physician should confine himself to the general theory of medicine, and refuse to consider special forms of disease. We should preach in favor of intelligence, and to a certain extent on political affairs. If polygamy, temperance, etc., become agitated politically, is the pulpit to be dumb on those moral questions? There is going to be politics in a great free nation like this in every question of morality. We must be discreet, but we must speak for God and humanity even if it is in political matters.

Preaching, like every other function, must be an unfolding office. It must adapt itself to the changing conditions of society and larger conceptions of the truth. The preaching now is as far from that of apostolic days as the almanacs of today are different from those of a former age. And it will further develop, though exactly in what direction it would be premature to say. I hold that every minister called to make known to men God as revealed in the Bible or in nature or in human experience must be his own judge as to how he shall make these truths known. Every man shall give account of himself before God. It scares some folks to say that every man must be his own judge. They think the community would be filled with ranting, rambling men. They scoff the idea that a man is competent to judge for himself as well as his fellow-men are to judge for him. So we must have presbytery, rule and regulations by which he can be headed off who does not conform to regular theology. And so men who want a larger liberty must

Go Out of Church Organizations

and find it in the wilderness, as John did. Now if I were a Presbyterian minister, and my presbytery would give me proof that he would stand in my place at the judgment and take all the odds there, I would preach as they told me to. But every man shall give an account of himself. I have a right to ask a council for information, but no ruling in the church can take my place in the day of judgment. But, it will be said, would not this lead to false and rash teaching? Now when will men learn that God meant liberty to be the breath of mankind, and that liberty is always safe just in propotion as it is accompanied by intelligence and conscience. Men have always distrusted the wisdom and conscience of the common people. But in the experiment which our nation has been pre-eminent in, God has shown the world that in all things, commercial, industrial, moral, civic and governmental, it is safe to trust the common people. Men may proclaim any secular doctrine without harm, but still the barbaric doctrine prevails that the people cannot be trusted in matters of religion. I aver that God's will covers that ground just as much as it does any other department of human life. Liberty corrects its own mistakes. If what is spoken is not truth, men reject it. A perpetual fermentation goes on in a reasonably moral community, and, as in a bolting cloth, the chaff is left behind, the wheat is sifted through.

Truth never enters the world as an army a thousand men abreast. It comes as John came in the wilderness. All great changes in the economy of the world begin in humble sources, and the way to keep truth alive is to give liberty to prophesying. It will lead to some disturbance, but all rich soil raises weeds. We do not refuse to cultivate it, but by greater cultivation drive out the weeds. On the other hand, to subject personal liberty in the pulpit to official repression is to close the channel by which God sends light into the world. Was it better that Savonarola should be hushed or that he should be permitted to talk? Was it better that Luther should be silenced? Was it better that Tyndall should be stopped from translating the Bible into the common tongue when the world much needed it? Was it better that Wesley should follow the orders of his bishop or

The Motions of the Divine Spirit?

In our own land was it better that Hopkins, and Edwards, and Newman Taylor and Finney, all of whom were bitterly opposed and sought to be repressed, should not have been allowed to go on and give the world the law God gave to them? All this ecclesiastical repression is in favor of dead men. When God sends new light he sends single stars. The star that overhung the babe of Bethlehem was an illustration as well as a phenomenon. When God sends new light he sends it by single men not by galaxies. To shut the mouths of men too often leaves the world to grope for ages after the truth. If God inspires a man with the belief that he has something to say, let all the community say, "Brother, speak on." If, when he says it, nobody wants it, that cures the trouble. When God wishes a man to say anything he supplies folks to hear it said, and that touches the whole question of ordination. If God does not call the community he did not call the man. (Laughter.)

So much for liberty. As for restriction, the very fundamental idea of the ministerial function will prevent a clergyman being an investigator in general. Science is too wide a field for one man to master. The preacher will find his time occupied in administering Christ's Word through personal influence. And when it is thrown up against the pulpit that it ought to lead all departments of life, the accuser misunderstands the objects of the ministry. The minister is to fish for souls. If he can command a broad, generic influence, it marks him as an exception. In the dark ages the pulpit led but in knowledge, but in the evolution of time the function of knowledge as such has passed to other hands. The preacher must follow the thought of the time. He must use new ideas cautiously according to his judgment. His great art is to preach both for the more and the less intelligent. If I had preached thirty years ago what I do now it would have been the greatest mischief to you if you had believed it. But for thirty years I have been cautious. When I think a thing is true and have proved it true, God has given me the courage of explicitness and of thunder if need be. But

Men Think I am Careless

because in expression I seem so. But I didn't preach truths that have lain in my mind forty years until a comparatively recent period. I am afraid; not for my reputation, it isn't worth that (snapping his finger). But I am very sensitive to preaching of things that may unsettle faith. I am sent of God to be a fisher of men and I am to teach them, by education through which they may receive the fullness of new truth. But to break men from an old faith before they are prepared to be established in the new faith is wanton mischief-breeding. But we can hardly blame young ministers if sometimes they become excited at a glimpse of living truth in a new thought when we remember the dulness of the old theology and its inability to inspire higher feeling. I have for twenty years had a gradual change of opinion, corroborated by investigation, upon the structure particularly of the Old Testament, so that I have been prepared to accept the ripe and now almost universally accredited changes that have taken place from the old notions of literal, plenary, verbal inspiration. But that is a truth about which every minister should be cautious. It seems to me wiser that that which the Old Testament is good for should be so clearly and fully taught that everybody should see and feel that there was reason of gratitude to God for the Old Testament, and a reason of use and of power in it. Then when fears were allayed and the reason rightly posited, the congregation could bear the destruction of the hereditary notions without feeling that they were losing anything; nay, with the consciousness that that they were gaining a good deal. The pulpit has no longer the absolute jurisdiction in morals and religion it once had. There are 1000 men, especially young men, who don't go to meeting where there is one who does. They read Huxley, Tyndall, Spencer, and similar writers, and also Christian apologists. If you won't help them to knowledge of changes in thought,

They Will Help Themselves,

and if you teach them what they find outside to be false they will be suspicious of your whole scheme. The dumb pulpit is the heretical pulpit today. The greatest need we have in religious instruction for the young is judicious information of the nature, history and value of the Bible and wherein its value lies; a reverend, helpful work written by men in sympathy with the gospel. And if Mr. Heber Newton had shown much less skill than he has shown in this work, he would not need to be derided. When I hear old ministers of the gospel so far forget themselves as to say that a man who would preach such sermons as Mr. Newton preaches must be insane, and others say, "Stone him, stone him"—which is the modern equivalent for turning a man out of the church—I wonder whether the light of God's spirit has gone out. What if he has carried his discourses and criticism too far? that is not so great a sin as not to have carried them out at all. God is in the world. He comes to His own, and His own receive Him not. To those that receive Him he gives the power to become the sons of God. A great truth-revealer comes and the authorities stone him. Liberty of preaching, with the one responsibility laid on a man that he is responsible to God for the souls to whom he is preaching—awful thought! What man is sufficient for it? But God is all-lenient and though we be men borne down with imperfection, we are not afraid to give at the judgment account of our deeds. May God direct His church, and may He make wise men wiser, and may all those seeking nobler ways be cautious and yet courageous, and may God increase right until that day shall come when the sun shall stand shining for a thousand years and the earth be full of the glory of God.

The National Sport.

The Baltimore News says: "Americans can do themselves credit in speaking of base ball, to say that perhaps we hold our own in sports with the bat, although in our national game, we make a widely different use of it, than is done in any country. It is creditable to note also, that as a systemized pastime we have had, and continue to have, excellent organizations. The laws which govern the National League, and the rules which permeate the minor clubs and nines, flowing out from the parent combination, are well contrived to bring out the best athletic skill, and to encourage the manly exhibition of strength throughout the country. All these organizations, of whatever denomination, whether as the offspring of larger concerns or built up on local spirit and a love for the development of the physique of the young, do well in the prosecution of such objects. Baltimore has not been behind her sister cities during the last season, in having one of the best base ball nines of the country, the exhibition of whose skill was witnessed by thousands. With a similar good nine next season, of which there seems to be no doubt, as the players already engaged rank higher than those of this year, it will receive still more encouragement. And adverting to this source of physical development, the exposure which the training requires, and the treatment of the infirmities resulting therefrom, Messrs. Houck & Barnie, managers of the Baltimore Base Ball Club, make the following emphatic statement in writing to the Charles A. Vogeler Company of this city: 'We beg to tender you, as the opinion of all of our base ball players, and no set of men are more susceptible to sprains, bruises, aches and pains than they, this testimonial to the merits of your Great German Remedy, St. Jacobs Oil. It has been used by all the players during the past season with wonderful effect. They unite in pronouncing it the best cure ever used, and jointly it gives us great pleasure to acknowledge its merits.' Other base ball clubs of the United States have given the same comprehensive testimony.

Two Simple Little Horse Tales.

[New York Morning Journal.]

"I remember an experience of mine," said the cab-driver, taking off an overcoat that had at least ten capes. "I was driving a 2.30 trotter along a country road. Some fellow came up with a horse that went by me as if I was standing still. I was dead stuck on his action and speed, so when I caught the chap at the next tavern I gave him $50 to enter the horse in a three-minute race for a pot of money. Besides I backed him for every cent I could lay my hands on. He looked near the home stretch as if he could distance the field, but just in front of the club house he stopped stock still. Nothing could move him a foot. I found out afterward that a whiskey drummer used to drive him, and nothing could induce him to pass a bar-room. That peculiarity broke me."

"I got broke one winter on a race near Toronto," broke in the stable boy. "It was on the ice. Of course my horse was rough shod, but the other fellow went right away from me and I lost all my dust. I found that his horse's shoes had been filed to an edge and that the animal had actually skated the mile in fifty-eight seconds. You'll find it on record—and records can't lie."

Unpoetical Accident to a Woonsocket Girl.

[Providence Journal.]

A young lady of Woonsocket read in one of the newspapers the other day that pared apples were excellent for dyspepsia, especially if eaten just before retiring. That evening she ate somewhere about two quarts of greenings, Baldwins and other varieties, and about midnight the family down stairs and the one next door thought a Jesse James tragedy was being enacted in the house of the apple-eater's parents. The attending physician says if his medicine chest had given out before he succeeded in getting the best of those apples there would have been another death to chronicle.

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Send 50c. or $1.00 for a package of assorted SILKS for CRAZY PATCHWORK; a large variety of styles, colors and shades. Samples 12cts. Any one sending a $1.50 order we will give a lovely block all pieced and embroidered, Free. Block alone sent for 20c. Ludington & Woodward, New Haven, Ct.
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CHECKERS.

CHARLES F. BARKER.................Editor

BOSTON, January 29, 1884.

All communications for this department must be addressed to Charles F. Barker, No. 8 Houghton street, Cambridgeport, Mass.

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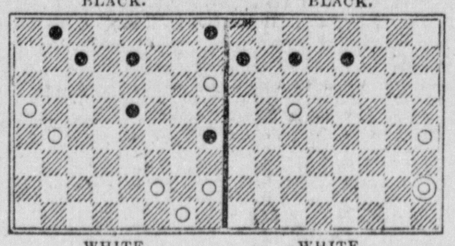
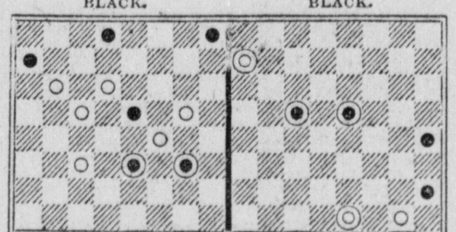
Position No. 1196. End Game by A. J. Heffner, Boston, Mass. **Position No. 1197.** By Isaiah Barker, Cambridgeport, Mass.



White to move and draw. White to move and draw.

[From Sunderland Weekly Echo.]

Position No. 1198. By Isaiah Barker, Cambridgeport, Mass. **Position No. 1199.** By Fred Allen, Leeds, Eng.



White to move and win. Black to move, white to draw.

Game No. 1718—Will O' the Wisp.

By G. H. Powell, Boston, Mass.

11..15	5.. 9	11..16	6..10 (2)	16..20
23..19	29..25	24..20 (a)	15.. 6	28..24
9..13	10..14	3.. 8 (1)	1..10	20..27
22..18	27..23	20..11	22..18	31..24
15..22	8..11	7..16	8..11	W. wins.
25..18	25..22	18..15	26..22	

(A) corrects Janvier's Anderson, var. 2, at eighth move, where 32..27 is played, allowing black to draw. I sent this to Mr. Janvier about a year ago, and he replied that Mr. Wylie also told him that 24..20 won for white. This is the first time that any play has been published.

(Var. 1.)

7..11	26..10	6..13	30..26	12..16
19..15	9..14	20..11	1.. 5	10.. 7
3.. 8	18.. 9	8..15	26..22	15..19
22..17	11..27	28..24	8..11	23..18
13..22	32..23	4.. 8	24..20	W. wins.

(Var. 2.)

16..20 (3)	12..19	6..10 (4)	1..10	8..11
19..16	23..16	15.. 6	16..12	26..23
				W. wins.

(Var. 3.)

8..11	22..18	10..19	23.. 7	14..23
15.. 8	6..10	31..27	2..11	27..18
4..11	19..15	16..20	26..22	W. wins.

(Var. 4.)

8..11	16.. 7	6..10	28..24	1.. 6
15.. 8	2..11	27..23	20..27	24..20
4..11	32..27	11..15	31..24	W. wins.

Game No. 1719—Dyke.

Played between Messrs. Gardner of Leeds and Beattie of Liverpool. Gardner's move.

11..15	22..18	9..18	31..15	16..19
22..17	6..10	22..15	6.. 9	11.. 7
15..19	17..14	4.. 8	14..10	23..27
24..15	10..17	25..22	9..14	7.. 2
10..19	21..14	2.. 7	10.. 7	27..31
23..16	1.. 6	29..25	14..18	2.. 6
12..19	30..26	16..20	7.. 3	31..26
26..22	8..11	22..17	8..12	10..14
7..10	32..27	7..11	3.. 7	26..23
27..24	11..15	17..14	18..23	6..10
3.. 7	18..11	11..18	7..10	19..24
24..15	7..16	27..23	12..16	Drawn.
10..19	26..22	19..26	15..11	

Game No. 1720—Boston Centre.

By the same players. This was the fifth game in their subscription match. Beattie's move.

11..15	16..20	11..15	11..16	3..10
23..19	24..19	30..26	24..19	14.. 7
8..11	4.. 8	8..11	15..24	19..24
22..17	28..24	25..22	32..28	7.. 3
15..18	7..11	18..25	6..15	5.. 9
17..14	26..23	29..22	28..10	3.. 7
10..17	9..13	2.. 6	16..19	9..13
21..14	15..10	22..17	23..16	Drawn.
11..16	6..15	13..22	12..19	
19..15	19..10	26..17	10.. 7	

Game No. 1721—Switcher.

Played between Mr. A. Webster and Mr. James Wyllie. Webster's move.

11..15	15..24	7..23	20..24	15..18
21..17	28..19	17..14	25..22	23..14
9..13	4.. 8	9..18	24..28	13..17
25..21	27..23	22.. 8	18..15	22..13
18..11	8..11	12..16	19..24	24..27
29..25	23..18	8.. 4	15..11	32..23
15..18	6.. 9	16..20	3.. 8	6.. 9
23..14	19..15	31..27	26..23	13.. 6
11..15	10..19	1.. 6	8..15	2..27
24..19	14..10	27..18	4.. 8	Drawn.

Solution of Position No. 1194.

End game by Isaiah Barker, Cambridgeport, Mass.

29..25-1	11..16-2	14..10	26..31	
4.. 8	21..17	23..26	1.. 6	
25..22	16..19	10.. 6	31..27	
8..11	17..14	5..10	6..15	
22..18	19..23	5.. 1	27..32	Drawn.

(Var. 1.)

21..17	25..22	3.. 7	22..18	1..10
4.. 8	11..15	14.. 9	19..23	5.. 1
29..25	17..14	15..19	9.. 6	7..11
8..11				B. wins.

(Var. 2.)

3.. 7	11..16	16..19	19..23	7..11
21..17	17..14	18..15	15..10	10.. 7
				Drawn.

Correspondence.

DERBY DEPOT, N. H., January 21, 1884.

Checker Editor of The Globe:

DEAR SIR—I see in your valuable column that E. W. Ingalls of Tilton, N. H., wishes to play for the championship of the State by correspondence. How can a match of such importance as the championship of a State be played by correspondence? It must be played across the board. If he wishes to play for it, let him challenge Mr. T. Ledoy, Jr., of Lisbon, N. H., the present champion. If Mr. Ingalls will play a friendly series of six games with me I will play by correspondence.

Yours, in the bond of checkers,
L. M. STEARNS.

Checker News.

Wishaw vs. Carluke.—The above clubs met in friendly encounter in Mr. Rodger's, Wishaw, on Friday, last week. Nine players a side were engaged, and the scores were as follows:

WISHAW. Wins.		Draws.	CARLUKE.	Wins.
4	J. Barr	0	J. Jarvie	0
1	T. Tudhope	0	W. Gilchrist	4
2	R. Jack	2	R. McDowall	2
2	I. Little	1	J. Russell	0
1	W. Purvis	0	J. Bryce	1
1	P. Stark	1	D. Murray	3
0	J. Johnstone	1	R. Young	2
0	R. Blackly	3	J. Kelly	3
0	J. Nelson	0	J. Young	2
11		8		17

Carluke thus won by six games. The visitors were entertained to tea, and a pleasant hour was afterwards spent.

At Edinburgh, on Thursday, 27th ult., Mr. Strickland played six simultaneous blindfold games, of which he won one, lost one and drew four. During his stay he also played forty-eight "cross-board" games, of which he won thirty-two, lost one (to Mr. H. Reid), and drew fifteen. On Tuesday night, in the Aberdeen Public Cafe, Mr. Strickland contested against six of the best players in Aberdeen and vicinity. In the course of the play Mr. Strickland demonstrated his power of memory by repeating the position of all the men on each of the six boards, and gave the moves leading up to these several positions. Some of the games were keenly contested, and evidenced Mr. Strickland's skill as a first-class player. Although his opponents were selected from the best of local players, the result stood, Mr. Strickland, three wins and three draws. In the six games there were 323 moves in all, which (without taking into account the ability required to play these games) shows that Mr. Strickland must possess a most retentive memory. At the conclusion of the play he repeated all the moves, both forwards and backwards. He was several times heartily applauded. On Tuesday next the blindfold champion gives an exhibition of his skill at the Montrose Draughts Club.—[Glasgow Herald, January 5.

During Mr. Wyllie's stay at Atherton, Ont., he played 304 games, winning 301, lost 1, drawn 2. At Aurora, Ont., he won 38, lost 0, drawn 6.

The return team match between the Providence and Boston players will in all probability be played in this city on February 22 (Washington's birthday) at the Milken House.

What Physicians Say.

SAN LEANDRO, Cal., January 6, 1877.

Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.: Dear Sir—I have employed your "Pleasant Purgative Pellets" in my practice for the last four years. I now use no other alterative or cathartic medicines in all chronic derangements of the stomach, liver and bowels. I know of nothing that equals them.

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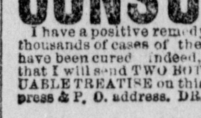

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